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Cotati and Poultry Show Number.

The NORTHERN CROWN



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November, 1911

Per Year
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ANNA MORRISON REED, EDITRESS

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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

Northern Crown Publishing Company Proprietors

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :

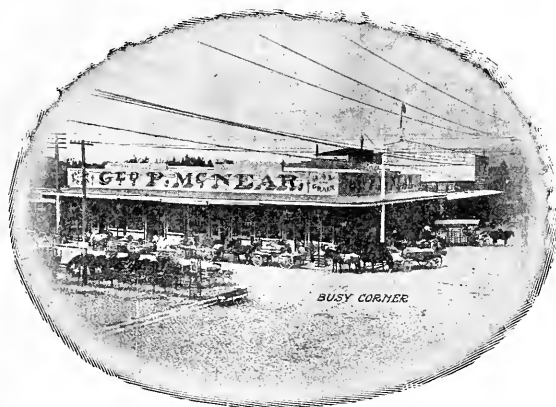


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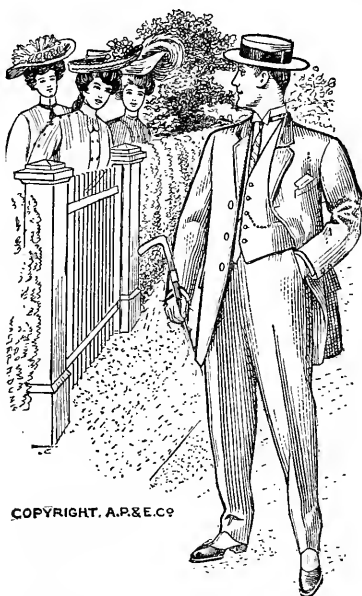
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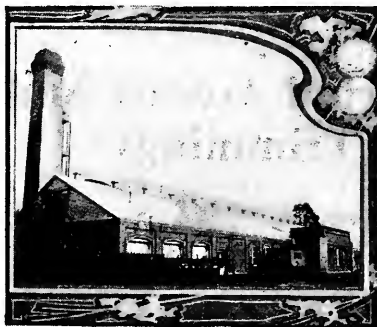
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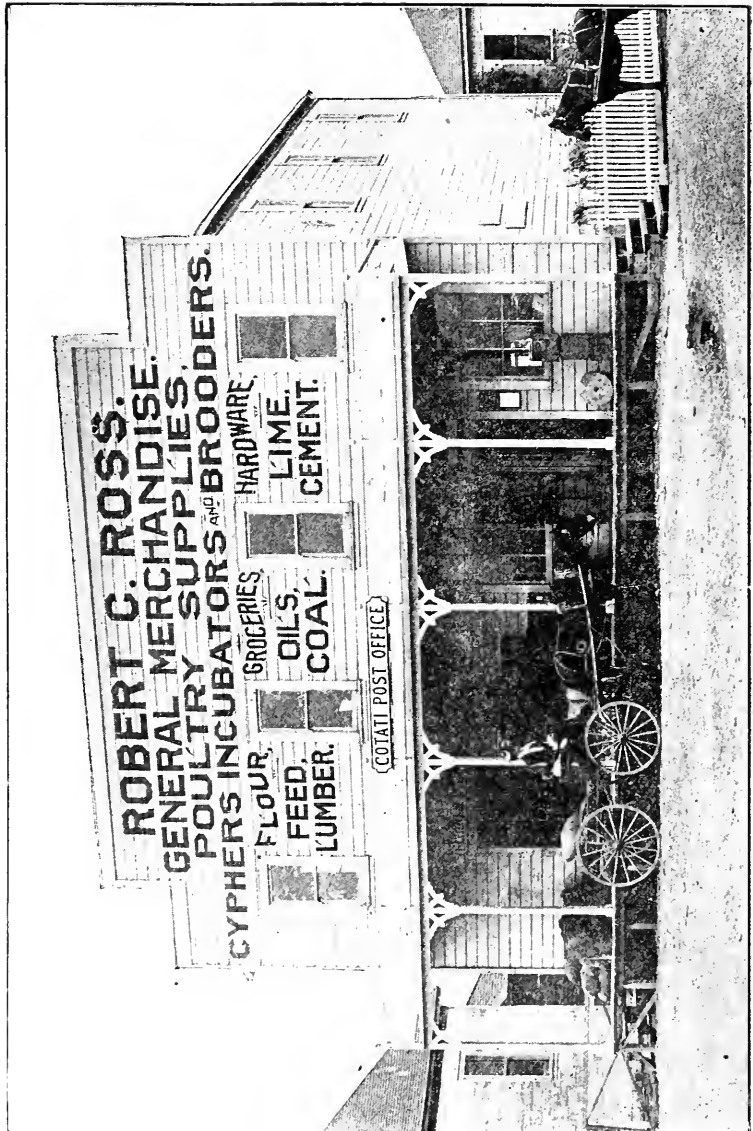
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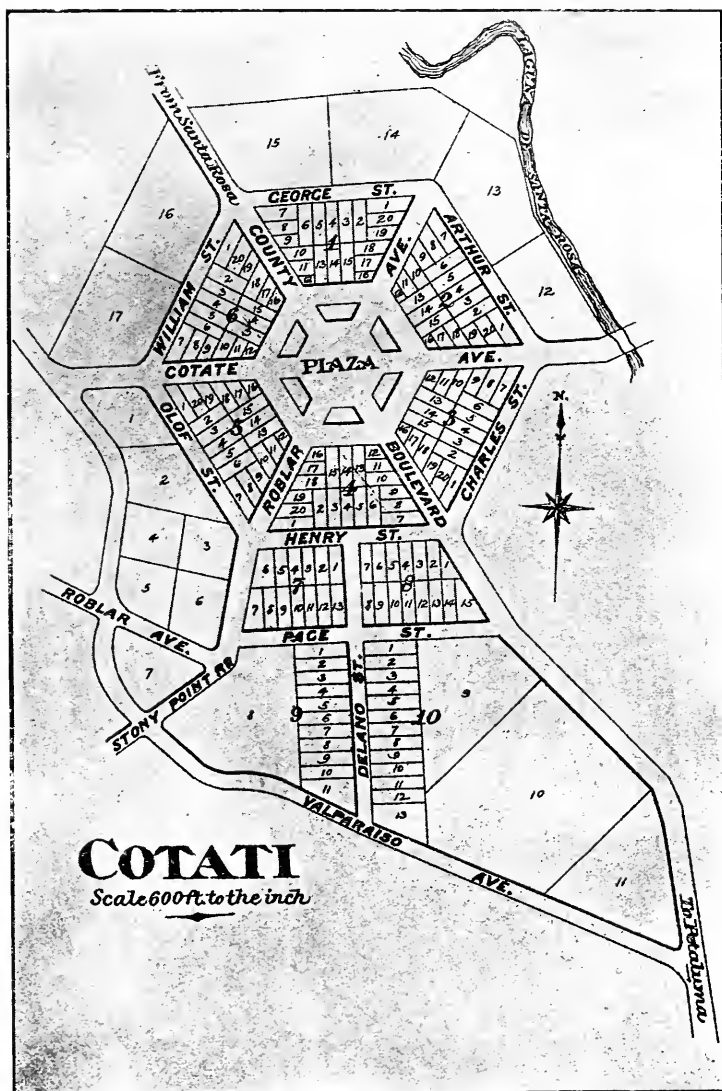




The Village Blacksmith.



The Oaks of Cotati.



The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. V.

PETALUMA, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1911.

NO. 1

Cotati Past and Present

By Anna M. Reed



HERE once the generous proportions of the Spanish grant reached from the mountains to the sea, lies

the lands and settlements of the Cotati Rancho.

Thomas S. Page claimed for Cotati Rancho four square leagues in Sonoma County, granted July 7, 1844 by Manuel Micheltoreno, to Juan Castaneda, and containing 17,238.60 acres, patented.

Since that time it has been divided into smaller holdings, and the town site of Cotati, until less than 5000 acres of the original grant are held to gether.

The value of the Cotati lands compare favorably with any in Sonoma County, being fit for general farming and mostly productive virgin soil, with no brush to be cleared away.

The location is only forty miles

from San Francisco, and lies between two thriving cities, Petaluma and Santa Rosa. Having direct communication with the East and San Francisco by rail, without re-handling goods and water competition, insuring cheap freight rates for all time.

Having plenty of rainfall, making irrigation unnecessary, although there is an abundance of water for all purposes, the year round.

The town of Cotati is only from four to eleven miles from several fruit canneries, and has the cheapest and most substantial building materials, of wood and stone, near at hand.

The climate is excellent, with no malaria, it has low State and county taxes, and the town is beautifully laid out, as is seen by reference to the map presented in this issue of the Northern Crown.

The title of the land is perfect,



Cotati's Best Product

and much of it is suitable for tasteful villa sites, as well as producing fruit, berries, grapes, hops, sugar beets, grain, vegetables, and for use in larger tracts for dairy and poultry farms.

The town is often the gathering place for many public celebrations, as is attested by the picture of Cotati Grove, taken on the 4th of July last where an immense throng of patriotic people appropriately celebrated the day. The Northern Crown gives two pictures of the happy children who were there, for they are the best and most valuable product that Cotati, or any other place, can display, since people, and only people, create all values.

The Ladies' Improvement Club

Among the important social and civic organizations of Cotati, the Ladies Improvement Club stands first. It was organized on April 24th,

1911, and now has 40 active members. The object of the club has been to promote the improvement of the public plaza and the highways surrounding the little town.

Also it has aimed to promote entertainments for the enjoyment of the people of Cotati. One year after its formation the Club Hall was built, and now plans are being formulated for an additional thirty foot extension to the Hall.

The members have planted trees on the public plaza, which is to be used for a park in the near future, for the use and enjoyment of the public.

There is now in preparation a library, for which 800 books have been donated to the Club, and the ladies are working vigorously toward its opening to the public.

Dances are given at the Hall every week, the club owning its own piano

and pianola. The stage has four different sets of scenery and is fully equipped for any variety of entertainment.

The officers of the Club are: Mrs. H. B. Logan, president; Mrs. E. N. Keyt, vice-president; Mrs. C. L. Jeffrey, treasurer; Mrs. J. P. Dempsey, secretary; Mrs. C. Whitford, Mrs. W. Williams, Mrs. W. Wilford, trustees; Mrs. A. Marsh, Mrs. R. Summerfield, and Mrs. F. Keppel, auditing committee.

The personelle of the Club is made up of intelligent, energetic, women, determined as women ever are to better and beautify all with which they are identified. If they meet with the encouragement that they deserve, they will add to the value and attractiveness of Cotati, and prove a potent factor in its improvement and progression.

The Business Men of Cotati

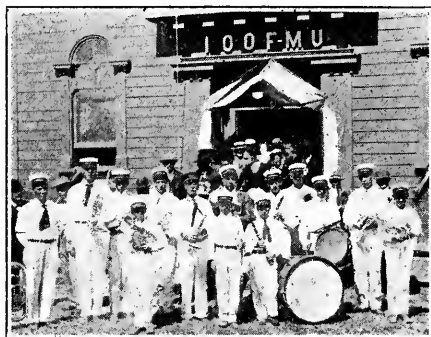
Among the public spirited business men of Cotati, who help all laudable things by their generosity and patronage, are Robert C. Ross, who is a busy man, attending personally to the interests of his extensive and growing traffic in general merchandise. At his establishment you may buy anything needed for the ranch or home and the staples of his trade are too numerous to mention.

Jack Lopus, the genial proprietor of the Cotati Hotel, is another representative citizen who is furnishing time and money, to the improvement of Cotati. His hotel is a clean, convenient, well kept stopping place, where guests are made comfortable.

Jack Wind was the "Village Blacksmith" until his interest was sold to Al Kalquest. He contributed by patronage to the possibility of bringing



Cotati School Children



Cotati Band

out this article and the Northern Crown acknowledges his kindness.

G. A. Lau has had the wisdom to establish himself near the railroad depot, where he buys and sells country produce, at a point where there is little trouble and expense to ship it. Mr. Lau is attentive to the public, and has a valuable share of the traffic of Cotati.

Among those who contributed by patronage to the success of our undertaking, in working up the Cotati section, is one dear little woman, who "hath done what she could."

Though here she shall be nameless, we could not fail to mention her thoughtful kindness at the elev-

The Cotati Band

Last but not least, are the Men of Melody, the Cotati Band, who upon all public occasions regale the people with the concord of sweet sounds. They are one of the factors in the town, that make it progressive and up to date.

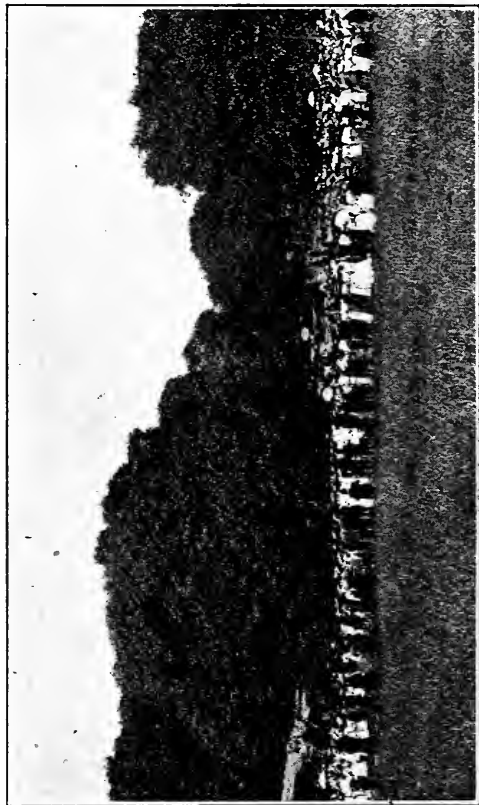
Churches and Schools

The churches and schools are among the valuable assets of Cotati. Beautiful and tasteful buildings house these elements of refinement and civilization. For faith and knowledge add to the wealth of any community.

The Oaks of Cotati.

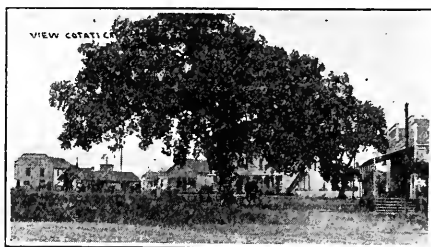


Cotati School House



Grove At Cotati, July 4, 1911

Among the natural attractions in the children play, while older, wiser
the vicinity of Cotati are its glorious people plan the future of a coming
oak trees, that once seen, will not city.
be forgotten, in their grateful shade



"Valley Rest"

Dedicated To Anna M. Reed

By Gertrude Aileen Baxter

A purple mist veils the distant hills,
That circle like a coronet around,
An emerald valley; where joys abound,
And a view that fills my heart with peace,
And nothing mars, for me, this happy day,
Except an aching void within my heart,
That has not left me, since SHE went away,
To dwell from me, and Valley Rest, apart.

"Tendir and Trew"

Old Ballad

By Mary W. Stanley Gibson.

Two years ago, I sat in a lonely New Hampshire farmhouse and wrote some words about a friend I had lost. The wild March wind howled savagely outside, and shook my study windows in their frames—a sobbing sound of rain was in the air—a sense of perfect desolation at my heart. The tears fell fast upon my paper as I wrote of the friendship I shall find no more—it was no fancied sorrow; I have never known but one keener pang in life—and yet it was but sorrow for a dog!

And to-day, in the very heart of the Welsh mountains, I shut my eyes and seem to be once more across the sea. The same wild winds are howling round the house—the same "homeless rain" is wandering to and fro—the oaks dash their dripping branches against the window, and call up a vision of the maple grove, where my poor "Fred" is lying. Upon the fire-lit walls, hang the bright collars he was so proud to wear, and the little whip he used to bring to me in his strong white teeth—a picture of his grave, near-by, that grave which my own hand covered with the greenest moss, sweetest roses, and the wood violets, growing out by "Fairy Land." Oh, it is hard to think that the only thing that was ever quite faithful to me—the only creature that loved me in spite of all

my faults, has gone forever and left me nothing but these few poor memories of his life.

"Tendir and Trew." Yes, those are the words for him. I have looked into many a human eye, that gave back my glance of love—yet never met I such a gaze as his, patient and thoughtful, and oh, so full of truth! Never yet was greeting like the joyous bark—the honest, awkward rejoicing of the Newfoundland! Flying at me with open, laughing mouth, springing clumsily into the air, flourishing his bushy tail, wheeling round and round, and barking until the hills rang again—dashing head-first into the household group, upsetting things here and there in his Behe-moth-like course, and finally panting down at my side, licking my hands and feet with his red tongue and whining and trembling with joy—my poor old dog—what other heart was ever half so fond! How vividly his image comes up before me—the jetty coat, soft and silky as an infant's hair, the feathery tail, that never stopped its graceful motion, the honest face, half grave, half mischievous, but wholly loving—the big paw and clumsy, rolling gait of blending puppyhood and doghood—the beautiful dark eyes—the only eyes that never changed towards me—the noble heart that never could

show its love sufficiently—that suffered when I was sad and went wild with my returning joy; I think of all these things, and I seem to hear a deep bark outside the house, and something bounding up the stair, to sit beside the door till I open it, and then spring forward with a boisterous welcome that will nigh throw me down—but no; it is but a dream—and I sigh and take up my pen again. That honest tread will come no more.

What a scene of fun was his puppyhood. How continually he was in everybody's way, and in all sorts of mischief—a round, clumsy fellow, whose four legs were always slipping out from under him, with a face like a christian, and a ridiculous rat-like tail, unconscious of the bushy honors it was to wave about one day. If the cat fled through the house like a wild thing, and rushed up a tree in the yard, Fred was sure to lumber along after her, and to squat gravely on his haunches at its foot, as if wondering how on earth she got there. Aided and abetted by the water spaniel, "Jip," (who certainly knew more than any dog ought to know) he kept the house in a continual uproar. Clothes were thrown down and trampled on, milk was stolen, the chickens chased, the cat frightened out of her senses, the cows driven away, and even the old brown mare escorted to the foot of the hill. Everybody scolded, and yet everybody laughed. Oh, the fibs I have told to save him from the consequences of his escapades—the ditches I have dragged him out of, the fences and walls I have helped him over—the quarrels I have settled between him and the cat—the duels I have prevented between him and "Jip"; the days I have spent alone with him; the nights through which he slept at my feet; can they be gone, never, never to return? Shall I never go up the hill and see him coming in a headlong gallop to meet me? Shall Lucia and I turn the

key on him no more, when we wish to get away quietly; shall we never hear him panting along behind us, just when we fancied him most secure? Shall I listen in vain for the well-known "rap-rap-rap" of his tail upon the floor, when he hears my foot upon the lower stair? Has he stolen my gloves, and gnawed my kerchief, and eaten my manuscript for the last time? Is he no longer to be the cause of a thousand breakages, and a thousand blunders—no longer to upset my ink with a flourish of his tail, to spring up and bark when the room is still as death, and then actually laugh at my nervous start; to scatter my ideas as he puts his big paw gravely up to be shaken; to be my plague and profit; my tease and my comfort; my darling, my playmate, my companion and friend; all in one? Ah, many a one might drop out of my circle of acquaintances, yet never leave a place unfilled like this poor dog of mine!

It is all over now. The grave where he is lying has been covered twice by the leaves of autumn, twice by the winter's snow, since I looked my last upon it. Never again shall I train the green moss, or water the violets, or see the roses as they bloom above him; never again will the maple trees shelter me, or the door of the farmhouse open to my knock. Those who knew me then, and who loved "Fred" will pass away; and others, coming to live in the pretty place, will wonder what that lonely mound can be; will gather the roses; nay, perhaps root them up, and trample the little grave back into common earth again. It would be a bitter tale for me to hear; and yet, his true grave is in my heart, and that, thank God! no stranger's hand can touch.

Once, as I wandered over those fields on a bright summer's day, months after I had lost him, I stopped and looked towards the maple grove. The sun was bright, the day was fair, and I thought myself hap-

py; but at the sudden thought of the dear old playmate who was always at my side, my heart ached so, that I threw myself down and hid my face in the grass and cried; oh, how I cried when I thought I should never see him any more. And so, in this foreign land, when all is fair around me, I wander to and fro, my eyes captivated, my fancy filled; but my heart, ah, it trusts and believes nothing, and it aches in the midst of its seeming joy—it aches so suddenly and so keenly that the hot tears spring to my eyes, and I think of that far-off grave, and say: "Oh, it is all worth nothing—nothing! If I could cheat myself once more with a dream of human truth, but it is too late, and I have grown too old!" No—only one thing on earth, of all I ever trusted, was true to me; only one of all I loved was worth the loving, or paid it back again; and, but for the hope of a better land beyond the grave, where treachery can never come, I should go to-day and lie down in the maple grove, with my head upon that snowy mound, and let the wild winds sing a requiem for the tired heart—close to that mouldering one that was so "Tendir and Trew."



Indian Summer

By Gertrude Aileen Baxter.

A dreamy stillness in the air
 A blood-red sun hangs pendant there,
 The Indian warrior's memory clings,
 Around all wild and woodsy things,
 And in our fancy we seem to see,
 Lurking braves behind each tree.
 Afar we hear a tinkling bell,
 A squirrel skips nimbly through the dell,
 The breeze sighs softly in the pine,
 Wild birds are twittering in the bush,
 Then over all a solemn hush,
 As we watch the drowsy day decline.



The Bear Flag



✿✿✿ H. W. BEESON ✿✿✿

Through your columns I wish to correct some erroneous impressions that have been made by a few journals and other publications regarding the raising of the "Bear Flag" in old Sonoma, on June 14, 1846, the month and day being the anniversary of the adoption of the American Flag by the Continental congress in 1777.

Standard historians have not agreed as to the exact date of that occurrence, one placing it June 12, and another June 15, but I can clearly recollect the day as being Sunday June 14.

The publications referred to were of the last celebration of Admission Day, September 9, in Santa Rosa. It had been well and universally known that I happened to be one of that once famous party of thirty-three who raised the Bear Flag, and I am now the sole survivor. This latter incident was omitted in the celebration proceedings by those publications referred to. We selected Ezekial Merritt, one of the oldest of the party as our captain and our acquaintance with others became lasting. I have attended many celebrations of Admission Day in Sonoma county and several of them in company with two of my lifelong friends

the late Ben Duell and Harvey Porterfield, then survivors of the flag raising, but now long since dead.

The last I attended was in 1908, when I raised the fac-smile of the flag first flung to the breeze on June 14, 1846 the original having been destroyed by the earthquake and fire of San Francisco in 1906. I have preserved as a valuable souvenir a likeness of the last three survivors of the party together with a list of the names of the entire thirty-three. Another esteemed and old time friend James McChristian, was one of Fremont's famous battalion that entered the town of Sonoma next day after the raising of the Flag. Mr. McChristian and I had been in close touch with each other during a trip six months, having, in 1845, crossed the plains together in the same train of about 100 wagons from Indian Nation to what is now Sacramento when it fell my lot to drive an ox team all the way, about 3000 miles, and to travel the most of that distance afoot.

Next year at the close of the Mexican war, in 1848, our family circle, consisting of the Anderson and Beeson families emigrated to Lake county where we remained until a threatened uprising of the local Indians

there, and the death of Andy Kelsey baun of Ornbaun valley, Anderson at their hand, when we hurried our township, Mendocino county, sur- departure from there and journeyed rounded by loving children, grand- by slow, difficult stages via Clover- children and great grandchildren. dale, until we reached the site of My mother, Mrs. Walter Anderson, Boonville in good old Anderson val- was the first white person who died ley on May 2, 1852. I am now at the in Anderson valley from natural age of 82 years, making my home causes. with my daughter, Mrs. H. Newt Orn



H. W. BEESON
Sole Survivor of the Bear Flag Party

Life and the North Wind



Selected



IN ONE of the little villages of Germany high up among the forest clad hills, is an old violin-maker. His

violins are famous, for patiently and lovingly he makes every part himself. He selects all the wood, and it is said that for his very finest instruments he takes the wood from the north side of the tree.

Isn't there a wondrously beautiful thought in that? Can't you see that great gloomy forest with the trees all silent and straight? Can't you picture the long, cold winter with the bitter north wind lashing and beating and breaking those trees? And yet all the time as it sweeps so fiercely upon them it is changing them silently and gradually and making them fit to give the world sweet melody. And the wood which gives the sweetest sound is not that which is most protected, but it is that which has borne the brunt of the storm, the part against which the rain and sleet have beat the most mercilessly, the side where the cold snow has clung. This very bitterness has brought the strength and the fibre needed for the sweetest, most delicate sound.

It is typical of life, is it not, ex-

cept that those who have stood the brunt do not always discover the melody? They stand bravely up against the blasts of misfortune, the coldness, the merciless lashings but sometimes it makes them bitter. They think there is nothing in life but the north wind.

But this is not true. The north wind, did they but know it, has put a song into their lives that ever after will fill it with melody. For those who have stood the stress and strain of life can enter into the joys and sorrows of humanity as nobody else can. And this broadening of sympathy this ability to comprehend the hearts of others, brings happiness into life. It is a coming into line with the infinite way of seeing things. It is getting out of self. And all these things start a little tune singing in the heart.

The thing to do is to recognize what the north wind is bringing us and let it work in our lives. We should not think only of our sufferings. We should try to see how these sufferings may be transformed into beauty of character, sympathy, insight. Many of those who have wrought some of the greatest good of the world, have done so because the north wind has blown on them through many years

the north wind of physical suffering, of poverty, of self-sacrifice, of sickness and pain.

When we listen to some exquisite, almost ethereal note of a violin, we can be thankful for the north side of the tree and the bitter storms that have helped make this melody. And when in our own lives we can rise to heights of comprehen-

sion that enables us to see over the petty trials of the day and grasp the infinite view of things, we can be thankful for the bitter experiences that have brought this understanding of the sweetness and brightness of life. It is a faith that is a song.

—Moose News.

To My Son.

Selected.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul, such part,

That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can, do;

None other can please or praise me as you

Remember the world will be quick with it's blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name;

"Like mother, like son" is a saying so true,

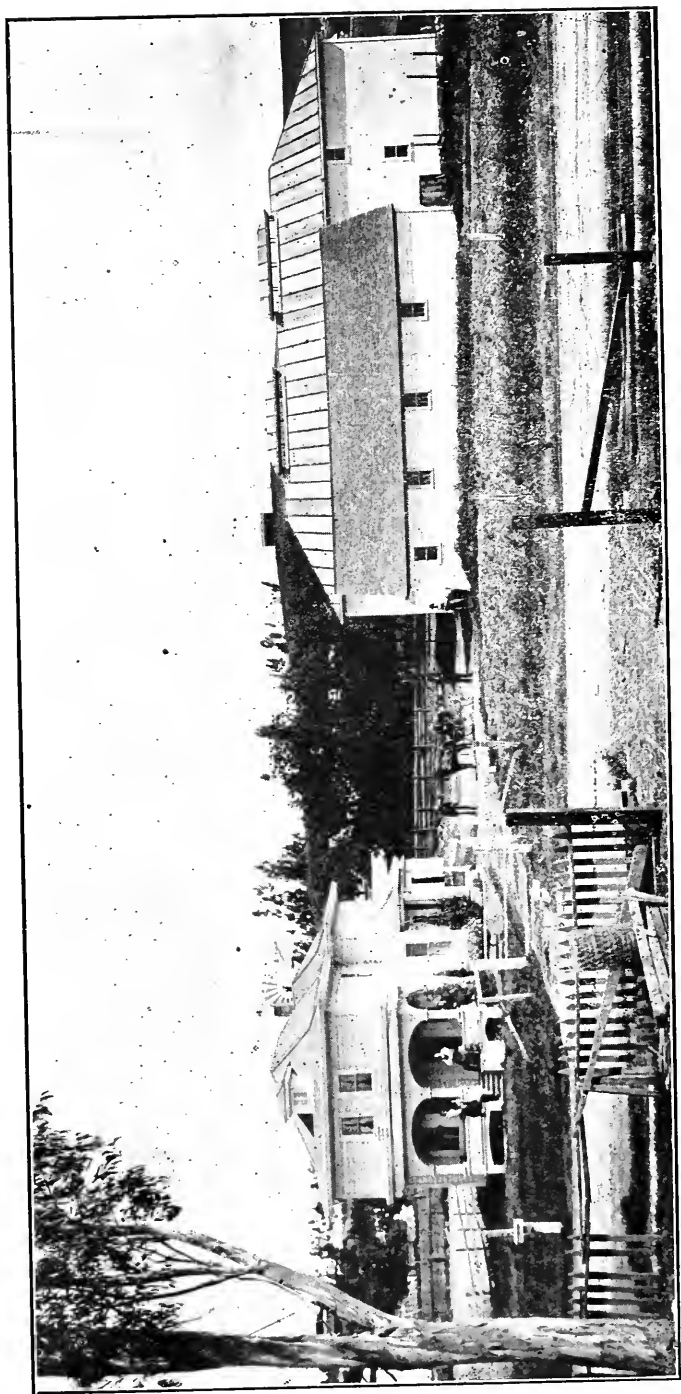
The world will judge largely of "mother" by
you

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,

To force the proud world to do homage to me;

Be sure it will say when it's verdict is won,

"She reaped as she sowed. Lo! this is her son!"



The Bihn Hatchery, Petaluma, California. The Largest Baby Chick Hatchery in the World.

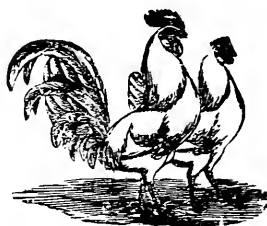
Petaluma Poultry Show

December 7-10, 1911.



"I never start to sing until my eight claws, after clearing a space of weeds and stones, have found the soft, dark turf underneath. Then, placed in direct contact with the good Earth, I sing! And that is already half the mystery of my song, which is not of those songs one sings after composing them, but is received straight from the native soil, like sap! And the time above all when the sap arises in me—is the hour in which I have genius, in which I can never doubt I have!—is the hour when Dawn falters on the boundaries of the dark sky. Then, filled with the same quivering as the leaves and grasses, thrilled to the very tips of my wing quills, I feel myself a chosen instrument. I draw my body up until I am a swelling, curving horn. Earth speaks in me as in a conch, and, ceasing to be an ordinary bird, I become the mouthpiece, in some sort official, through which the cry of the Earth escapes toward the sky."

—From "Chanticleer."



The Petaluma Poultry Shows.

Fairs were the first markets of the world, and their value has ever been recognized by the producer as a medium of exchange, and demonstration.

Through them has been made evident the achievements of man in every art and industry, and their history has been replete with the records of continued progress.

Every triumph of man's ingenuity and genius, has been gathered together in these great "Object Lessons" for the contemplation of the world, and their educational mission and influence has been greater than that of our most profound institutions of learning. We are not all from Missouri, but we like to be shown, and a visible demonstration is better than all theories.

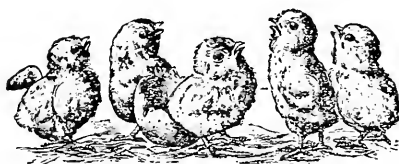
In the progress of Petaluma; it's Poultry Shows have been no small factor of it's progress.

The first society formed among the Petaluma poultrymen was in August 1889 and in November the first poultry show was held, at which a great many of the popular breeds were represented, Bramas, Cochins, Langshans and Dorkings were shown in large numbers, but the largest list of entries in any class was of Brown Leghorns. The officers of the organization were L. C. Byce, President; A. A. Armstrong, Secretary; C. Nis-

son, Treasurer. These shows were held for several years in succession and Mr. Byce has a photo made by the old time photographer, J. Q. Reed of all the exhibitors at the show in December 1891 in which are shown faces from San Jose, Santa Clara, San Rafael, Grass Valley, Sacramento, Napa, San Francisco, Stockton, Santa Rosa, Alturas, Quincy and other places. One woman exhibitor is included in the number.

At the close of the show that year a state Poultry Association was formed and the local organization did not continue it's shows. These shows were held in the old Agricultural Pavilion at one of which over 2000 birds were cooped due to the fact that Mr. Byce offered a Gold Medal valued at \$100.00 to the exhibitor entering the largest number of fowls, which was won by E. H. Freeman of Santa Clara.

The Poultry Shows of 1909 and '10 were magnificent displays and our coming show of December 7 to 10, inclusive, bids fair to beat all records. The exhibits fill every available foot of the space in the Pavilion and annex, and the prizes are many and valuable. The show is the event of our winter season, and the thing that is making Petaluma famous.



Petaluma Incubator Factory.

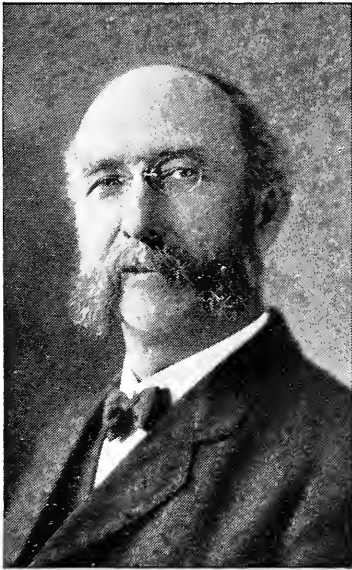
The present large factory is the outcome of nearly forty-five years experience in incubator construction, thirty-three of which is associated with Petaluma. When L. C. Byce came to Petaluma in 1878 no one

through the extensive advertising of the Petaluma Incubator Company.

It may not be generally known, in fact, it is safe to say, that it is only known to a comparatively limited number that Petaluma is accredited with being the birth place of modern successful artificial incubation and data recently acquired by the Department of Agriculture establishes the fact.

It would astonish many a one to go through the various departments of the Petaluma Incubator Factory, and view the intricate machinery and tools with which this institution is equipped. It will possibly be news to many that there are power presses the equal of anything to be found in the largest manufacturing shops of the coast, and tools of special design and construction to make accurately and perfectly the metal parts in copper and iron that enter into the heating parts of the incubator, which class of tools and the work they perform is not to be found in any other factory on earth than right here in Petaluma.

Mr. L. C. Byce the President of the Company and the inventor of the incubator is very insistent upon turning out the best class of work that accomplished mechanics can do, and hence Petaluma Incubators and Brooders are ranked as high grade in every respect. Particular as Mr. Byce is with the workmanship of those in every department of the

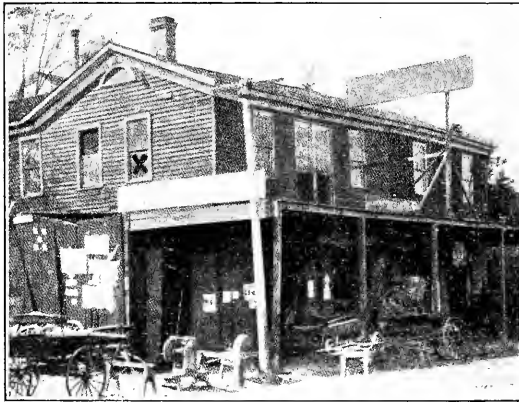


L. C. BYCE.

had ever dreamed of an artificial incubator playing so important a part in the history of our city and community, much less the establishment of a business requiring a large factory and a corresponding large force of workmen turning out goods that have been shipped to almost all parts of the world and which has not only been the nucleus of the great poultry business of Petaluma, the greatest in the world, but has resulted in making that fact known

factory, he is none the less careful in the selection of office employees, salesmen, and all others having to do with the business end of the Company. As an illustration of some of the methods employed, it is proper to point out that promotions and appointments to prominent positions are made from the ranks as far as possible, hence efficiency is secured to the best possible degree. H. C. Grey began about twenty-four years ago and has advanced by steps until

charge of the Packing Department and W. E. Eshbach has for nearly as long a time been Eastern Manager for the Company at Indianapolis, Ind. The factory one time boasted of a man who for twenty-two years and eight months performed his daily work with scarcely a days lost time. Frank Jessen foreman of the Metal Department has been at it for ten years, and Major W. E. Price now in charge of the construction work has had nine years experience.



The First Home of the Petaluma Incubator Co.
And the Birthplace of Artificial Incubation.

he reached the position of General Manager which position he still occupies. H. R. Campbell for fifteen years has filled various places and is now Manager of the Poultry Supply Department. Malcolm L. Byce direct from the High School served his apprenticeship like any other young man and now fills the position of Assistant General Manager. C. Keck has been head accountant for ten years. Geo. N. Chittenden for an equal length of time has been in

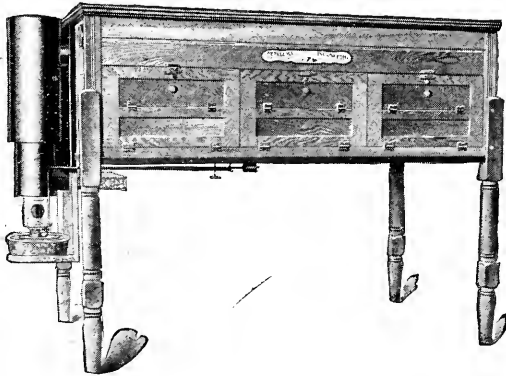
It goes without saying that any man of ability and initiative willing to use both who once enters the employ of the Company is quite certain to remain.

The story of the growth of this great business from occupying a small room over W. F. Farrell's Carriage Shop to its present large factory and office appointments is very succinctly told in a little booklet "How it all Came About," published by the Company.

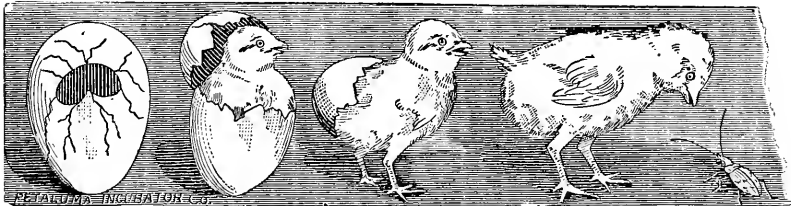
That Petaluma Incubators and Brooders go to all parts of the world is frequently told in the daily papers. Right now an order for a large number of incubators for hatching Os- trich eggs is being executed, while several carloads are being called for by the Eastern house.

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals have been received in strong competition at the World's great Exposition and now to add to the long list of awards, information has just been

received that a Grand Prize has been awarded at the Turin, Italy, International Exposition, making the second Grand Prize received by the Company on its goods, which is all the more appreciated from the fact that no other incubator has ever been awarded such valuable prizes and none ever received a Grand Prize but the Petaluma, all of which goes to show that it pays to make good goods and to do business on right principles.



Petaluma Incubator.



The Swiss-American Bank.

Communicated

The Wickersham Bank was the Pioneer Banking House of Petaluma. Something over a year ago, the original organization was merged into the Swiss-American Bank, and is

all tried and true business men of sterling integrity and ability, and have the confidence and respect of the entire community. They are conservative, and this quality is one



now beautifully housed in elegant quarters at 137 Kentucky street. Since May the first 1910, this reliable institution has more than doubled its assets.

The City of Petaluma is to be congratulated on the acquisition of an institution of the standing and record of the Swiss-American Bank. The gentlemen at the head of it are

that counts in the banking business. The depositors are many and comprise the best concerns and best citizens of the city and surrounding locality. They transact a general banking business on sound and substantial principals, with the result that they stand to-day as the successful business men of the city. The bank has been established over one year.

that slight period, however, in no wise detracting from its standing and influence. The officers are: Thomas MacClay, president; Charles Filippini, vice-president; R. Righetti, cashier; W. R. Hall, assistant cashier. The directors are: Victor Berri, J. R. Bonetti, Charles Filippini, L. R. Filippini, Frank K. Lippitt, John Lepori, H. C. Newman, M. Newburger,

Arthur Robinson, Thomas MacClay, B. G. Tognazzi, T. C. Tognazzini, Joseph Traversi, Joseph Bloom, and H. P. Vogensen. Its paid-up capital is \$200,000, with a surplus of \$22,000. Interest of 4 per cent. is allowed on savings deposits and time certificates. The bank's assets amount to over \$1,000,000.



Petaluma Poultry Journal

By A. M. Reed

"The greatest poultry center in the world" is the claim made by Petaluma people for their town. This is saying considerable, but the facts bear out the assertion, as may easily be proved by cold and unprejudiced figures. To do this will only take an instant, as the mere statement of the shipments of eggs from Petaluma to San Francisco ought to convince any one. In 1910 there were shipped from Petaluma to San Francisco the enormous total of 7,288,215 dozen eggs. This is not a guess or an estimate, but is ascertained by adding the daily shipments as gathered by the Petaluma Weekly Poultry Journal and printed every week in that excellent publication. This does not include the eggs used in the incubators at any of the many hatcheries, those used on the poultry farms for the same purpose or those consumed for breakfast by the prosperous Petaluma people, who know a good thing when they see it as well as do other people. Then there are the young roosters and the old hens which are shipped out, amounting last year to 76,278 dozen. The baby chick business is another big item in the poultry output of Petaluma, the sales last season being more than 3,000,000.

It can readily be seen that "the chicken business" amounts to something immense for Petaluma. In fact in dollars and cents is has been estimated that \$4000 of outside money comes into Petaluma every day in the year for eggs and poultry. That is a lot of money when you come to look it straight in the face and take into consideration how it circulates from hand to hand in a small city like Petaluma. It means that Petaluma is one of the most prosperous cities on the Pacific Coast. It is a "cash" town as compared to a "cred" town. The farmers don't "stand off" the merchants till "after harvest" for their harvest is continuous and they always have money with which to pay their bills. So the merchants buy freely from the commer-

cial travelers and discount their bills gaining for Petaluma an excellent reputation among the wholesalers.

How did Petaluma come to be such a big poultry center? No one knows. Like Topsy, Petaluma's poultry industry "just grewed". Climate no doubt had something to do with it. Location in relation to ocean, mountains and valleys perhaps helped also. Salt water freight to San Francisco was and is a great advantage. Another potent factor in the upbuilding of the poultry industry and the prosperity of Petaluma has been the Petaluma Weekly Poultry Journal. This was established about fifteen years ago, and it is the only weekly poultry publication in the United States. You know, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and it was some time before the Journal gained much business right in its home town. Advertising is the life of a publication, for that is where the money comes from which pays the bulk of the cost of running. The merchants did not recognize its value and were slow to buy space in its columns. It was well received by poultry raisers and subscriptions poured in continuously as it became known, but there is very little profit in that part of the business. Gradually, however, it became known that advertising in the Journal brought results. The Coulson Poultry and Stock Food Company can supply most excellent evidence of the value of space in the Journal, as that great enterprise was raised from the smallest possible beginning to prosperity almost entirely through advertising in the Journal. The present management of the company has continued to use the same medium quite liberally ever since purchasing the business from Mr. Coulson. The Coulson Poultry and Stock Food Company is known to be one of the largest mercantile institutions of Petaluma. Other Petaluma business houses know that it pays to advertise in the Journal. Some of them were very

skeptical at first and were astonished when they found out the truth. Outside advertisers were quicker to recognize the Journal. Its columns are now crowded with advertisements which pay the advertisers and the publisher.

The Journal has always been very careful about boosting the poultry industry or inducing outsiders to go into it. The editor and publisher, Frank H. Snow, has frequently quenched the ardor of impulsive people with the "chicken fever" and has given kindly advice to those who would rush blindly into the business. His conservative course has saved many from shipwreck. And yet the Journal has had a large part in bringing Petaluma to its present high degree of prosperity. It circulates through California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Colorado and the Hawaiian Islands, with many scattering copies going to all parts of the United States. Thus the story of Petaluma's greatness as a poultry center is spread broadcast—not in exaggerated boasting, but in simple statement of facts from week to week. For instance, every week is given the price of eggs in Petaluma and in San Francisco and the prices for the corresponding date the year before; also the prices for the previous week in San Francisco. The prices of feed stuffs are quoted and the condition of the markets given. The shipments of eggs and poultry for each day during the past week are printed, and at the end of the month the total is given. These and other similar matters mean a great deal to persons at a distance. So the Journal has attracted to Petaluma many new settlers who have become prosperous poultry raisers. To its readers the Journal has been of great

value. The editor knows that the readers are trying to raise chickens for the profit that is in it—not for their health alone. So he is always on the alert to print matter which shall be of practical worth and actually help the reader to make money.

The results are most gratifying to all concerned. He is not given to "tooting his own horn," but in talking about the matter the other day he modestly showed us a pigeon-hole solidly packed with letters from pleased readers who said all sorts of good things about the Journal. Another pigeon-hole was filled with letters from advertisers who commend the Journal for the good business it brought them. Asked whether the Journal brought good returns to its Petaluma advertisers, the editor replied, "Ask them. I can assure you, however, that they are not paying to me their good money from motives of charity."

The popularity of the Journal with both readers and advertisers is a source of much quiet satisfaction to the energetic proprietor, who has worked hard and faithfully these many years. He also enjoys the knowledge that he has been instrumental in adding to the commercial importance of his home town and to the prosperity of thousands of people engaged in raising poultry here and in many other localities.

We give this extended notice about the Petaluma Weekly Poultry Journal because it is a pleasure to recognize genuine merit and because this issue of the Northern Crown would be incomplete without the facts in regard to an institution which has been so prominent in the history of Petaluma and the poultry industry.



Cavanagh Lumber Company.

By Ann M. Reed.



Cavanagh Lumber Company, Founded in 1868.

Among the honest and reliable business firms of Petaluma, the Cavanagh Lumber Company is the peer of the best.

Established in 1868, by the late Judge John Cavanaugh it has been carried on with continued prosperity by his successors—his children.

The new office lately remodeled and improved, is modern in every particular, and an ornament to the business world of our city.

It is a pleasure to visit it, where

in business relations with its occupants, one is not made to feel that an apology for being alive is necessary. Courtesy and kindness distinguish these people, and mark them for success.

Everything in lumber is furnished by this firm and a planing mill turns out the finest material. Such business institutions are a credit to Petaluma, and are helping her to take an enviable place among the commercial cities of California.



Van Bebber Bros.

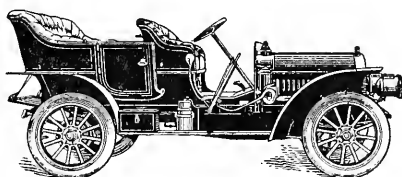
Communicated.



Shop 211-213-215-217 Washington St., Petaluma.

This well known mechanical plant industry in Petaluma. has been established more than 10 years, with well equipped blacksmith and machine works, and wagon making and auto repairing departments. The first class work turned out by this reliable firm has brought it into the front ranks of mechanical industry in Petaluma.

The Van Bebber Brothers are agents for Junior Monarch Hay Presses, Fairbanks-Morse Gas engines and Mitchell automobiles. They give satisfaction in all departments and are an important part of industrial Petaluma.



Lachman & Jacobí's Wine Plant.

Producers of California Wines and
Brandies.

This immense plant on East Wash-
ington street, Petaluma, consists of
five acres of buildings, carefully and
judiciously laid out with ornamental
grounds, and all accessories.

The business was founded in San
Francisco 37 years ago, five of which
since the great fire of 1906, it has
been established at Petaluma.

They have handled in and out, dur-
ing 1910, Ten Million gallons of wine
and Brandy, shipping to all parts of
the world by rail and water trans-
portation direct from the plant at
Petaluma.

They have agencies in all the large
cities of the U. S., the principal
branch being in New York.

They employ at Petaluma more
than 80 men.

This business is one of the gigantic
undertakings that makes Petaluma
great, in the world of traffic, and giv-
es impetus to the interest of Grape
Growing one of California's most im-
portant industries.

The plant must be visited to give
an accurate idea of it's extent and
importance, the largest of it's kind
in America.



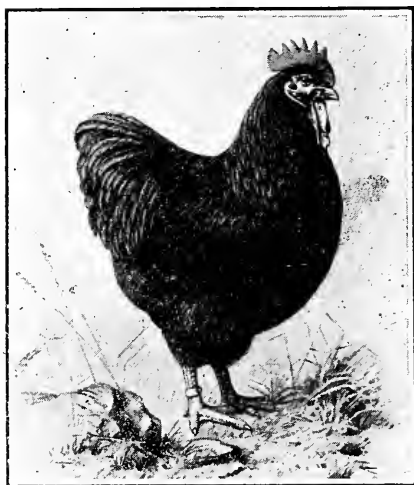
Vincent G. Huntley

Has bred, exhibited and won with nearly every breed existing. Winner of over 3,500 cups, medals and prizes at the leading shows of the world, viz. Great Britain and America.

Mr. Huntley is earning a national reputation as a breeder of fine fowls. The first prize Black Orpington Pullet, at San Jose and Stockton 1911, was bred by Mr. Huntley, and sold at a high price to Marshall Black of Palo Alto, who since has paid a record price in a lump sum for 20

birds. Thus making an enviable record for Petaluma.

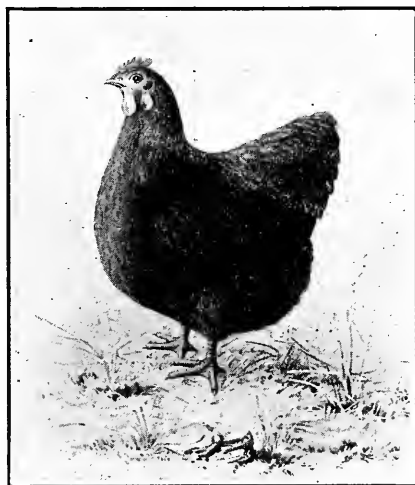
Mr. Huntley is Specialist Judge for the following clubs: English Poultry Club, Orpington Club, Waterfowl Club, International Alexandra Palace, Great National Crystal Palace (London.) California Orpington Club,



Black Orpington Cockerel...
"Champion Black Prince."

Winner of First Prize, American Poultry Association; Medal for Best Bird in America, English, Mediterranean and Asiatic Classes; American Poultry Association Diploma for Best Male in Show; Special Prize for Best Bird in English Classes at San Jose, Oakland and Marysville Shows, 1909-10.

Bred by Vincent G. Huntley, Petaluma.



Black Orpington Pullet...
"Princess."

Winner of First Prize, Oakland; First Prize, Orpington Club Show, Los Angeles; First Prize, Marysville; First Prize, Petaluma, 1909-10.

Bred by Vincent G. Huntley, Petaluma.





Lobby of New American Hotel.

Since the advent of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Blydenburgh as hosts of the New American, that popular hotel has continued to improve in every way.


Baths have been installed and every modern improvement made for the comfort and convenience of the guests.

The new lobby is a luxury, with

its pleasant and tasteful appointments, where one may enjoy the ease of relaxation in restful surroundings. The table is of the best, and at last Petaluma has a modern and up-to-date stopping place, where no effort is spared to make welcome and well served the transient or tarrying guest.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

This is the Woman's Century. The clouds of prejudice, and ignorance, and injustice are passing. The day of Liberty is dawning, and we stand in the morning of opportunity at the threshold of all noble possibilities.

<p>Thanksgiving is over and Christmas comes again. The smug “well-to-do” has enjoyed his turkey, and rejoiced, even while his poorer neighbor ate crow. The Christian will reiterate the oft repeated message of “Peace on earth to Men of Good Will” while far away the nations are convulsed by war, and death and suffering. We here, in an ideal climate, with sufficient for our needs, thank Providence for our abundance while babes starve and freeze else-</p>	<p>where. Yet the “Earth and the fullness thereof” should be the heritage of all. Our thankfulness and Christianity are made a farce, by the system that rules the masses of humanity. Men and women have learned to think. They will begin to act. A little while, and the true meaning of Thanksgiving and Christmas will be realized by a regenerated world.</p>
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The inscrutable ways of providence have been made evident, in the tragic passing of Mrs. Frances Malpas Cosgrove, who was recently burned to death at Porterville.

Beautiful in person, gifted in song and still in the morning of youth. To the minds and hearts of those who loved her, no sweeter thought could come of her, than that contained in this, one of her favorite poems:

“WHEN FINIS COMES

Sweetheart, 'tis true stars rise and set,
And all fair seasons cease to be—

The sunlight fades from off the sea,
 And winter winds our rose leaves fret;
 Yet past the reach of barren hours,
 Across the years of shining, yet
 Your face and eyes—can I forget—
 Their lovely light that shines on me?
 Nay, Sweet, these change not, these abide,
 Beyond the stress of time and tide,
 Across the years, in youth's fair clime
 Live all lost loves, and all dead flowers—
 The land of Memory knows no time."

Since entering upon a career of journalism we have been accused of everything except murder and horse stealing. The last accusation has come from the viperish tongue of a female parasite, one who has never earned an honest dollar in her life, but is holding on to those left her by the dead, so tenaciously that she does not buy enough to eat. She is no benefit to the tradesmen or local dealers, and begrudges the water and the light that she is compelled to use.

She would rather that the moth and rust should consume her possessions than have them used for any one even herself. She forgets the first great fact, common to us all, that she will one day fill a rotting grave, where no light or warmth may come, and the things she prizes so highly will all be left behind.

She has wantonly accused us of cruelty to our horses, that we have been keeping in an open lot, through this beautiful fall weather, feeding them grain and hay every day, and blanketing them at night. This old hypocrite, who goes to prayer meeting regularly and belongs to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, is not above poisoning

cats and dogs and would let the deserving poor go hungry from her door, she has dared to abuse us and she will get it in the neck.

We wonder what would induce her to leave her warm nest and act as chambermaid to two old "straw-burners", for the sake of days "lang syne". The saddle horse is 27 years old, and has been in the family 22 of them. He once guarded the cattle and sheep on a thousand hills and in his prime was beautiful and useful. For the sake of those things, and in memory of better, happier days, we deny ourselves that he may live comfortably.

If he belonged to the female parasite, he would be consigned to the "bone factory", and fed to the chickens without delay. The "abuse" that he has received has not shortened his days, and he is safe for a meal ticket as long as we live.

The grave is not an alluring place, but we would dread it more, if we left no remembrance in the hearts of men, of kindness to our kind, as well as to our lesser brothers—the beasts. We have this to say in conclusion—if the party in question opens her lying mouth about us, or curs she will get something more

solid than words.

deserve it.

We have no respect for property, Let the community try this shoe
and none for persons, unless they and see who it fits.

“Wrought.”

The Devil stood by the furnace door;
 Twas a very strong blast that blew the flame
 And many the hands to turn that came—
The hands of the people—the worthy poor.
And the Devil smiled as the puddlers stood
 And held their ladles and caught the mass
 Like a serpent of fire from a sea of brass,
And the Devil smiled and said 'twas good.
Now the Devil knew that the mills had been
 For days and days in a fierce travail
 To bring forth ducats instead of scale,
To help the barons in lives of sin.
But the men at the furnaces thinner grew
 Their wage was lessened as they waxed weak,
 And the spirit of fear would not let them speak
Of the death that was coming, as well they knew.
The men who stood by the flowing tide
 Of molten metal were making much
 That they did not know'—twas a delicate touch
Of a Shadow that walked and worked beside.
And the Shadow was Want, and he worked his hands
 O'er the puddlers' faces and drew the lines
 In heavy measures and bold designs,
In Sorrow's stripes and Hunger's bands.
Want worked not alone, for Hunger was there,
 And sunken eyes—the starving wife
 And children who breathed but a part of life—
And Sorrow, and bitter Cold and care.
He worked the clay as they worked the ore,
 And at the end the Shadow stood,
 And the Devil smiled, for the work was good
The Shadow had made a wild bomb thrower.
—D. W. Ravenscroft, in “The Coming Nation”

Swiss - American Restaurant

B. PEDRONI, Prop.

Private Rooms for Ladies, Families and Parties

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

POPULAR PRICES

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J. Viera

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Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powders,
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..

STATION NO. 25

..

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F. C. CAMPIGLI, Agent

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PETALUMA, CAL

P. O. BOX 42

PHONE 211 R

Golden West Grocery Co.

L. SOLARI Proprietor

Imported Goods of All Kinds

Groceries, Family Supplies, Feed Mill Stuffs, Liquors and Cigars

Cor. WASHINGTON and KELLER STS.

PETALUMA

Atkinson Realty Co.

Real Estate and Insurance

176 Main St.

PHONE 336

Petaluma, Cal.



SCHOOL SHOES

NOW is the time to buy good School shoes for your children.

We have a fine line of young ladies Patent Gun Metal and Tan High Cut Shoes for school wear, also a fine stock of misses and childrens school Shoes at a moderate price.

Call in and see our fine stock of mens' and boys' shoes.

We Carry WOODEN SOLED Boots and Shoes.

Ricci's Shoe Parlor

154 Main St.

PHONE 82 R

Petaluma, Cal.

Stationary & Music Store

H. M. PARENT, Prop.

Headquarters for Christmas Gifts, Cards, Booklets and other Christmas Goods.

On account of a Trip to Europe this well Established and prosperous business is for sale.

Only Licensed Dealer in Victor and Edison Talking Machines.

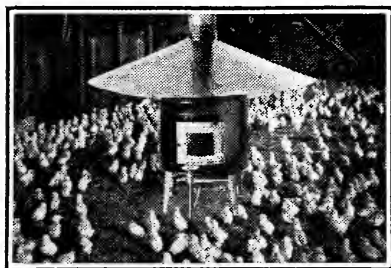
139 MAIN ST.

PHONE 310

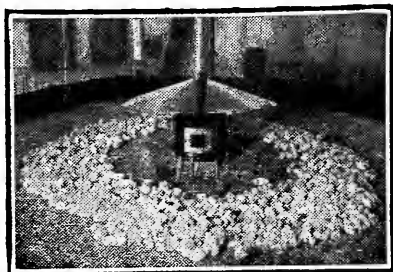
The Improved 1912
Petaluma Brooder Stove

And Its

Perfect Automatic Oil Regulator



Day Scene.



Night Scene

Assures successful brooding. No more chilling, overheating or crowding. Don't miss seeing this stove in operation, or write for free catalogue and full information.

Petaluma Brooder Stove Works
Petaluma California

GEM THEATRE

Latest Improvements and Pictures. No Flicker.

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Rich red Blood is Essential to Health

Bobards Iron Capsuels

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PRICE 50 CENTS FOR TEN DAYSTREATMENT

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Leading Piano House of the West

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Address: Kohler & Chase

1013 Broadway, Oakland

26 O'Farrell S. F

Headquarters for
Commercial Men

Meal Service
The Best

NEW ANALY HOTEL

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The Leading Hotel of Sebastopol

Californina

GEO. G. DAUNT
Graduate Optician and Jeweler

——Largest Stock, Lowest Prices——

Fine Watch Repairing and Fitting of Glasses a Specialty.

PETALUMA, - - - CAL.

JARVIS & NICHOLS...

.... Dealers in....

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Dry Goods, Groceries, and

Gents' Furnishing Goods

MENDOCINO,

CALIFORNIA

❀ Mrs. O. U. McKinney ❀

MILLINERY

191 Kentucky St.

Petaluma, Cal.

The Boyes Hot Springs



In the Beautiful Sonoma Valley

On the County Road---On the Railroad---Forty-five Miles from San Francisco.

An Ideal Spot for Health and Pleasure Seekers

Under the personal management of:

R. L. Lichtenberg,
and

Dr. E. L. Parramore.

Sonoma County

California

SONOMA VALLEY

BANK



Commercial and
Savings



INTEREST PAID
ON TERM
DEPOSITS

Sonoma : : California

St. Rose Drug Store

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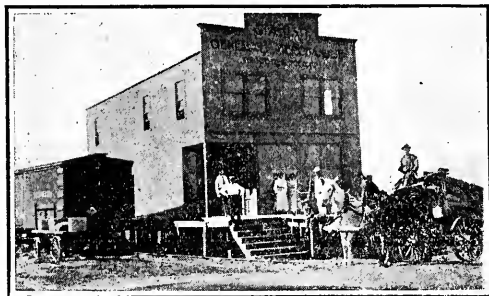
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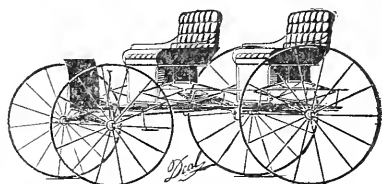
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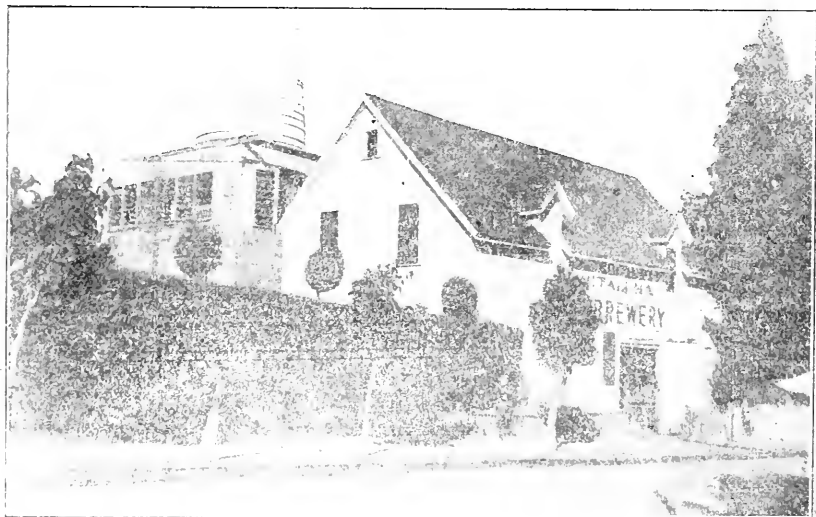
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Capital \$50,000.00

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CAPITAL.... \$100, 000

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[Electric]



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From the car windows you may see
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GRAVENSTEIN

APPLES

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Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of **Scenic Beauty**

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
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the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
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Promised Land — Sausalito to
Sherwood : : : : :

Take Boat at Sausalito Ferry.

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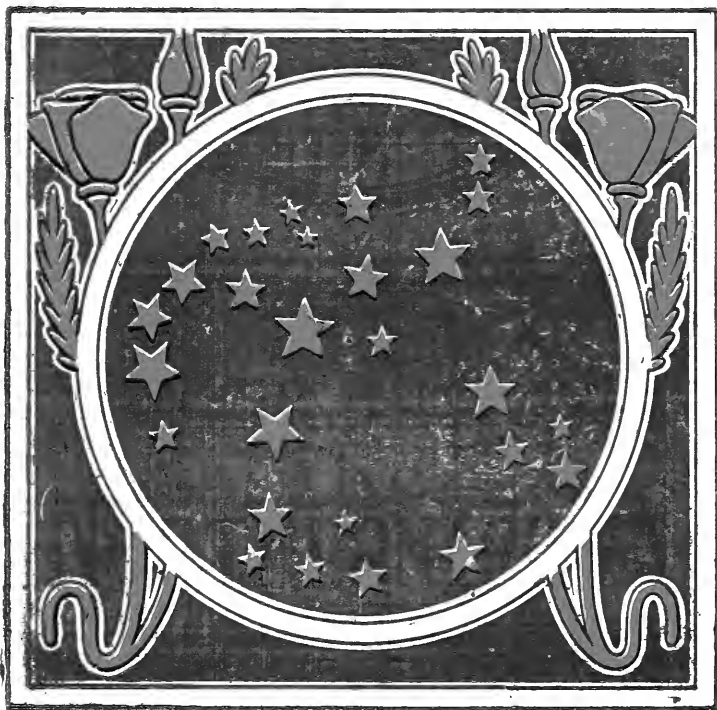
James Flood Building

San Francisco.

W. S. Palmer, General Manager
J. J. Geary, General Pass Agt.

Souvenir of Cloverdale

THE NORTHERN CROWN



Per Copy
10 Cents

May, 1912

Per Year
\$1.00

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ANNA MORRISON REED, EDITRESS

Issued By The Northern Crown Pub. Co.

PFTALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA



THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

“Entered as second-class matter, December 7, 1908, at the post office at Petaluma, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.”



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Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : :



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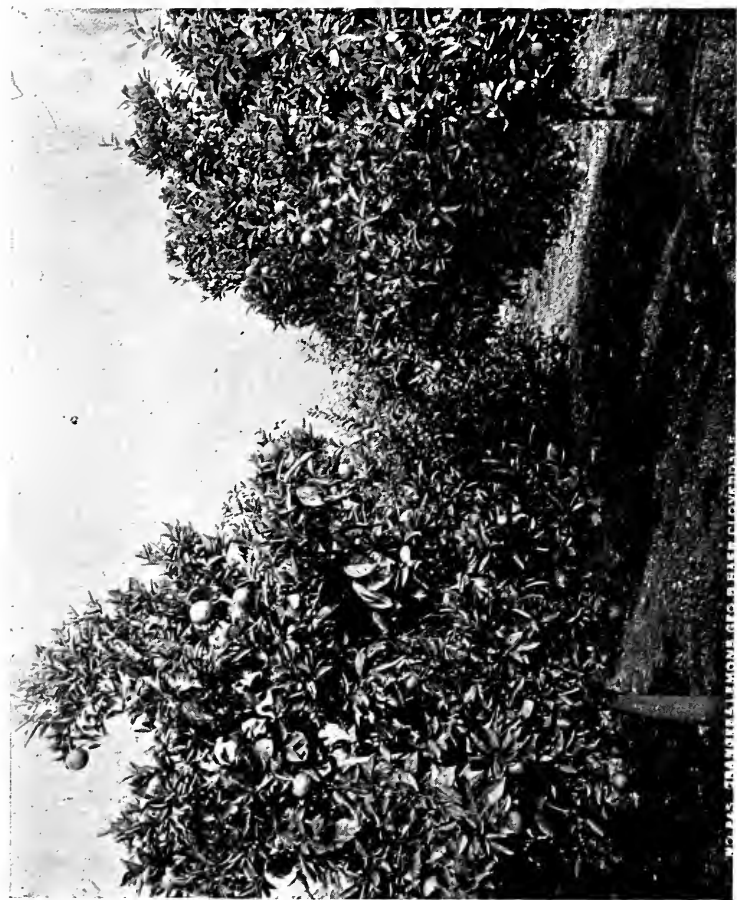


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CLYDE R. WARE, Prop.

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Northern California*

344-346 Franklin St. - Fort Bragg



A Cloverdale Orange Grove.



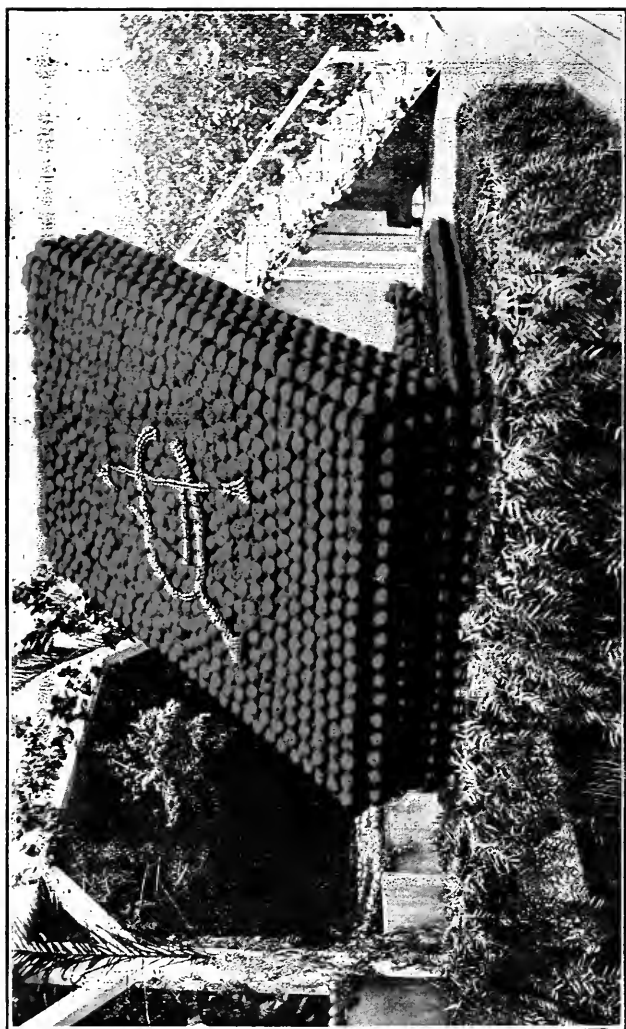
Thirty-five Varieties Citrus Fruit. First Prize 1911, as Greatest Variety
Displayed by one Grower, Mrs. J. C. Whitaker.



Geo. I. Cavalli, Director-General of the
Citrus Fair 1912.



Orange City Hotel, Cloverdale. John June, Prop,



"The Jewel Box," Designed By Robert W. Weston. First Prize, Cloverdale Citrus Fair, 1911.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL V.

PETALUMA, CAL., MAY, 1912.

NO. 2

CLOVERDALE

* * * * *

BY ANNA M. REED

ON FRIDAY, the 24th day of November, 1871, the writer journeyed through the rain, by stage, from Healdsburg to Cloverdale.

The restless feet of men had not yet trampled from its primitive streets, the lush green plant from which it received its euphonic name, bestowed by Mrs. Fred Gerkhardt, a pioneer settler, and the landlady of the United States Hotel, where she made the writer, a little school girl then, comfortable and warm after the weary, chilling drive.

Mrs. Gerkhardt has now finished the journey of life, and lies at rest, near the town that she named, and helped to build into a thriving business center, but her motherly kindness to the girlish wanderer has never been forgotten, and her name is linked forever, in memory, with our thought of Cloverdale. Cloverdale now has a population of about 1000 people.

It is on the direct line of the

Northwestern Pacific Railway, 85 miles from San Francisco, 33 from Santa Rosa, and 30 miles from Ukiah.

Its water supply and electric lighting are first-class. Its schools are among the best.

It has a bank, a weekly newspaper — The Reveille — various churches, and fraternal orders.

IT HAS GOOD HOTELS.

The United States, which is the Pioneer Hotel of Cloverdale, kept by M. Menihan and his good wife seems a home to their older patrons, who year after year, have frequented its hospitable doors.

THE CLOVERDALE HOTEL.

The working man's hotel of Cloverdale is kept in comfortable style by J. E. Helm, who makes his guests welcome in old-fashioned ways, so familiar to real Californians.

The railroad man, and the laborer find here a congenial stopping place, and headquarters, at the end of the day or week of toil, and the Cloverdale Hotel is a useful and popular

adjunct to the business life of the town.

THE ORANGE CITY HOTEL.

This popular stopping place, is one of the most modern and convenient north of San Francisco.

John June, the enterprising and public-spirited proprietor, first established the hotel some nine years ago, on its present site.

Two years ago the property was burned together with a well-equipped livery stable, at a loss of some \$22,000.

Undaunted by this misfortune, Mr. June built a modern complete hotel, which is the delight of the traveler and tourist.

Every room has up-to-date sanitary fittings with hot and cold water. Many of the rooms have also a private bath.

The floors are covered with tasteful art squares, the furniture is light and well chosen, the rooms well lighted, with sunshine by day, and electric light by night. The hotel is in the most desirable location, next door to the Citrus Fair Pavilion, and facing a field of beautiful oak trees, that has all the attraction of a natural park, with a background of lofty hills, rich with the varying lights and shadows, and the changing hues of each succeeding season.

The lobby is attractively furnished with easy chairs, writing desks, piano, tables for reading material, and social games, a broad stairway, with a rest room at the landing, and immense plate glass windows where one may feast eyes and thoughts in happy contemplation.

A most unique adornment of the office and lobby, is a choice collection of more than 30 deer heads, and horns, the trophies of the chase secured by Harwood June, from

the hunting grounds adjacent to Cloverdale.

These beautifully mounted form an attractive feature, and give evidence of the skill and prowess of the young Nimrod.

If one has a month to rest and dream, go to the Orange City Hotel, for your vacation, where from every window you may see an orange grove, and sniff the fragrance of the only flower not associated with death and sorrow.

Olive orchards add the attraction of their soft-toned gray-green restfulness, and the perfume of grape blossom, and roses mingle in an elixir of delight.

A DAPHNE BUSH.

Speaking of fair and fragrant things brings one to the remembrance of the glorious Daphne Bush, in the front yard at Mrs. Bentley's tasteful home. Every spring, since 1897 the writer has managed to time her visit to Cloverdale to the season of its blossoming.

It is so sweet an emblem of the early spring, that we wonder why every yard in Cloverdale has not a Daphne Bush.

Why Not More Citrus Fruit?

And we wonder why there is not more acreage in citrus fruit. The lot north of the Citrus Fair Pavilion could be made a thing of beauty if set to orange trees. One wonders why the debris of yester year is left upon so prominent a place, when a little exercise of taste and expenditure of money could make it so beautiful. If arranged as a miniature park, the visitors to the yearly Citrus Fair would find it an ideal lounge.

ing place, shady and sweet, with roses and flowers that grow so luxuriously in Cloverdale.

AN UNIQUE DISPLAY.

Among those who have cultivated and displayed Citrus Fruits at the Fairs at Cloverdale, from year to year, Mrs. J. C. Whitaker always presented the greatest variety. In the spring of 1911, 35 varieties formed an artistic pyramid, a cut of which we present in this number of the Northern Crown.

On Oct. 14, 1909, Mrs. Whitaker was presented with a beautiful hand-carved medal by the Pacific Coast Horticultural Society, at the Portola Flower Show. This honor was well deserved, and gave evidence of the appreciation accorded the display, by those connected with the Horticultural and State Floral Society. Mrs. Whitaker has been an exhibitor every year, at the local Fair, since 1896. And her endeavor to show the great variety of Citrus Fruit that can be successfully grown at Cloverdale, has been most commendable.

THE ANNUAL CITRUS FAIR.

Of the many beautiful and attractive exhibits shown in the past at Cloverdale, the Fair just closed, was the most excellent of all. Time has mellowed the thought and added suggestions, until the work of converting oranges, lemons and olives, into things of original design and beauty, has become an art, most unique, and belonging to that region alone.

Nowhere else in the world is there

an annual exhibition, such as may be seen in this northern Sonoma town. These Citrus Fairs are winning national fame, and the world is making a beaten pathway, year by year, to Cloverdale. A substantial concrete structure has replaced the wooden pavilion, where the first fairs were held. It is an improvement in every way, upon the former building. Over the outside of the entrance are the letters C. C. F. A., with the dates 1892-1910, where all may read the name and age of the association, that is making history along the lines of state development.

AN ATTRACTIVE ART STUDIO.

The art studio of Miss Fidelia Furber is an attraction to the lover of the dainty and beautiful. Her art exhibit has added interest to the Fairs from year to year.

She has now a studio, on the main street of Cloverdale, where exquisite hand painted China, and tasteful pictures in water color and oil give evidence of the skill and talent of the artist. At an early age Miss Furber gave evidence of talent and aptitude for this artistic work, and was a student at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

Those inclined to work along artistic lines, will do well to avail themselves of Miss Furber's taste and experience, and pursue their chosen line of work under her able instruction.

The Cloverdale Citrus Fair Association is composed of the following prominent business and professional

men of that place:

C. E. Humbert, President.

C. A. Yordi, Vice-President.

Dr. W. C. Shipley, Secretary.

Charles B. Shaw, Treasurer.

Directors:

C. E. Humbert.

C. A. Yordi.

Dr. W. C. Shipley.

Charles B. Shaw.

E. G. Furber.

O. C. Williams.

The Twentieth Annual Fair was held from Feb. 20th to 25th, 1912, inclusive.

Geo. I. Cavilli, of the enterprising firm of Cavilli & Flynn, was Director-general. Mr. Cavilli, whose picture appears in this issue of The Northern Crown, is a young man of presence and ability. He established himself in business in Cloverdale some two years ago, having formerly lived at St. Helena, Napa county.

The firm of Cavalli & Flynn is one of the most popular in Cloverdale, with a constantly increasing trade.

They carry the daintiest and rarest supplies, and there is scarcely a delicacy in the grocery line, that they cannot supply.

DR. W. C. SHIPLEY.

Of the personnel of the Board of Directors of the Citrus Fair Association, Dr. W. C. Shipley, the genial secretary, has made friends on every hand. He is a native of Sonoma County, and spent eight years of his boyhood in Cloverdale.

He was educated in the Healds-

burg Grammar and High School, and the California Medical College. Five years ago he established himself in the practice of his profession at Cloverdale. As a physician he has had twelve years' practice and experience, and we know of no more valuable, and useful factor in the life of Cloverdale, social and professional, than Dr. W. C. Shipley. He is alert, busy and proficient, and a living proof that the most valuable asset of any community is its people.

The President of the Board, Mr. C. E. Humbert, is too well known to need praise from any source and, in fact, all the members of the association, are public spirited and representative men.

"The Cloverdale Citrus Fair Association was organized twenty years ago for the sole purpose of displaying the citrus products of northern Sonoma county and the beautiful little City of Cloverdale in particular. At that time the raising of citrus fruits was more of a fad than anything else, as the growing of rare orchids might be. Little did the founders dream that it would grow to its present magnitude or that the growing of citrus fruits would ever assume the dignity of a profitable industry there. Thousands of people now come every year to view the beautiful fruit, like golden nuggets gathered from trees ever green, and in the dead of winter when our Eastern neighbors are clad in arctics and suffering from the rigors of the chilling blasts of northern blizzards.

"The Cloverdale Citrus Fair Association enjoys the unique distinction of being the only institution of its kind in the West that has for twenty consecutive years given displays of citrus products. And not only does it present the citrus fruits, consisting of all kinds of oranges, lemons, citrons, ponderosa lemons, pomeloes (or grape-fruit as they are sometimes called), but they also display the choicest wines of the world, made from the finest grapes, which are grown on the vine-clad hills and valleys of this beautiful section."—

A JEWEL BOX.

The Cloverdale Citrus Fair has given always an opportunity to the gifted and artistic of the little town to show their talent at the annual displays, at each of the last three fairs, the most noteworthy exhibits in the artistic line were designed by Robert W. Weston.

His "WATCH CLOVERDALE," took first prize in 1910. His "JEWEL BOX" in 1911, and it is the opinion of many that "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET" should have had first prize this year, although it was awarded only third.

"THE JEWEL BOX" we have made our frontispiece for this issue of the Northern Crown, but no picture can give a true representation of its exquisite perfection and detail of work. It had to be seen to be fully appreciated.

The "BLACKSMITH SHOP," designed by Hulbert Brothers, took first prize this year, although many

considered "THE ROMAN SEAT" by Miss Furber, and "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET," equally deserving and excellent.

THE PIONEER HARNESS SHOP.

Twenty years ago, this business was established by the late M. H. Thompson. It is now carried on by his widow, Mrs. L. M. Thompson, who has the agency for the Edison Phonograph, and supplies.

There is a shoe repairing department connected with the shop.

Few places carry a more complete line of stock, in harness, and harness supplies, robes, whips, etc.

THE PIONEER FURNITURE STORE.

E. A. Cooley who for ten years has conducted the Pioneer Furniture Store, and who was burned out some time ago, has built a fine concrete building with 65 feet front, where he is established with a splendid stock.

We had hoped to present a picture with this issue, of this modern, up-to-date store, but the photograph was not forth-coming, so it will appear later.

THE PIONEER GARAGE.

Geo. F. Warren has conducted a garage and blacksmith business, in a commodious fire-proof building for the past six years.

Here, day or night, one can be accommodated with transportation by auto to any point in the county or elsewhere.

Mr. Warren is also agent for E. M. F. and Flanders Cars.

THE VARIETY STORE.

The Variety store on West street, is conducted by Mrs. Laura Eells. Here you can find almost anything, although hosiery and handkerchiefs are the special lines for which she takes orders, and fills them most satisfactorily.

A. J. SEWARD, REAL ESTATE.

A live real estate man, and a newcomer, is A. J. Seward, formerly of Mendocino county.

He is not afraid to advertise and consequently gets the business.

The man who brings in desirable citizens, to build up and develop the possibilities of a place, is an important adjunct to progress.

"LEST WE FORGET."

J. A. Kleiser had the town of Cloverdale platted in October, 1859, and was its good genius for many years. He planted the first orchard and vineyard. That Cloverdale was the natural home of the orange and the olive, was recognized and demonstrated by Mr. Kleiser. Fifty-one years ago he brought an olive cutting from the home of E. B. Crocker of Sacramento, and planted it on the place then owned by him, but now the property of Mrs. G. W. Prescott. The writer visited the tree during the lifetime of Mr. Kleiser, going to see it in March 1902. It was then 6 feet in circumference and more than 40 feet high—more than a foot for each year of its life.

It stands today a silent, but eloquent witness to the faith and judgment of the planter.

At the time of our visiting this

pioneer olive tree, Mr. Kleiser was the owner of more than 1000 bearing trees, from which, under the personal supervision of Mrs. Kleiser, was manufactured the best olive oil we have ever tasted.

Mr. Kleiser, like many other pioneers, has gone to sleep, in the little valley of his choice, but his deeds live after him, for he solved year after year, the problems of an honest, active, useful life, and did more probably, than any other man in laying the foundation of the present prosperity of Cloverdale.

A RADIANT LAND.

A few days ago we made a brief visit to Cloverdale and were much impressed by the beauty of its surroundings.

Over the hills the woods seemed incarnate with the spirit of the spring, the lark and linnet sang along the lanes, the blackbirds held noisy conclave in the tree tops. As we sped along by car, on either hand were broad glimpses of the white drift of prune and pear and cherry bloom. On north hillsides the starlike gleam of the wild Easter lilies in cool ravines a dash of purplish pink, where the late "Redbuds" linger. Here and there a flash of gold across bright poppy fields.

Along the mountains a hundred shades of green, a thousand charms that show the opulence of Nature—and over all, the turquoise of the wondrous sky. All this—while in another part of our own land, people

were homeless and hungry, where flood and devastation mark the day. Surely those who dwell in Cloverdale should be content, as well as all who have been fortunate enough to make their homes in Northern California.

As one walks the streets of Cloverdale, they yet may see, creeping here and there, beside the sidewalks, little tufts of the plant of Emerald

hue, emblem in the language of flowers, of industry. Emblem of the busy spirit, whose restless tread, has almost but not quite, exterminated its velvet verdure.

And looking at the pleasant, tasteful homes we realize that the place is indeed worthy of the name, and the emblem; and that those who dwell therein, are thrifty and industrious, and still "in Clover."



The Path

By Myrtle Reed

We know not where our hidden way	We reach the end together—thou
may lie,	and I.

What stress and storm the coming	On eyes grown dim the mist of blind-
ing years may hold,	ness creep,

The midday heats and midnights	The pulse moves slower still,
drear and cold	and sorrows fade,

May meet us on our journey far or	But even then we may not un-
nigh—	derstand;

Yet step by step we go, till bye and	Yet God still giveth His beloved
bye	sleep.

The mystic tapestries of Fate	Oh, Heart of Mine, why should
unfold;	we be afraid

When weary past believing, grey	If only night may find us hand
and old,	in hand!

A Definition of Socialism

Extract No. 1

"Modern Socialists desire to disturb existing arrangements, as little as possible in attaining the main end of Socialism the abolition of the private receipt of rent and interest, the income from private property. Rent from land and interest from capital are the result of private ownership of these instruments of production, with COLLECTIVE ownership the income yielded by land and capital must be also collective.

"The purpose is the common enjoyment of the advantages yielded by land and capital, in order that there may be NO INCOME APART FROM PERSONAL EFFORT, and that the income yielded by PERSONAL EFFORT may be increased. The most advanced forms of capitalistic production are approved, and the extension of agricultural machinery and farming on a large scale are viewed with favor.

"The change which is advocated, is a change in property, in order

thereby to accomplish the great end described.

"The Socialists desire to abolish what they call UNEARNED INCOME, meaning thereby PERSONALLY UNEARNED INCOME, for the income which individuals receive from property they conceive to be unearned, and a deduction from the earnings due to personal effort.

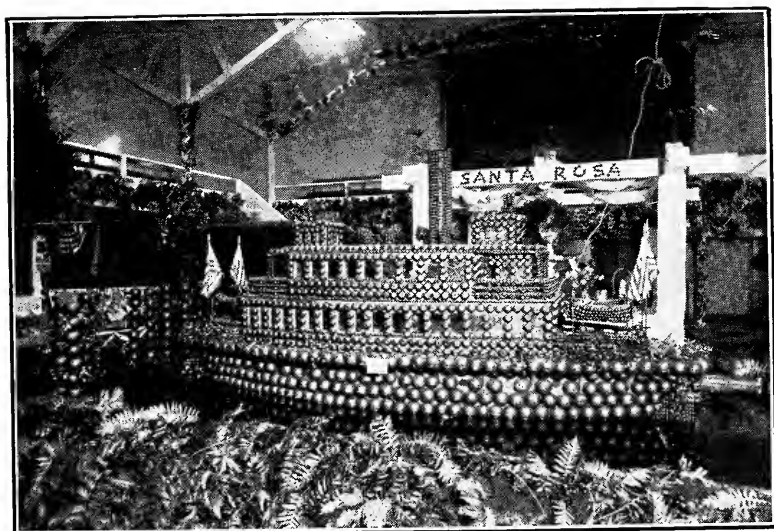
"Socialists justify this view by the doctrine that all value is to be attributed to LABOR.

"The cruder forms of Socialism have so emphasized manual labor as to imply an underestimation of intellectual service.

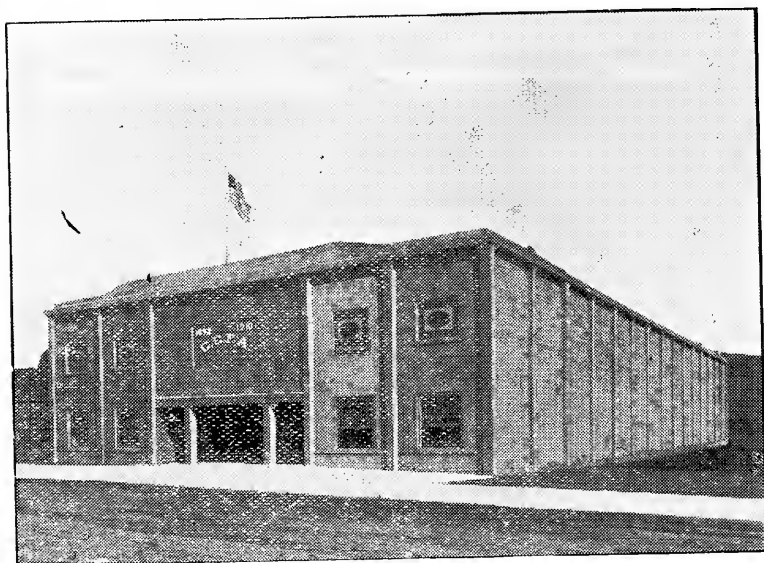
"With the rise of a modern class of Socialistic thinkers this crude view has lost its prominence.

"Socialists now fully understand that intellectual service is as important as manual labor, and they find a place for both in their plans for a future society."





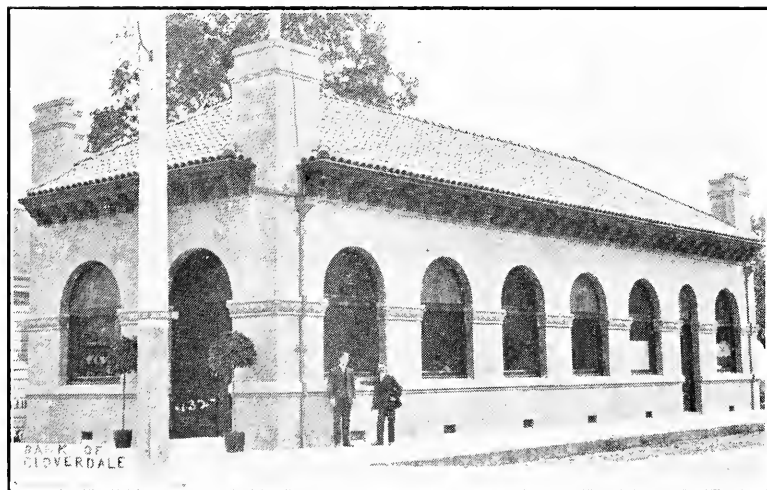
A Prize Exhibit, 1911,



Cloverdale Citrus Pavilion.



Residence of Mrs. Prescott, Cloverdale.



The Bank of Cloverdale

The Eleventh
**Biennial Meeting of the General
Federation of Women's Clubs**

To Be Held in San Francisco June 25th to July 5, 1912

This great organization has only crossed the continent once in its twenty-two years, to hold its great meeting on the Pacific coast, it is therefore, a rare opportunity for western women.

"The value to western women of its splendid programs and of the association with the women of other sections of our country who are thinking and doing the things that we are thinking and doing, is incalculable. Enthusiasm for this Biennial meeting is intense throughout the country. The State President of Mass. has this to say: "It is pleasant for us on the Atlantic coast to know that a cordial welcome is being prepared for us at the time of our next Biennial, in San Francisco."

A southern State President writes us: "I shall do all in my power to have a large number of our clubwomen attend this meeting. I know the charm of our state and am planning to be present myself."

Illinois State President says: "Illinois women are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to being

entertained by California women; you may expect a large delegation from here."

Special rates will be given from all points to San Francisco.

The Local Biennial Board sends greetings to the Club Women of the United States, and assures them a hearty welcome to San Francisco in June, and the most generous hospitality that California can offer.

SAN FRANCISCO.

"Therein are all glad things whereof Life holdeth need through changing years;

Therein sweet rest, sweet end of tears,

Therein sweet labors, born of love."

—Ina Coolbrith.

San Francisco has ever rejoiced in its reputation as a "Convention City." Now that the Eleventh Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is to be the guest of the club women of California, San Francisco as the hostess city proposes to present a setting worthy of such an occasion, and to make the sojourn of the visitors

within its gates a period of pleasure long to be remembered.

The Sutter Street Pavilion has been selected as the main auditorium for this great Convention. The Pavilion is located on the corner of Sutter and Pierce Streets, on direct street car line from hotel center. The acoustic properties of this Pavilion are good. It has a seating capacity of about 4000, and is well ventilated.

Three entrances to the Pavilion on Pierce Street, and a large exit on Sutter Street, will add to the comfort and convenience of delegates and visitors.

Golden Gate Commandery Building, almost adjoining the Pavilion, will be used for conferences. This building has numerous auditoriums, all admirably suited for simultaneous assemblies, and this will be one of the valuable adjuncts of the Convention Center. The Girls' High School, located in Hamilton Square, one of the small parks of the city, will be utilized for States' Headquarters.

These three buildings, situated within a radius of a block, form an advantageous Convention Center.

TRANSPORTATION RATES.

A special round trip excursion rate of \$65 from Chicago and intermediate points has been allowed by the railway companies. The limit for this rate is from June 12 to August 12. The usual Summer excursion rate of \$72.50 from Chicago, and return, will prevail from June 1 to October 31. Specific information as to fares and details can be obtained from local railway agents, or from

Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, 901 Buena Vista Ave., San Francisco, Chairman Transfer Committee.

RECEPTION AT TRAINS.

The women of the Northern District of the California Federation of Women's Clubs are preparing to receive the delegates to the Biennial with true California hospitality. Baskets of fruit and flowers will be distributed at Roseville and Sacramento on the Southern Pacific route. The Chamber of Commerce of Sacramento will invite the officers of the General Federation and those traveling on special trains to stop over in Sacramento a few hours. Visitors will be given an automobile ride and then taken to the Capitol. Doubtless the same hospitality will prevail in the Southern part of the state.

At San Francisco a Committee of club women will meet each train and boat to welcome and direct delegates to their hotels and stopping places. It is requested that each incoming guest wear a badge of blue ribbon. The members of the Trains Committee will wear yellow badges.

HOTELS.

All visitors are urged for their own comfort to make hotel reservations as early as possible. No more reservations can be made at the Palace Hotel, which has been made the Official Headquarters, but ample accommodation at all prices can be secured in numerous other hotels in the same locality. Address Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Chairman Hotel Commit-

tee, for information.

HOSPITALITY.

On Monday evening, June 24, a complimentary concert, tendered by the local Biennial Board to officers and delegates, will be given at the Pavilion. On Tuesday afternoon, June 25, an informal reception given by the Local Biennial Board to officers, delegates and visiting club women will be held in the ball room of the Palace Hotel.

On the afternoon of Thursday, June 27, the California State Federation will be "at home" to all visiting club women at the Fairmont Hotel.

It is planned to make one particular afternoon an "open house" occasion at the various clubs in the city. Visitors will be entertained at both the men's and women's club houses in San Francisco.

EXCURSIONS.

The entire day of Friday, June 28, will be spent in the Santa Clara Valley. Stops will be made at Stanford University, Santa Clara, Saratoga and San Jose. Great preparations are in progress to make this day one of the most notable and enjoyable of the entire Convention. Visitors desiring to do so, may remain over night and take the automobile trip up Mount Hamilton to the Lick Observatory.

The afternoon of July 2 will be spent in the trans-bay cities of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. A short musical program will be presented at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, after which there will be auto-

mobile rides to different points of interest. Plans are being made for a bay excursion, for automobile rides about San Francisco and vicinity, and probably for the scenic trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais. Excursions will be arranged to various parts of the state immediately upon the close of the Convention.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Members of the Bureau of Information will be on duty each day of the Convention, at the ferry and railway depots, and the various hotels, prepared to give all necessary local information. Members of this Committee will wear badges marked "Information." Write for information to Mrs. D. J. Macmaster, 1849 Jackson street, San Francisco, Chairman of Committee.

CREDENTIALS.

To the Presidents of the State Federations, General Federation Clubs, National and International Organizations, and all local Federations:

It is requested that a list of delegates and alternates elected or appointed to the Eleventh Biennial in June, be sent immediately after election or appointment to Mrs. Edw. D. Knight, 238 San Jose Avenue, San Francisco, Chairman of Credentials Committee.

Credentials should be presented as early as possible. The visiting card of each delegate and alternate must be attached to the Credential Card.

A copy of the receipt for dues to the General Federation for the year 1912-1913 must be presented to the

Credential Committee by each delegate, such copy to be furnished by Treasurer of organization represented. Alternates as well as delegates will be slated.

PRESS REPRESENTATIVES.

Press representatives who wish places reserved at the press tables during the Biennial Convention

should send in names in order that arrangements may be made for necessary space. Visiting press people should bring credentials from their papers.

MRS. H. B. PINNEY,

Chairman Publicity Committee.
2830 Buchanan St., San Francisco.



Closing the Doors

I have closed the doors on Doubt;

I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark and call:

"I am Thine, though I grope and stumble and fall,
I serve, and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear,

He has lived with me far too long,
If he were to break forth and reappear
I should lift my eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud and run lightly by,
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.

His house has too narrow a view,
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

—British Weekly.

University Summer Session.

Lecturers and students are already beginning to gather at Berkeley, in readiness for the Summer Session of 1912. Laboratories, classrooms, machine shops, museums, collections, and athletic appurtenances are being overhauled, and everything being made ready for the two thousand or more students who are expected for the university's summer term.

To give men and women of all ages the opportunity of University instruction, instead of teaching only college youths—this is the spirit in which the University of California has planned the Summer Session. Work will begin June 24 and end August 3. Anyone may enroll as a student without entrance examinations and without limitation as to previous training. Those who prefer may come as auditors, with no responsibility for performing the allotted tasks. Of the 1950 students in the last Summer Session of the University of California, three-fifths were teachers; only 375 were still college students; 415 represented thirty different occupations. Of the 1950, more than one-fifth had already received a University degree.

Night courses, so planned that men and women employed throughout the day may spend their evenings for six weeks, receiving regular university instruction which counts toward a degree, will be an important new development in this year's Summer Session. Among these evening classes will be courses in business organization and management, by Stephen W. Gilman, Professor of business Administration in the University of Wisconsin; in commercial law and in the law of bankruptcy and insolvency; in "contemporary political questions"; lectures in Spanish on the Spanish drama of today by Professor Espinosa of Stanford, and an account of American literature, by Edwin W. Bowen, Professor of English in Randolph-Macon College; and lectures on Greek art and culture by Professor Oliver M. Washburn, the University of California archaeologist, illustrated by the stereopticon and by the casts of Greek and Roman

sculpture and the original antiquities from classic lands in the rich collections given to the University by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst. Another notable course will be a series of evening lectures in which Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, Director of the California State Hygienic Laboratory, and a group of other men engaged in public health work, will discuss ways and means of stamping out diseases and giving mankind health and long life through the achievements of preventive medicine.

Migration of students from university to university, a custom which prevails in Germany and which much enriches a student's mental life, is little practiced in America. The Summer Session at Berkeley represents a contribution to this need, for many hundreds of graduates, students, and teachers from other universities and colleges here taste for a few weeks the life of the University of California, and have the profit of comparison of methods and of men.

Moreover, here the mountain comes to Mahomet, for it is an especial quality of the Summer Session at the University of California that its faculty is drawn from all over America. So California-bred students have opportunity to see how men are taught at Princeton, Michigan, or Yale. Among the men from other Universities in next summer's faculty at Berkeley will be Stockton Axson, Professor of English Literature at Princeton, who will give courses on Eighteenth and on Nineteenth Century literature; C. H. Van Tyne, Professor of American History at Michigan; Dr. Creighton Wellman, Professor of Preventive Medicine at Tulane, (New Orleans) will teach how to teach hygiene; and Maurice A. Bigelow, Professor of Biology in Teachers' College at Columbia University, who will discuss the teaching of biology in the high schools; Director William G. Anderson and William L. Anderson of Yale and Dr. Clark W. Hetherington, Director of the Joseph W. Fels Endowment in Play and Educational Athletics, and Dr. Everett C. Beach, medical and

physical director of the schools of Los Angeles, all to teach methods of physical education and playground work; E. C. Hills, Professor of Romance Languages in Colorado College; Dr. Reinhard Thom, who comes from Germany as a Prussian Exchange teacher; and, for Music, Arthur Cyrill Graham, Organist at Plymouth Church, Chicago, and Director of Theory in the Columbia School of music; F. E. Chapman, supervisor of music in the public schools of Portland; and Thomas Whitney Surette, the composer Staff Lecturer on music of Oxford University.

Special training for special careers is sought by many of the Summer Session students. Some come for professional training in law. Teachers and those intending to be teachers are of course the class most numerously represented. For them, there is special training in teaching, some courses dealing with the famous Montessori methods, and others with teaching in agriculture, playground work and physical education, graphic art, music, manual training, and a wide range of the traditional subjects.

Many summer students come primarily to freshen their intellectual interests, and to receive guidance for future reading and study.

The departments from which courses may be chosen include agriculture anthropology, anatomy, astronomy, botany, chemistry, economics, education, English, entomology, French, German, Geography, graphic arts, Greek, history, home economics, Latin, law, Library methods, manual training mathematics, music, paleontology, philosophy, physical ed-

ucation, physics, physiology, political science, public health, Spanish, stenography and typewriting, surveying and zoology.

It has been said recently that the schools and colleges spend their energies training women for careers ninety per cent of them will never follow, while neglecting, meanwhile to train them for expert success in the career which most of them will pursue—marriage and the home. The Summer Session pays special heed to this need, for it offers courses in cookery, including the study of foods as to their source, composition, and nutritive value; the preparation, cooking, and serving of typical dishes; the adaptability of various foods as to different cooking processes, combinations and diets; recipes and menus; fruit preserving; and table setting and serving. Courses are to be given, also, in sewing, including the fundamental stitches and their applications; design of household articles and garments; the use and care of sewing machines; the use of patterns; the tailoring of garments; cutting and fitting, and patching and darning.

The cool and delightful summer climate of Berkeley is one of many reasons why the Summer Session of the University of California has become one of the most famous and most numerous attended in America; this, and the notable distinction of the summer faculty and the summer courses given in proximity to the great modern city of San Francisco which lends an added zest to a summer spent at the University of California.



Kent On Future Questions

"To my mind the old woman who er than any dicta of treaty or inter-has brought up a family and national law. This education can finds herself in her old age a subject only progress when freed from in- of charity is no less deserving of terracial antipathies and wide vari- our attention than our veterans. We ations of standards of living and of ethics. We can not pension her. I hope some time we may. We never can have old-age pensions or an adequate system of social justice until the time comes when we have some method whereby we can levy taxes upon privilege and take away the earnings of privilege.

The time will come when out of the product of the competent and the efficient the portion now paid to privilege will go to the amelioration of the condition of the superannuated and the crippled." Dec. 11, 1911.

"Education of the peoples of the world away from the barbaric instinct of strife—this is the greatest movement toward peace, far great-

"There is more hope in the resolution of thousands upon thousands of English and German working people not to fight against each other than in all the treaties ever entered into by the winking, cross-fingered diplomacy of the past. No citizen of enlightened patriotism would follow his country, "right or wrong," into a war of aggression, nor would he be foreclosed by any treaty against fighting for national preservation and the integrity of the race."

WM. KENT,

In Congress, Dec. 20, 1911.

The Book God Writes.

By Arthur Stringer.

When the twilight comes, go with your heavy heart,
Along the country way, where sweetly grows
Among the bending grass, the shy wild rose—
A thing of beauty, set apart.

Down trodden paths, or catch the sounds that dart—
Along the aisles of night; or watch the glows,
That quiver at the edge of day—then close,
The wasted years and let the new life start.

The book of God lies round you everywhere:
The scent of rose, the crickets chirp, the sweep
Of field and lake and sky, are pages all
Of which he writes. Go forth; the night is fair,
And hearken with your soul until the Call,
To live and serve has waked you from your sleep.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

PRINCIPLE VERSUS EXPEDIENCY

Measures that have been expedient for the few, at the expense of the many, have been the rule of State and National legislation for the last fifty years of American history.

Aims for a selfish, inferior result, at the expense of the higher good, and opposed to moral rectitude.

But the reckoning has begun, with an awakened public conscience, which will be hastened, by the introduction of woman into politics

We believe that a national woman suffrage law will be passed in the near future, approved by all our higher tribunals.

A government "by the people, for the people", must hear the voice of ALL the people, and WOMEN are PEOPLE.

Through all the ages, women as a majority, have stood for the higher standard of moral excellence.

They will continue to do so, with this difference: that no longer appealing by prayers and tears for JUSTICE for their offspring, they, who pass on from generation to generation the "torch of life," will now DEMAND that its flame shall be unsullied, and the best conditions possible to earth be brought about, as protection to them and their children.

In the change, many selfish interests will suffer and expire, but the greatest good to the greatest number will be consummated, and the world be nearer to peace and actual progress, than ever before, and PRINCIPLE will rule and not EXPEDIENCY.

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CALIFORNIA



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ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :

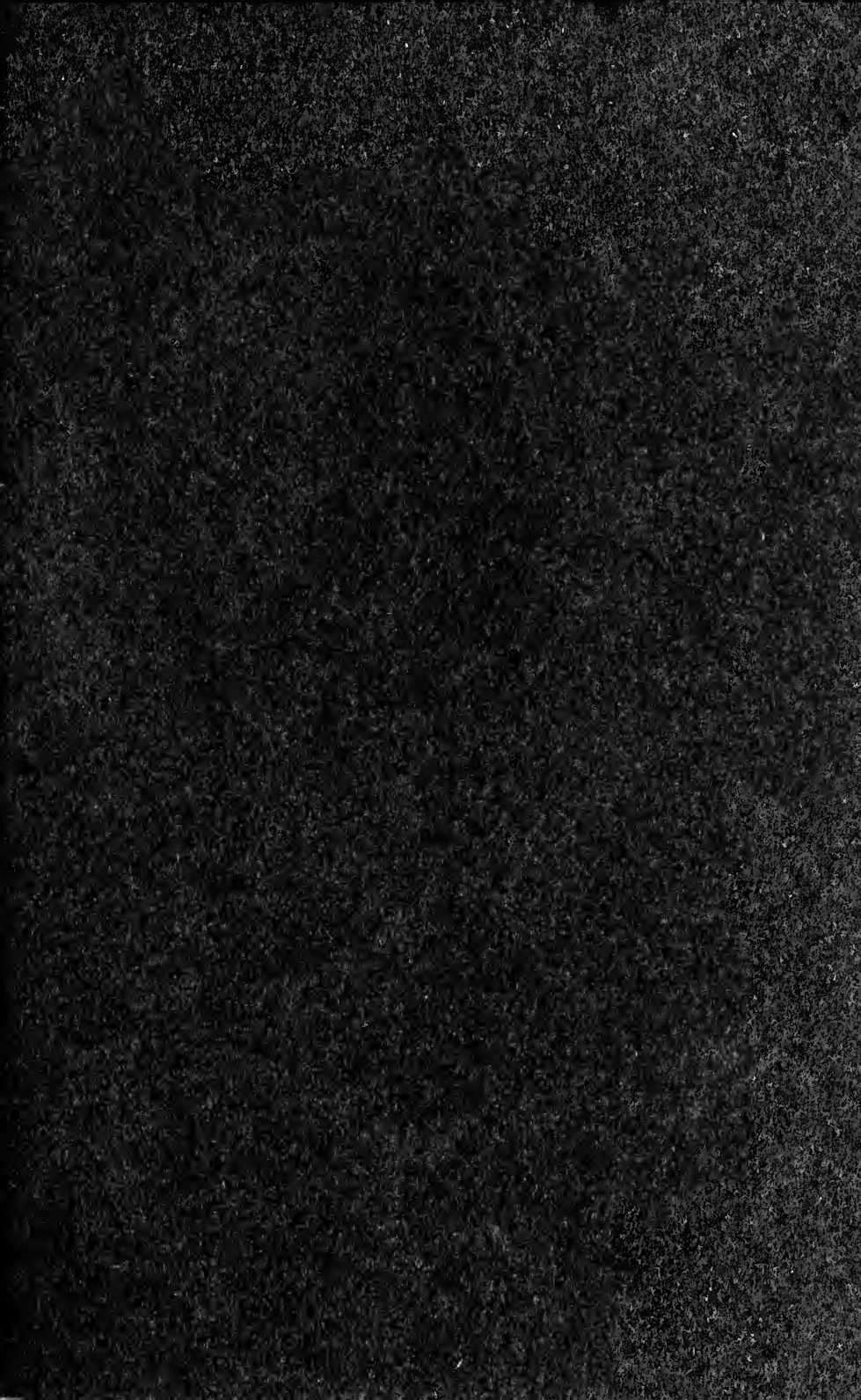


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GEYSER HOTEL AND GROUNDS

One of the best loved California women writers, Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, the honorary president of the association, gave an invocation.

After this, in prompt succession, followed the addresses. Mrs. Charles Howard McMahon of the National Press Committee, captivated the women by her personality and the brilliant, witty response which she gave to the theme of "The Relation of the Press to Women's Clubs."

Mrs. E. G. Denniston, who was responsible for much of the success of the local Biennial work, addressed the women at the breakfast with a sincere tribute to the press women, "at home."

Just at this juncture of the day's pleasure a telegram was received by Mrs. Moore, the National President, bearing greetings from the Canal Zone. Truly the time—if not the age—of women has come. For, with groups of women at the Canal Zone and groups of women at the very edge of the Pacific, in close communication, there is in truth a magnetic force at work.

The beautiful color scheme of the garden roses with which the breakfast room was decorated was the inspiration of Mrs. Augusta Borle, the auditor of the Pacific Woman's Press Association. She was assisted by Mrs. Helen Carpenter.

The folders were the work of the artist members of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, and they were rare gems.

A response to the theme, "Our State," was given by Mrs. J. W. Orr, who was elected the president of the State Federation at the Paso Robles gathering. Mrs. Orr is always witty, bright and forceful, and her delivery carries with it a distinction which leaves an impression long remembered.

One distinctive feature of the entire day was the poem by Ina Coolbrith, read by the poet herself.

Mrs. Abbie Krebs, President of the Casper Lumber Company, of Mendocino and one of the past presidents

of the Press association, responded to the toast, "Conservative Journalism." Brilliant in speech, forceful in manner and gifted with a poise that makes her a born platform speaker, it is no wonder that Mrs. Krebs is selected by women who desire a leader. She is one of the foremost women of San Francisco, an indefatigable worker, a thinker among thinking women.

The "California Hymn," written by Mrs. Amelia Woodward Truesdale, was sung as a closing number.

The following is a list of the members and distinguished guests present:

President and Honored guests—Mrs. I. Lowenberg, President Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association; Mrs. James Rolph, wife of Mayor of San Francisco; Mrs. John P. Wisser, wife of Colonel Wisser, U. S. A.; Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, Honary President P. C. W. P. A.; Mrs. Norman Martin, Past President P. C. W. P. A.; Mrs. E. G. Deniston President Local Biennial Board; Mrs. C. H. McMahon, Chairman Press Committee; Woman's Press Association; Mrs. J. W. Orr, State President; Mr. John Brisben Walker, Director Congress Panama-Pacific Exposition; W. C. Morrow, California Novelist; Mrs. W. Tod Helmuth, New York "Press"; Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, Past President P. C. W. P. A. Mrs. Fred G. Sanborn, President Woman's Board Panama Exposition; Miss Ina Coolbrith, First Vice-President P. C. W. P. A.; Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst; Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, President General Federation Women's Clubs; Mrs. John P. Merrill.

President's Table—Mrs. W. C. Morrow, hostess; Mrs. Percy Pennybacker; Miss Mabel Ury, Editorial Manager "Twentieth Century Magazine"; Mrs. W. B. Corwin, Editor "The Club Woman"; Miss Louise Graham, "Cleveland Leader"; Mrs. J. P. Young, wife of John P. Young, Man. Ed. "Chronicle"; Mrs. Horace Wilson; Mrs. Lovell White, Past

President California Club; Mrs. W. C. Muchet, President Los Angeles District; Miss Angelotti; Mrs. G. W. McCoy, President Northern District Woman's Clubs.

President's Table 2—Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney, hostess; Mrs. Philip Carpenter; Mrs. A. P. Black, Vice-President Local Biennial Board; Mrs. Anna Ballard, Illinois Press; Mrs. Mary Kincaid, San Francisco Board of Education; Mrs. Henry Payot, Director Biennial Board; Mrs. Frank White, Auditor General Federation; Mrs. John Robertson, President Sorosis; Mrs. M. N. Bridgham, Editor "Club Women"; Miss Mollie Connors.

Executive Board S. F. District, Table 3—Mrs. Percy L. Schuman, President San Francisco District; Mrs. Percy S. King V-P. S. F., District; Mrs. H. H. Goddard, Vice-President State Federation; Mrs. Lewis S. Aubrey, Corresponding Secretary San Francisco District; Mrs. John G. Jury; Mrs. C. Burlingame; Mrs. Emily Kraus; Mrs. B. Hansen, Treasurer San Francisco District; Mrs. Phillip Kelley.

Mrs. Anna Morrison, Reed, Founder and owner of "The Northern Crown", and life member of the P. C. W. P. A.; Mrs. Cortelyou, Mrs. Mira Abbott Maclay, San Jose "Mercury"; Mrs. George Sterling; Mrs. Noble T. Biddle; Mrs. Estelle Lawson Lindsey, Los Angeles "Record"; Mrs. Alexander Boomer, "California Colony"; Mrs. Phillip Charles Kelly, National California Club; Mrs. Kahn; Mrs. Gillard Stoney; Mrs. Todd Helmut, New York Press.

Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Chairman Reception Committee; Mrs. Charles Wheeler-Reid; Mrs. Rudolph Van Norden; Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, Past President "Cap and bells"; Mrs. Lillian Griffin Graham, Club Editor Los Angeles "Examiner"; Miss Caroline McKinley, "Evening Telegram," Portland; Mrs. Georgiana Wright; Miss Elvira Wright; Mrs. M. E. Kirk, Rockford "Morning Star"; Mrs. Richard Poone; Mrs. Hirsch Baruch;

Mrs. Racine McRosky.

Dr. Minora Kibbe; Miss Jean Pollok; Mrs. Joan Delamater Jessup, President "Corona Club"; Miss Christine Hart, President "Laurel Hall"; Mrs. Irving Moulton; Mrs. California Newton; Mrs. Jane Martel.

Mrs. Clarence Grange; Mrs. Gilbert Weigle, San Francisco "Examiner"; Mrs. Helena Wood; Mrs. Sophie E. Gardiner, Secretary P. C. W. P. A.; Miss DeMartini; Dr. Helena Hunt; Mrs. W. W. Flaherty; Mrs. Chas. Malm; Mme. E. Tojette; Mrs. Marshall Frank.

Mrs. Florence Richmond, Director Pacific Coast Women's Press Association; Mrs. Kathleen Byrne; Mrs. Mary Garrett Hay, New York Press Club; Mrs. Eva McDonald Valesh, Editor "American Club Woman"; Mrs. E. H. Coleman, President "Papyrus"; Mrs. Florence Guernsey, New York press; Mrs. Frank E. Hadley, New York Press; Mrs. L. Root; Mrs. E. D. Lonavan; Julia Wilbur Thompson; Mrs. Knox, Short Story Club, San Jose; Miss Adams, Oakland "Tribune"; Mrs. Jas. Fennell.

Mrs. E. E. Whaley; Mrs. Albert Rider, Providence "Tribune."

Mrs. Sara Mayo Bunker, Historian P. C. W. P. A. Mrs. Robert Elder; Mrs. Maria Edwards, "Morning Star."

Mrs. Laura Bride Powers; Mrs. Jas. Crawford; Mrs. Arthur W. Cornwall, Editor "Woman Citizen"; Mrs. C. S. Stanton, Examiner; Miss Helen Williams, "Woman's Citizen"; Mrs. Horace Coffin, President "New Era League."

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<p>And the pirates' bags are swift to pack when the call comes whistling through!</p> <p>Yea, Solomon's Ships from olden Tyre bore spoils for the kingly feast;</p> <p>And a man still thrills with the same desire, and he ravages</p>	<p>West and East!</p> <p>'Tis a thieving world, where a man must live no matter who doubts or fears;</p> <p>And this is the song that the ages give—All hail to the Buccane- ers!</p>
--	---



VERY good thing has been condemned in its day and generation. Every innovation has to fight for its life. Error once set in motion continues indefinitely, unless blocked by a stronger force, and old methods of thinking and doing will always remain unless some one invents a new and better way and then lives and dies for it.

And the reason men oppose progress is not that they hate progress, but that they love inertia.

Even as great a man as John Ruskin foresaw that the railroads would ruin England by driving the stages out of business and killing the demand for horses, thus bankrupting the farmer.

Thomas Jefferson tells us, in his autobiography, of a neighbor of his who "was agin" the public schools because, when everyone could read and write, no one would work.

Sir William Berkeley thanked God there was not a printing-press in Virginia, because printing-presses printed mostly lies, and their business was to deceive the people.

In the time of Mozart, musicians were classed with stablemen, scullions, clowns and cooks. They ate below stairs, and their business was to amuse the great man who hired them and his assembled guests.

The word business was first used in the time of Chaucer to express contempt for people who were useful. The word was then spelled busyness.

To light cities by gas would set them afire.

Electricity was dangerous, and to put up wires was to invite the lightening into our houses and kill us all dead.

Only a few decades ago any man who advertised in the newspapers was looked upon with suspicion, and even yet we have associations of professional men who stamp with disapproval any individual among them who pays for his advertising.

Such a one was called an "irregular".

If we look back through history we will find that every good and beautiful thing has at one time or another been under the ban, and assailed as an evil.

And the argument seems to be this: if you think a thing is right, never mind what the many say, stand by it.

To achieve deathless fame, choose an unpopular cause that you know is just, then work for it, live for it, die for it.—Elbert Hubbard in *May Cosmopolitan*.

Who Were the Pall Bearers?

By DAVID PRESTON

IN one of the beautiful inland Valleys of California, a man had died by violence.

For no known reason he had been killed at midnight by a shot from a double barrelled gun, coming through the window, from the outer darkness, from the murderous hands of a cowardly assassin.

Earlier in the evening there had been trouble but of a trivial nature, with a man, who when drunk, was known as a disorderly and dangerous character.

But the offense given was so slight that it did not seem possible that it could lead to so dastardly a crime.

From the place of the murder the body was taken to the home of the wife's mother, in a town some miles away. A son of the dead man, the only one present when his father was murdered, accompanied the remains, and other relatives were summoned and arrived in time for the funeral, among them a sister who had been remarkably devoted to her brother, since childhood, and through some years when like too many young men of the West, his life had been dominated by dissipation.

All were strangers in the place where he was to be buried.

During the short service at the house, six men arrived. They were tall and slender, each probably more than six feet in height; they closely resembled each other and were dressed in gray.

They filed silently into the room, and stood respectfully near the dead, until the close of the simple service, when under the direction of the lady undertaker, who was conducting the funeral, they performed the necessary duties, and lifted the coffin through a window to the wait-

ing hearse.

The sister mentioned, had greatly desired music at the service, but had arrived too late to arrange for either singing or instrumental music.

In the valley mentioned, some years before, a man had imported a dozen or more of the choicest of mocking birds, and set them free, and it is a well known fact in that vicinity, that they have multiplied in that genial spot, in climate and surroundings so well fitted for their home, until they are plentiful as any of the native birds.

As the sister passed out weeping she said: "Oh, if there could have been music for him."

The pall bearers turned at the remark, and faced a tall tree, which stood near the gateway. Each lifted his face toward the dense foliage and then was noticed by all present, their marked resemblance in face and figure and the clear blue of their eyes, which seemed exact in color and expression.

As they paused, in their concentrated glance toward the tree, a wild burst of mocking bird melody came from its branches, The sweetest bird song ever heard by the listeners and as the hearse started slowly on its way, the pall bearers walking with bowed heads beside it, the song continued with increasing sweetness, until the procession passed beyond hearing.

It had been noticed by a number of people attending the funeral, that the pall bearers had not spoken among themselves or to others.

When they first entered the room, to attend the body, they had slightly inclined their heads, as though in greeting to the others present, but no one at the house or the grave heard them utter a word.

Every act was performed with precision, and a perfect manner, and no lack of necessary attention.

After the coffin was lowered one of them noticed the sister looking at a few violets that had dropped from the lid, and lay by the side of the open grave. He stepped quickly forward, picked up the flowers, and put them into her hands.

The mourners then entered the closed carriage and returned to the house.

The sister, impressed by the dignified and peculiar manner and appearance of the pall bearers, asked her brother's wife who they were.

She did not know; the mother did not know, but surmised that they had acted at the request of the un-

dertaker.

The undertaker was called up by phone, and asked the question: "Who were the pall bearers?" She did not know, but supposed that they were friends of the family.

Others who had been present were interrogated. No one had seen them approach the house. No one had seen them depart, after they had left the grave, or where they went after the funeral.

This is a simple relation of an actual occurrence, of which a number of persons are aware, but which has not before been published.

Let those who delve into the mysteries of conjecture, and wonderful things, solve the problem if they can.

Sunrise

By Louise de Ferree

Behind the mountain's purple edge,
 A single thread of gold,
 While in the dull grey of the dawn,
 A morning star waxed old;
 Then while I watched in rapt delight
 The sun his glory hurled;
 The thread of gold became a glow
 Suffusing all my world.

Eldorado Ranch
 Petaluma



STEAMBOAT GEYSER

...PEN PASTELS...

By LAURANCE ZENDA

(We have arranged to present in The Northern Crown, a series of short articles from the gifted pen of Laurance Zenda, a young California writer, whose literary and musical productions are receiving marked attention from those who have seen and heard them.—Ed.)

IT is strange that while youth's vitality is still throbbing in the heart—the flesh white and firm—the eyes shining tenderly, one can see dreamingly the first purple shades of life's twilight approaching and we feel a vague sense of loneliness creep silently into our lives. Our children call it dignity and their affection turns into reverence—the nearer one, thinks that it is mental or physical fatigue—just when we need life's stimulant most, they considerably leave us alone, (we do not weep—tears are for the young only.) Perhaps we feel this sense of loneliness stealing over us as we are walking home—perhaps when we

awaken in the night. But it is with cruel certainty that we recognize its approach—that is why some of us rush into dissipation late in life—hungry eyed in our effort to forget its sadness, all dignity is subdued sadness, all submission is defeat of the mind—all strength of character the result of suffering, well disciplined lives, dried-out youth. Light and shadow—dream and awakened reality—youth and age in the heart enfolded.

"O! hold me close and shut out the sadness a moment longer, I want the scent of the red rose a moment longer—before I hold the white violets in my withered hands."

In October

By Anna M. Reed.


[Republished by request from The Northern Crown of October, 1906.]


I walk with bland October—
The forest she attires,
With golden leaf, and scarlet leaf,
And russets she admires.
Far down the dusky canyon,
Where all should be so sere,
I catch the gleam of forest fires—
The incense of the year,
Burning before the altar,
Where stands the chaliced wine
Of all the days—the perfect days,
Of your dear life—and mine.

I walk with bland October—
The forest she adorns,
With a thousand shades of evening,
And the light of golden morns.
The quail call from the thicket,
And the wild canaries sing,
Their plaintive song—the dearest
song,
The song of vanished spring.
The year is almost gone, dear heart,
But I bless these later days
While I walk with bland October.
Through all her wondrous ways,

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ THAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances' or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

 HE General Federation of Women's Clubs, which held its Biennial meeting in San Francisco, in June and July of the present year, has passed its majority as an organization, having held its first Biennial Convention, at Chicago, Ill., May 11-13, 1892.

In membership, it has passed the million mark, and includes the most representative and gifted women of the Nation.

“There are ills that flesh is heir to, and trouble to which man is born, but the troubles which he is born to are as sparks which fly upward, not as flames burning to the nethermost hell.

The poor we must have with us always, and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of life, but we may make their poverty such as shall inherit the earth, and the sorrow, such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the comforter, with everlasting comfort.

We can, if we will but shake off this lethargy and dreaming that is upon us, and take the pains to think and act, we can I say, make kingdoms to be like well governed households, in which, indeed, while no care or kindness can prevent occasional heartburnings, not any foresight or piety anticipate all the vicissitudes of fortune, or avert every stroke of calamity, yet the unity of their affection and fellowship remain unbroken, and their distress is neither embittered by division, prolonged by imprudence nor darkened by dishonor.’—John Ruskin.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Horace F. Milliken

Of Fort Bragg hereby announces himself the regular Republican nominee for assemblyman from District No. 6, subject to the election, November 5, 1912.

J. W. Harris

Of Hopland announces himself the regular Republican nominee for Supervisor for the 1st District of Mendocino Co., subject to the will of the voters at the election, November 5, 1912.

J. V. Ray

Announces that he is the regular Republican nominee for supervisor of the 2d District, Mendocino Co., subject to the will of the voters at the election, Nov. 5, 1912.

E. M. Ford

Hereby announces that he is the Regular Democratic nominee for supervisor of District No. 2 Mendocino Co., subject to the will of the voters at the election November 5, 1912.

D. H. Lawson

Incumbent, hereby announces himself as the regular Democratic nominee for supervisor in the 1st District of Mendocino Co., subject to the will of the people at the election, November 5, 1912.

W. W. German

Hereby announces himself as an independent candidate for the office of supervisor of the 2d District Mendocino Co., subject to the will of the voters at the election November 5, 1912,

For Sake of The Children

By Anna M. Reed

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race for existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the ill fortune bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of manhood and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it isn't a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life

is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious, poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created of which the state shall be the custodian by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of every child being registered and, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro-rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born, in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,528 and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,000 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or

profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—as extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought suggestion and legislation, would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed of one class, and the sorrows and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through publication until something is accomplished.

Alex Carlson

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Franklin Street

Fort Bragg, Cal.

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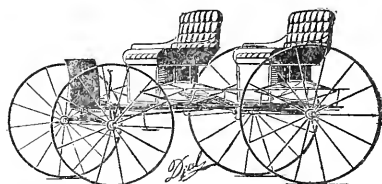
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FORMERLY DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF
COLUSA COUNTY

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

ELECTION NOV. 5, 1912



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Comfortable Seats and the Best
Ventilation

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Petaluma, Cal.

Statement of the Ownership, management, circulation, etc., of The Northern Crown published monthly at Petaluma, California, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Note.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

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Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails of otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceeding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

Signed, Anna Morrison Reed.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirty-first day of October, 1912.

(Seal.) W. H. Early.

(My commission expires November 18, 1914.)

No. 9626

The First National Bank of Fort Bragg

Capital \$50,000.00

C. R. Weller, Cashier

Jno. E. Weller, Vice President and General Manager.

—DIRECTORS—

C. F. Hunt, W. P. Plummer, Geo. Golden, L. Barnard, J. E. Weller

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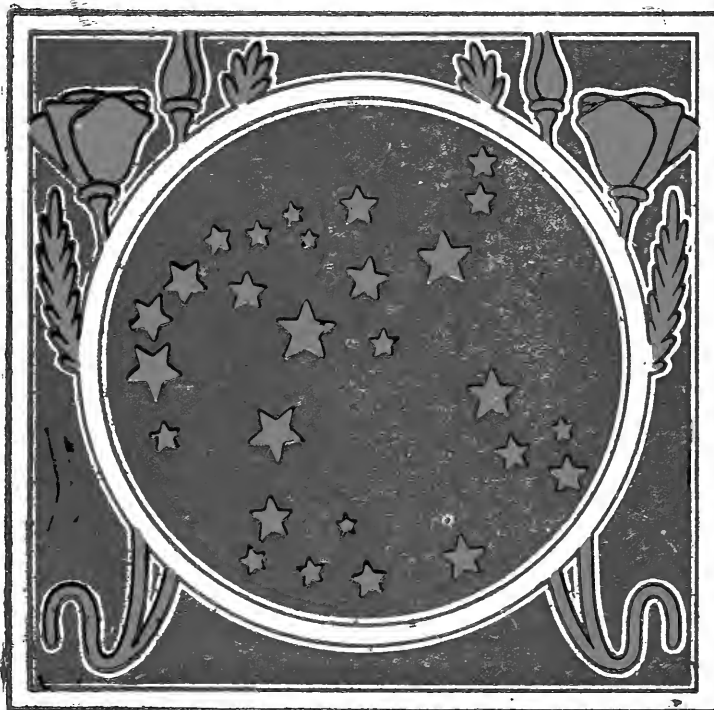
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ANNA MORRISON REED, EDITOR

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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : :



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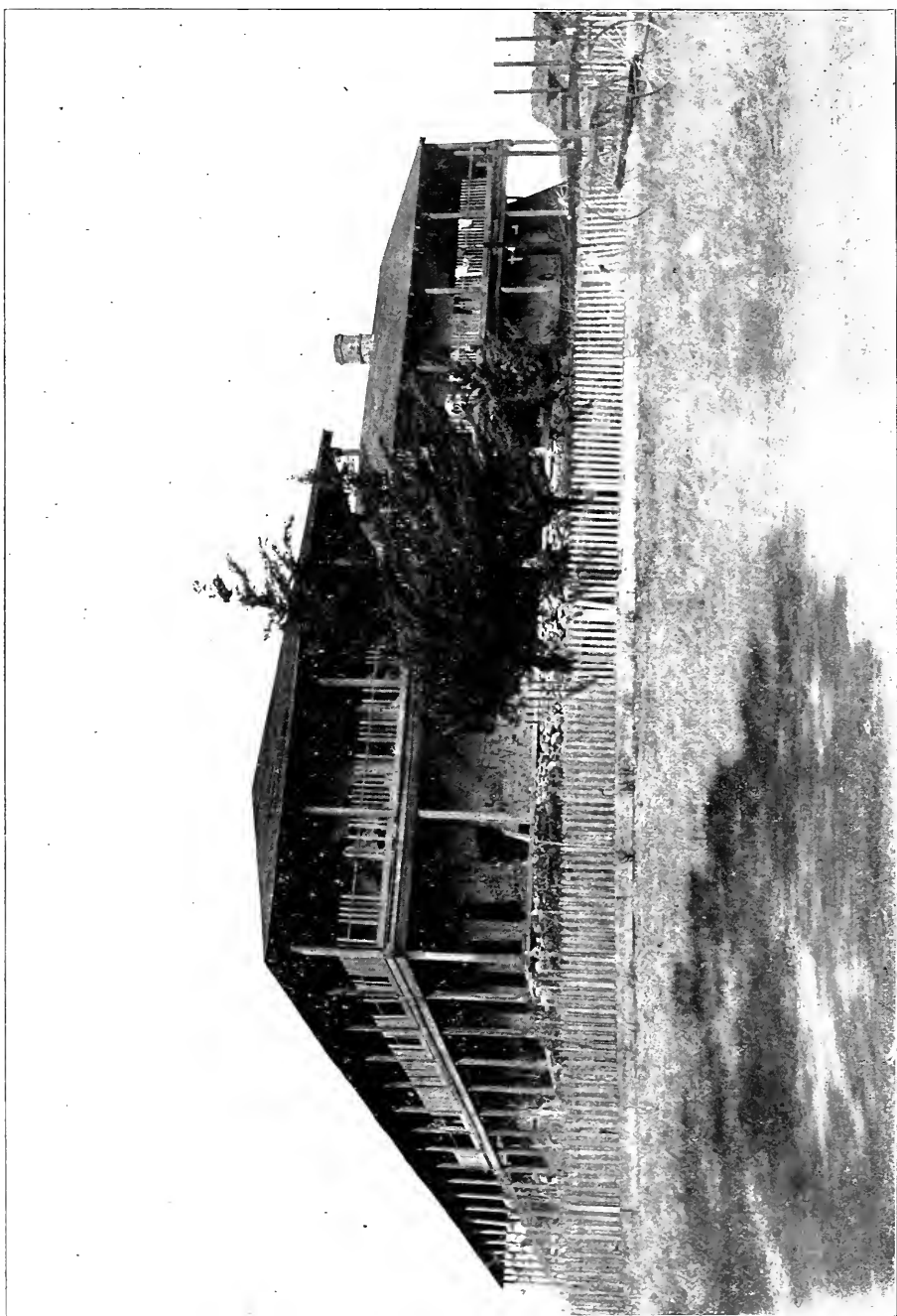
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VOL V.

PETALUMA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1912.

NO. 4

Rose Planting Day at The "Old Adobe"

By Anna M. Reed

When you plant at the "Old Adobe,"
To blossom in sunshine and rain,
Rare flowers from the choicest gardens,
Plant also the roses of Spain.

The sweet Castilian roses,
That many a maiden fair,
In the days of the "Idle Forties"
Twined in her fragrant hair.

Or threw to the favored lover,
Who sang to his sweet guitar,
Under the latticed windows,
In radiance of moon and star.

From those far days to the present,
The perfume filters down,
And the breath of its incense touches
The life of the sordid town.

And calls to a place of romance,
That lives in our dreams again,
And we pause in the strife and turmoil,
To plant the roses of Spain.

The Falls of Fall River

In the heart of the Sierras, in a country only accessible through Oroville, near the line of the Western Pacific railroad, are the Falls of Fall river, one of the most beautiful of the many wonders of that newly opened section.

But the Falls have been known, and the wonderful scenery appre-

ciated since the pioneer days, as the following correspondence will attest.

Mr. F. E. Lovejoy, passenger agent of the Western Pacific has made a most comprehensive report of the Falls, and the adjacent country, which will soon appear in "The Northern Crown" with an excellent picture of the Falls.

Stringtown, May 28, 1866.

Mr. Editor:—I was agreeably surprised by an invitation to join a Picnic party to Fall River Falls the other day, from an old and valued friend E. S. Dickenson, Esq. The party started from this place early on the morning of the 21st, and was composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Misses Lizzie Woodman, Anna Morrison, Ruth Armstrong and Olive C. Thompson. The gentlemen of the party were: Messers' Dickenson, Fleming, Brooks, and Armstrong. As the ride was to be a sharp one, the party gaily mounted at 6 a. m., and rode rapidly forward to Mooretown. From this place the trail leads through a dense primeval forest, 8 miles to the Frey place owned and kept by Mr. Frank Brooks. He was pressed into service, or, rather, with his usual willingness to accomodate, he guided us to within sight of the cliff overlooking the falls. Then commenced the descent of the mountain three-fourths of a mile to within 300 yards of the falls. Here, on a little flat, we tied our animals, and then down through brush and over rocks, to the brink of the precipice, where the river leaps madly down six hundred feet more or less. The party became separated while we were descending, a portion of them crossing the river to obtain a view from the brink of a cliff which overlooks the

Falls, and which was named Fearless Cliff. Others kept their downward course to a large rock, which was named the Rock of Beauty, where a magnificent view of the Falls was obtained. The ladies were the first to look over the awful brink into the depths below, and discovered two beautiful rainbows, down amidst the spray at the foot of the Falls. The sun was soon hidden by clouds, when they were lost to our view. The water, as it approaches the brink of the Falls, leaps down about six feet, then becomes confined in a narrow channel between two walls of granite, where it is thrashed into foam. This channel carries the water about 12 feet, when it takes the grand leap to the bottom of the Falls, or until it is apparently beaten into spray by the rocks, and forming a scene of great beauty I should attempt a more accurate discription of this magnificent scenery, but I was greatly confused in the midst of my admiration by suddenly turning my head, and nearly hitting two beautiful and brilliant eyes with my nose.

These Falls are nearly northeast of Oroville, and in an air line distant about eighteen miles; by the nearest route possible for animals, it is about thirty miles. From Stringtown, or Enterprise, the road is up the mountain ridge in an easterly direction eight miles to Mooretown; then one

mile east; then northeast three miles; to the summit of the Mooretown ridge; then north over a broken country four miles, to the Frey place, then in a westerly direction nearly three miles to the Falls. The general direction of Fall river is from east northeast. As it approaches the falls it turns to the southwest, and half a mile below the Falls, it mingles its waters with those of the Middle Fork of Feather river.

After a prolonged view of the wild and grand scenery of the Falls, and partaking of a cold repast that had been provided for the occasion, we began the ascent of the mountain on our return. The weird-like moaning of the wind through the tops of the towering pines, warned us of

an approaching storm. The summit of the ridge was soon gained, however, and our galloping steeds soon placed us in Mooretown with only a slight wetting. Here the party was reinforced by the resident belles and beaux, and the "light fantastic toe" was tripped until midnight. The storm was yet raging in the morning, and it was not until 3 p. m., that the clouds broke away so that our ride homeward was resumed. The party was soon in the saddle, and started forward, or downward, to Stringtown where they arrived without accident, well pleased with their picnic, and ready to embrace the earliest opportunity for another excursion.

Yours & c., —J. B.

From the "Butte Record.



Going Home

Heimgang: So the German people

Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell.

When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel-domes,
And the singers' chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang: Quaint and tender saying

In the grand old German tongue,
That has stamped Melanchthon's
praying,

And the hymn that Luther sung.

Blessed be our loving Master,

That is where our feet shall roam;
We are journeying to God's Acre—
Heimgang! Always going home.

Heimgang: We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,

Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs, or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken—
"Heimgang:" We are going home.

—From the German.

The Dawn

BY MAY S. GREENWOOD

*Stars slowly fade and disappear,
The east lights into gray
Which soon is flushed with softest rose,
That broadens into day.*

*So live this day thy life, and toil
Worthily on, nor stay,
Until thou hast a perfect work
For Life's departing day.*



The Sunset

BY MAY S. GREENWOOD

*The west glows bright with limpid fire,
The purple turns to gray
And all the world bids sad farewell.
To a ne'er returning day.*

*So spend each moment, live each hour,
And wear each golden day
That when thou hast no more to come
In Heaven thou mayst stay.*



MAY S. GREENWOOD
Northern California's Youngest Poetess

THE JOURNAL OF A CALIFORNIA GIRL

Anna M. Morrison

25 5:10
Feb. 1914

Oroville, Butte County, Cal..

Friday, Jan. 1st, 1869.

Today is stormy. Much the same as this day one year ago. We—that is my father's family—are living in a little house belonging to Judge Sexton, situated at the lower end of the town of Oroville. The state of our health is not good, father, mother and my eldest brother being sadly afflicted with the chills and fever, a bad form of malaria.

The rest of the family are better, and I am in good health. It seems that I never have time to be sick.

There is a ball at the St. Nicholas tonight. I was invited but shall not go. When certain friends are absent I could not enjoy myself. There are but few that I care to dance with. I hope I may be able to meet, and dance with them someday.

I received one letter today. But nothing of special interest has taken place.

This being the first day of the year, and one on which we should all make some new resolve for the future, I now solemnly promise myself, to remain throughout this year, true to myself, true to those who confide in my truth, and true to my duty.

I also resolve, to each day record some thought or incident, or in other words, write daily in this journal, unless sickness prevents my so doing. May my efforts to better my condition, and that of those near to me, be successful.

And may God help me, in my struggle against poverty, and its attendant evils, is the prayer of A. M. M., for the days of 1869.

JAN. 2.—Today the second of the New Year, has been stormy and unpleasant. The sick are about the same as yesterday. I received today two letters, and four new pieces of music, and \$2.50 for my last article for the Golden Era. They do not pay much but it helps.

I sent bills to Enterprise this afternoon announcing my lecture there for Sunday the 10th. Hope the weather will be

clear on that day.

This is the anniversary of the day we moved to Dunham Farm. How different the future looks to me now, from what it did one year ago tonight.

SUNDAY, Jan. 3d.—It has been pleasant and warm all day. There being no church I went to visit Mrs. Caughey. She gave me a nice pair of kid gloves. She is a good, kind woman and feels an interest in me.

Received one paper today. Father is a little better. The rest of the sick about the same. Tom McDaniel, an early settler and business man of this county, and former Supervisor was buried today at Cherokee Flat.

JAN. 4th.—It has been fair and pleasant today. Mr. Ury called this forenoon. Mrs. Hock, Mrs. Rafferty's mother died today, at their home near Oregon City. Poor old woman! She is better off. She has been a great care to her daughter.

Received one letter today. The sick about the same.

JAN. 5th.—Mrs. Hock was buried today. I attended the funeral, and met many old friends. I spent this evening at Mrs. Freer's. She has such a nice home. Leon played for me. He is very handsome. I received two letters today. I dreamed last night a strange wild dream, and have thought of it all day. I saw a white cross, hanging in a deep blue sky, over Stony Peak, near where we lived at Oregon City. It faded out and an Angel came in its place. That changed to a beautiful boy, with long golden curls, standing with his hand on a lion's head. Was it an omen? And of what?

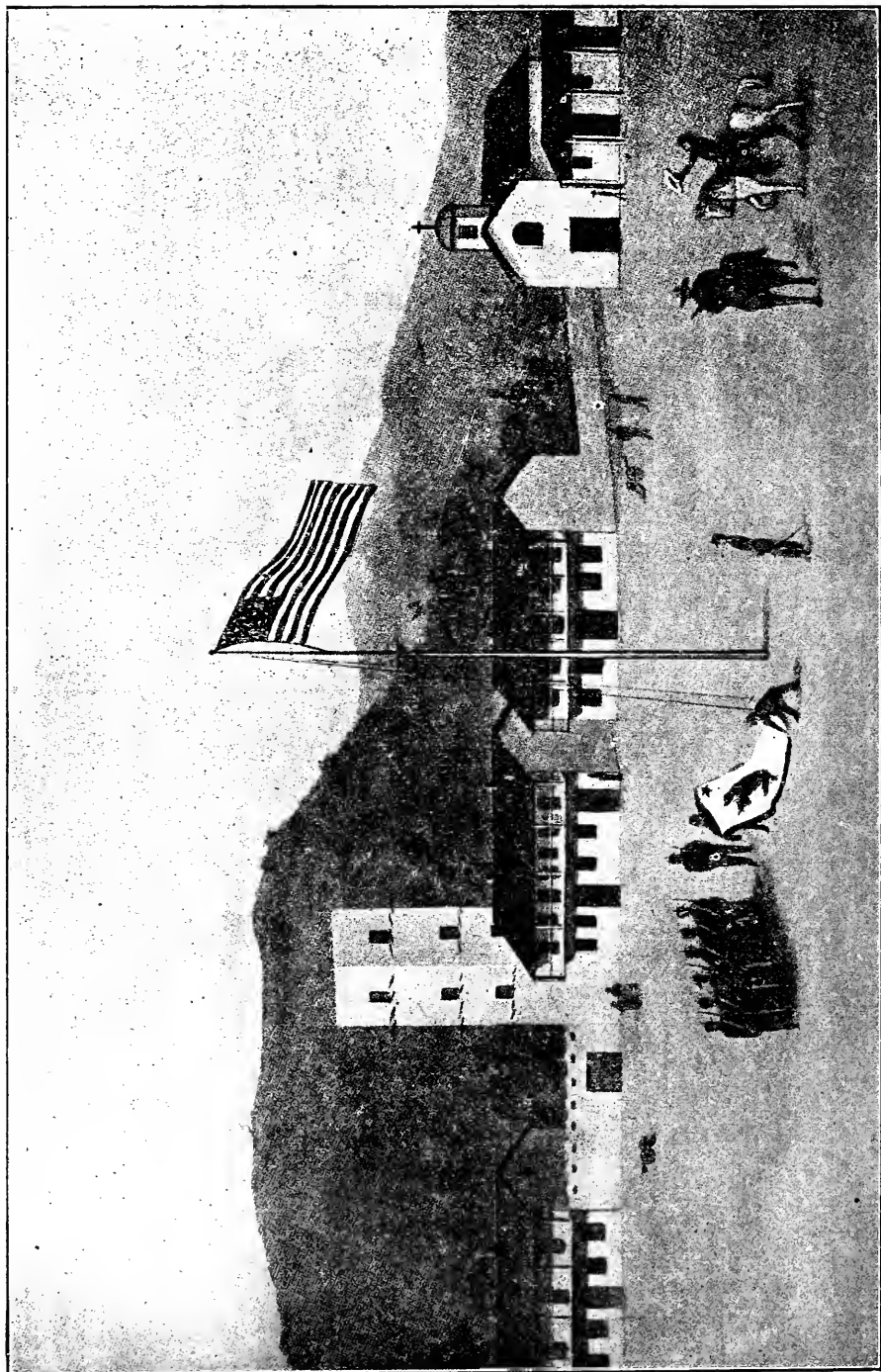
I am weary tonight. God help me—let me not fail before my work is done.

(To be Continued)

What Is Heaven---And Where?

By Mary Rosalie Calkins

What is Heaven---and tell me where?
 Heaven is harmony, and is everywhere,
 Where ever love is, where kindred souls
 meet,
 And blissfully give of their messages
 sweet,
 It matters not where, just so love is there.
 Heaven is love---and is everywhere.



LOWERING OF THE "BEAR FLAG" IN OLD SONOMA JULY 9, 1846

The "Bear Flag"

By A. J. Puckett

Let us bless the flag once waving,
Once in cheerful sunshine laving,

To announce the freemen's right,
For its name speaks admiration
To those heroes of our nation,
Who unfurled it to the light.

'Tis the brave "Bear Flag" whose
story,

Yet recalls the birth, the glory,
Of this State our fathers won,
Long as stand her kingly mountains,
Or her rivers or her fountains,

Hurry toward the setting sun.
True, in all recorded ages,

There are to us no dearer pages,
Than of that most stirring time,
When that flag—as freedom's token,
Showed that shackles had been broken,

That would fain to clasp our clime,
Spreading out its folds like pinions,
It proclaimed that our dominions,
Reached unto the Western Sea.

Would be despots showed their madness,
Not a few rejoiced in gladness,

Not a few who are the free.
But a few short days departed,

When the land to warfare started,
Of a waging struggle told,
When with cheers that echoed loudly
Stars and Stripes were hoisted
proudly,

Where the "Bear Flag" once unrolled.

Few remain of those who raised it,
But their sons have lived and praised it,

As their progeny will do.
Never has this planet nourished,
Braver hearts whose purpose flourished,


Purpose justly high and true.
We will give that flag protection,
In our love and warm affection,
For Pacific's pioneers.


'Tis to us a heartfelt pleasure,
To preserve it as a treasure,
Through the long effacing years.
O'er the land, where shown its luster,

There do freedom's altars cluster,
While the self same fervid ray,
In our father's hearts then burning,
All earth's tyrants coldly spurning,
Burns within us yet today.

EDITORIAL

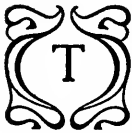
BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

 E present in this number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, a sketch of the lowering of the Bear Flag at Sonoma made by Major E. A. Sherman, president of the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War, and secretary of the Sloat Monument Association of California.

The Bear Flag was lowered at noon, July 9, 1846, by Lieutenant Joseph Warren Revere, U.S.N. He left the Sloop of War Portsmouth, with his men in the 4th Cutter at Yerba Buena at 4 o'clock a. m. and in eight hours afterwards raised the American Flag at Sonoma, and only two hours after it had been raised by Commander John B. Montgomery of the Portsmouth, at San Francisco.

We publish in connection with this sketch, a poem by a Sonoma poet, Alfred James Puckett, in which a reference is made to the momentuous historical event.

 HE "Grizzly Bear," the official organ of the Native Sons, published in Los Angeles, saw fit to reproduce our poem "Plant The Roses of Spain," which compliment we duly acknowledge, and publish the poem in this number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, for the satisfaction of our readers.

The "Old Adobe," the oldest structure in the valley adjacent to Petaluma, was deeded to the Native Sons of Petaluma Parlor, in 1911, and since that time they have been busy with its preservation and restoration. Under their capable care it will become one of the most attractive of California's landmarks. The Native Sons have a treasure in the "Old Adobe," as it is a historical, romantic and visible link to the past and the early, adventurous days of California.

We have secured the journal of a California girl, written more than forty years ago. It is a chronicle of the daily events, in the life of a devoted daughter, who by the force of her genius, and with little education, when little more than a child, grappled with the problems of life, and by her tongue and her pen earned more than \$8,000 in less than three years.

Supporting her father's family, paying his debts, educating the younger children and finally buying a home for them, near Timbuctoo in Yuba county.

Her work was heroic, not only for her own people, but as the forerunner of those who were to come after. By her journalistic work, by correspondence to the "Golden Era," and other papers, and her work upon the rostrum, speaking in every town and county north of San Francisco, except Modoc county, she broke down the barrier of prejudice and ignorance that then hedged woman about, and was pioneer and free lance, in the most unique literary career in the history of California.

Always accompanied by a younger brother, or her little sister, she travelled hundreds of miles, by night and day over the dangerous grades, by stage coach, or over mountain trails by horse or mule back, or even to some remote places on foot, once five miles, from "St. Louis" to "Howland Flat," Sierra county, over a narrow trail broken by two head of beef cattle, through a wilderness of snow.

She lived and worked as one inspired. With the heart of a child, and the brain and moral courage of a woman. Her own pure intent, and innocence a safeguard that never failed her.

We shall publish her journal, which extends over a period of nearly three years, in installments in the *Northern Crown*, and as events familiar to the earlier settlers, and the names of many prominent people, living and dead are mentioned from time to time, the reading will be of interest to many.

It is with satisfaction that we present with this issue of *THE NORTHERN CROWN*, the picture and verse of May S. Greenwood Northern California's youngest poetess. Born in far away England, in Derbyshire, eight miles from historic Hadden Hall, on March 31st 1897, and coming to America with her parents, at the age of seven years. Living in the East, then moving on to the Middle West, and finally to our Sunset Land, where the genial skies, and

beautiful scenery, with the charm of romantic surroundings have inspired her young soul with the gift of Poesy, and her childish hand has modestly touched the harp of expression, and the first sweet sounds from the melody of life steal falteringly fourth.

Miss Greenwood has the gift of versification, and time and experience will develop her genius. Unformed as it yet may be, she will later take her place in the ranks where move the writers of the day.

Only a child in years, she has time for the work, that will bring the success that will surely come. Miss Greenwood's home is at present in Petaluma, Sonoma County, where a host of friends recognize and appreciate her gifts, and look forward with confident anticipation to their proper development.



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STATE

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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA



THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : :

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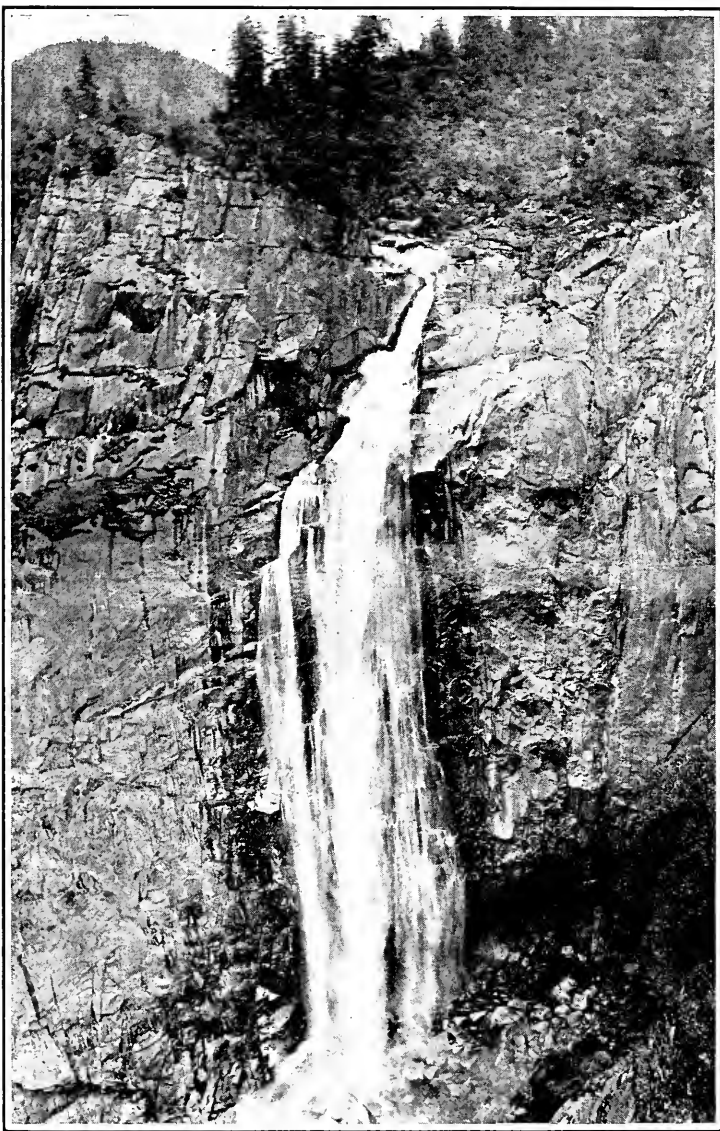


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Fall River Falls---483 Feet High

Photo by C. G. Leeson

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL V.

PETAJUMA, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1913.

NO. 5

The FALLS OF FALL RIVER

By F. E. LOVEJOY

Passenger Agent of the Western Pacific; Who Was Especially Commissioned to Visit Fall River Falls and Report to the Western Pacific Upon Its Possibilities as a Point of Interest to Tourists.

The Fall River country in the heart of the Sierras, which chain of mountains seems to have drawn more than its average share of scenic splendor which Nature has seen fit to bestow upon certain sections of the State, making California the Scenic Wonder of the entire West, is least known of California's attractions, not only by the people of the State at large but those in the immediate vicinity. It is practically a virgin country to the present generation, for the early settlers in their mad search for gold to the then richest of all California gold fields had no time to ponder over the great beauties disclosed to them.

This is not only a country of great

scenic possibilities, but will soon become known as one of the finest hunting and fishing grounds in the West, abounding as it does in all the game native to that environment. It is not unusual to come upon deer grazing in the small meadows between the mountains, coming as close as twenty or thirty feet from them before they notice the difference between the human and the different animals which they are used to seeing, and clamber off into the hills.

The country is accessible only through Oroville on the line of the Western Pacific and is seven hours' ride by stage and two and a half hours by automobile to Mooretown,

twenty-six miles distant, the point from which it is necessary to go on horseback or on foot into the Fall River Falls and Bald Rock Canyon. These are easily the two most distinctive points of interest in the chaos of wonders covering an area of approximately twenty miles.

Leaving Oroville in the early hours of the morning you start in a north-westerly direction toward the foothills of the giant Sierras, past orange groves, orchards of all descriptions, well kept corn fields, finally reaching a long valley at the foot of the Sierras from which point you commence to slowly ascend the high mountains, crawling, as it seems, to the top and then rushing at breakneck speed down to the bottom of the other side. You go up and down and through ravines in what seems to be an endless chain which would soon prove to be monotonous, were it not for the different wonders revealed to the eye at each new turn. You travel a few minutes along the cliffs of a high mountain looking into the river rushing through the canyon thousands of feet below and thinking of the hardships borne by those men of the early days who came in here to try to wrest riches from Mother Earth and the sands of those streams at which you are now gazing, then being rushed down the side of the mountain and into the ravine at which you were looking from thousands of feet above a few minutes before. It is from these points that we realize that after all man is a very small part of what it takes to make up this world.

These massive rocks seem to bear a different shape from every angle seen and standing out prominently in this seemingly endless chain, it gives you the impression of a silent sentinel watching over the destiny of all he surveys.

After seven hours of riding and wondering as to whether the new beauties of nature revealed to your eye each minute will ever cease, you reach Mooretown, which at the present time consists of the large frame house in which travellers are accommodated, a grocery store and a few stray ranch houses, all that remain of a once booming mining town.

From Mooretown, after a good night's rest in the cool mountain air, you start out early in the morning either on foot or on horseback for the Fall River Falls and Bald Rock Canyon. Leaving Mooretown, you have about two miles of very good road through a mountain forest of pine, as yet untouched by the hand of man, before entering upon your journey over the long and precipitous trail to the falls, whose roar you have heard from the time you left Mooretown, it becoming more distinct every minute.

Coming to the edge of this forest you go down the trail into a deep ravine through which runs one of those beautiful little brooks which are so numerous in this region.

About one hundred yards from where the trail crosses the brook, is a fall of about 200 feet straight over a cliff and into a deep canyon below, through which it keeps up its endless murmur until it empties into the Middle Fork of the Feather, several miles below.

Continuing on from here, there are about three and a half miles more of the narrow and little used trail through deep canyons and over the rugged mountains, one minute on the edge of a high cliff where it seems that a horse would scarce be able to find a secure foothold, and the next on top of a mountain where it seems as if you were hemmed in from the rest of the world. All that can be seen is the high mountains on all

sides, displaying their different wild beauties which nature furnishes to make up her dress until at last you have your first view of the most magnificent sight in this whole section, the Fall River Falls, the upper half of which come into your line of vision as you come out of a small meadow lying at the foot of Pyramid Mountain, which seems to have been formed intirely separte from the rest of the range, standing as it does well out in the canyon through which the Fall River flows after its wild rush over 485 feet of precipice into the canyon below.

It is hard to imagine a more wonderful view than that which greets the eye after reaching the small peak to which Pyramid Mountain shapes itself, seeing the high rocky sides of the canyon on each side for a distance of two miles to where the Middle Fork of the Feather River rushes down past Bald Rock to join the Fall River in its course to the Feather River at Bidwell's Bar, while at the head of the canyon you have the Falls pouring their steady volume of water into the depths below, the whole spectacle being beyond the power of mere words to describe, leaving one speechless with wonder at the power to create such things for the pleasure of men to witness.

Leaving Pyramid Mountain you next stop at a point opposite the Falls about one hundred and fifty yards distant at which point it is impossible to hear one another's speech on account of the thunder of the Falls, and where the spray reaches within a few feet of where you are standing. You watch the myriads of colors and rainbows dancing in and out of the mist and, during the winter months the spray freezes into

columns as tall as the tallest pine tree you have seen, presenting to your view from the height above, a veritable ice forest.

You then move on to a point directly above the falls where there is a solid rock of massive dimensions for a distance of about eighty feet, then making a sheer drop of over 400 feet to the botton where it breaks upon the rocks.

You then go on to a point opposite the Falls and find a steep trail which will lead you into the canyon at the foot of the falls, and if you care nothing about getting wet through from the spray, you may go underneath and gaze up at the volume which seems as if it were coming down to sweep you into its mad whirl onward.

You then travel down the canyon to where the Fall River joins the Middle Fork of the Feather River, giving you your first close view of Bald Rock Mountain, after which the canyon has been named, seeming to guard this most beautiful of all the canyons in this region which you can see winding itself through the mountains for many miles, overhanging the Falls where you may gaze below at the volume of water rushing down, a precipice of solid rock.

By this time you are tired by the day's exertion, not having noticed the distance travelled, being held spellbound by the never ending, always changing bits of Nature's extravagance revealed at every turn,—so the homeward trip is begun, you being thankful you had come and making up your mind to stay and see the numerous other points of interest, which although not possessing the magnificence of those you have seen, are well worth your time.

THE VAN OF PROGRESSION

By Anna M. Reed

Read at the Matinee, Ukiah, February 22, 1888, Given in Behalf of the
Right of Way Railroad Fund.

Like the poet, I believe "That
One increasing purpose runs
Through the ages—man's thought
widened
By the process of the suns."
And that purpose so mysterious
Human power may not define,
Reaches on, from mind to matter,
In perpetual design.
Thought has circled earth with light-
ning,
Bound with steel the tedious sod,
In the slow but sure fulfilling
Of the providence of God
Humble oft to human judgment
Seems to be the instrument
Called to gain a grand fruition
Of some plan that's heaven-sent.
He, whose natal day we honor,
Grew to be both good and great,
And his being bore the impress
Of the thing the world calls Fate,
Just because he wore the armor
Of the wisdom and the power
With which God has clothed His
chosen
In his most accepted hour.
Christian liberty has blessed us
At the hands of Washington,
Truths revealed have made immortal,
Watt, and Morse, and Edison.
This revealing of God's purpose,
By inventions of their own,
Gave us power to reap the harvest
Of the truths that He has sown.
To such men we are deeply debtor,
As their lives we give to fame;
Every head should bow in homage
At the mention of each name.

Acting, they have blessed the people,
Moving with enlightened force
In the van of man's progression,
Each inspired from one great
source.
And their influence, reaching onward
Will not cease its work sublime
Till it touches where Eternal
Borders on the edge of Time.
We, remote, are offered greeting
From the great world's throbbing
heart,
And we hear prophetic echoes
From its busy central mart.
Life's resistless charm it brings us,
Reaching out its hand to this,
And unto our "Sleeping Princess,"
Comes to give the magic kiss,
That will wake her from her slumber
To a life of wider range,
While her pulses thrill, to beating,
In a tumult new and strange.
O'er the hills, and through the valleys,
Soon will sound the glad refrain
As the Iron Horse spurs the distance
Bringing on the welcome train.
If it bears to each before me
One dear face, where love confess-
ed
Sets his seal of wistful waiting,
Who will doubt its mission blest?
I its blessings cannot number,
But with heartfelt words can say,
Welcome, harbinger of progress,
To a glad and prosperous day.

Discoveries Of The Lick Observatory

The particular universe of stars in which we dwell is half again as large in scale as the world has been supposing. Our own sun is still youthful, and keeps travelling northwesterly through space at the comparatively leisurely pace of twelve miles per second, or two-thirds the average speed of stars of its own class. The North Star is not really a single star, but triple, consisting of three suns revolving about a common center.

These are some of the recent discoveries of the Lick Observatory, the famous graduate astronomical department of the University of California.

People who learned their astronomy twelve years ago, or five years ago will have to change many of their ideas of the universe in the light of the Lick Observatory's newly achieved knowledge as to how the heavenly bodies are born and live and die. Nowhere in the world is so much being done to alter and expand man's knowledge of the stellar universe as on Mount Hamilton, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Campbell, the famous Director of the Lick Observatory.

But next the Lick Observatory proved that vast numbers of stars which even to the most powerful telescopes look like one are really double, or even triple or quadruple. Work with the spectroscope showed that at least one star in every four is double. The first magnitude star Capella, for instance, consists of two stars nearly equal in brightness,

which revolve around their common center of mass every 104 days.

Only some 15,000 nebulae have been observed as yet, but the Lick Observatory has proven that several hundred thousand nebulae visible to the telescope or the camera exist in the sky, waiting to be discovered whenever the opportunity can be found to undertake the work. Most nebulae have a spiral form. This discovery was wholly unexpected. It proves their rotation.

Three extra moons have been found for Jupiter by the Lick Observatory, the planet's sixth, seventh and eighth satellites having been discovered in 1892, 1804 and 1905.

Some thirty comets have been discovered by the Lick Observatory.

It has been shown that the principle "New Stars," which now and then blaze up in the heavens, only to fade dim afterwards, have been converted into nebulae, and that the nebular stage passes later, in the course of many years, to the ordinary stellar conditions.

Total eclipses of the sun have been observed by expeditions sent by the Lick Observatory to many parts of the world—to French Guiana, for instance, to Northern California, to Chile, India, Georgia, Sumatra, Spain, and Egypt, and to the South Pacific. The Hearst Expedition to Chile in 1893 and the Crocker Expedition to India in 1898 recorded for the first time the wonderful structure of the inner solar corona, and the numerous expeditions sent out by the gen-

erosity of the Regent William H. Crocker have established that the light of the inner coronal structure is largely inherent, whereas the light of the outer parts of the corona is largely reflected sunlight.

One of the greatest contributions to cosmology that the Lick Observatory has made is Director Campbell's proof by spectrographic observations, that stars in the earlier stages of their existence are traveling slowly through space, and that their speed increases as they grow older. This hastening of pace as suns increase in age has not been suspected, and is highly important in interpretations of the life of the universe.

Among the problems which astronomers of the Lick Observatory keep always before them, in their task of pushing forward the frontiers of human knowledge, are these: What is the form and what are the dimensions of the space occupied by our stellar system? How are the individual members of the system distributed throughout that space? What are the relations of the stars, planets, moons, nebulae, comets, and meteors to each other, both as classes and as individuals? In accordance with what laws have these bodies been evolved from materials in earlier stages of existence? What has been the history of the celestial bodies? What are their present physical conditions? What has the future for them?

Besides the great station on Mount

Hamilton, the University has an outpost of the Lick Observatory in South America. This is the D. O. Mills Observatory, supported by the generosity of Odgen Mills. It is on the summit of Cerro San Cristobal, 900 feet above the city of Santiago, Chile. Its 37-inch reflecting telescope and spectrographs are devoted primarily to studies of the motion of the fainter stars, to aid in understanding the motion of the solar system and the structure of the stellar universe.

The Lick Observatory itself has a most favorable situation. Its altitude is 4,209 feet. Over 6,000 people see the great telescope every year, nine-tenths of them making by automobile the journey from San Jose over 29 miles of beautiful mountain roads. Visitors are welcome daily, until sundown, and every Sunday evening people who arrive before 9 o'clock are permitted to look through the huge Lick Telescope and thus see some of the brilliant marvels of the heavens, such as the Great Nebulae in Orion, or gorgeous Jupiter and its moons, or the brilliant star-cluster in Hercules, where five thousand visible stars are shining in one two-millionths of the area of the sky, and each of these suns probably as far from each of its nearest fellows as we are from the nearest fixed star, and that is so far that it takes light four years to cross the gulf—four years, with the star-beam travelling 186,000 miles every second.



...PEN PASTELS...

By LAURANCE ZENDA

(We have arranged to present in The Northern Crown, a series of short articles from the gifted pen of Laurance Zenda, a young California writer, whose literary and musical productions are receiving marked attention from those who have seen and heard them.—Ed.)

A Tragedy of Feeling

Two conditions from my life's bitterness—both rob me of the possibility of peace—a great tender love rose up within me, awakening womanhood, springing from a seed of tragedy dropped by Fate, to be nourished in my heart.

Something far beyond my understanding or reason. Like the choking emotion felt in our hearts when pleasure or pain turns on the greatest current of human feeling.

Felt, yet controlled. In this stage relaxation meant sin, control utter hopelessness.

This is when I reached the FIRST CONDITION—being miserably happy. The pain—the penalty followed: A demand was made representing too much earnestness—too much innocence—too much trust to be denied any sacrifice.

I gave all back, except the truth of my love, that remained in my heart.

The surrender formed the SECOND CONDITION of my life's tragedy—I became miserably miserable.

One more condition will follow, sometime to be ushered in by the future, perhaps unexpectedly—death. I await it eagerly, yet would not cause it. My truth is still too beautiful, to help it by change or relief. It remains in my soul, still choking

me sometimes with pure rebelliousness, sometimes with human love—my truth—a sin condemned by every law of morality—every law of man's protection—yet A TRUTH, forming the worship of a human life—living in defiance of all things except God, who surely understands my helplessness.

Life's beginning is but an awful effort—later on becoming mentally and physically a struggle—then a final weak giving up. Silence follows this mystery through all eternity, where our souls are put on record, registered in God's great book, called mercy, awaiting His judgement. Each leaf expresses the pathos of human life, crushed into bitterness by sin and mockery.

Innocence alone escapes this result.

Within this satisfying misery, my greatest burden, is the sorrow I have caused.

I am almost ashamed of the solace I find in the perfect certainty of my love.

Could I but lift each burden of sorrow, relief would be richly felt, by its weight transferred into my heart. I am longing for such sorrow—such pain—for I am ALONE—so intensely alone—with my own.

Marshal's Discovery

By Alfred J. Puckett

When the white frost was adorning,
Each surrounding vale and hill,
Marshall saw bright spots aglowing
In the waters that were flowing

From the wheels of Sutter's mill.
Fausing for examination
In his eager expectation

What his searches might unfold;
Think how high his thoughts were
swelling

On his close inspection telling
That those shining spots were gold.
Then his secret he confided
Unto Sutter, who decided

They would keep the wealth he
found;

They would keep their secret hidden,
Lest that other hands unforbidden
Should invade their treasure
ground.

Though with prudent zeal they acted,
Soon their movements had attracted
Watchful eyes and listening ears.
Then their dreams of millions faded,
As the region was invaded

By the rush of pioneers.

Great excitement was prevailing,
Trains arrived, and vessels sailing

From the coves of every port,
As if moved by inspiration,

Rolled the waves of emigration
Fortune's precious boon to court.

Wealth soon followed enterprises,
Cities sprang to wondrous sizes,

As if built by magic hands;

Wealth caused fortunes to be found,
Greater wealth than once abounded

In the bright Pactolian sands.

Thus were reaped the golden trea-
sures,

That, in burdened toils or pleasures,

Would have satisfied the dreams

Of the daring Spanish legions,

As they roamed o'er savage regions,

As they crossed majestic streams.

Thus was solved the gold fields'
mystery,

Whose location, since our history,

Years or ages had not taught.

For to find whose rich possessions

Bygone heros faced transgressions,

Yet found not the boon they
sought,

Thus may well be celebrated

That event from which is dated

California's proud advance;

That event that waked the ages,

Giving golden, glorious pages

To our history and romance.

Petaluma, January, 15, 1898.

Carnot Debate

The general topic for the next Carnot Debate between California and Stanford Universities is "France and Republicanism." The debate will be held on April 18, 1913. The preliminary tryouts at the University of California will occur in March. Professor M. C. Flaherty of the faculty committee at Berkeley in charge of

the Carnot Debate and Professor Cathcart at Stanford. The students are represented at Berkeley by the Debating Council. The Carnot Medal is given annually by Baron Pierre de Coubertin of Paris for a debate, extemporaneous in character, on some question connected with French politics.

When I Hear No More The Lark's Sweet Singing

By Anna M. Reed

<p>When I hear no more the Lark's sweet singing, Nor heed the Robin's call, While summer roses still are fling- ing, Their sweetness over all.</p>	<p>But still an echo from this world of marvels, May reach beyond the tomb, The coo of Doves—the Linnets war- ble The scent of perished bloom.</p>
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<p>Perchance in some far realm super- nal, A sweeter song may sound, Where all that's promised for the world eternal, By tired hearts is found.</p>	<p>Faint semblance of the things of radiant beauty, That told in bloom and song, What Paradise had held a while, in showing What must to Heaven belong,</p>
---	---

These would I fain awhile remem-
ber,
In that long time of sleep,
Where dreams may come in stranger
visions,
And death its vigils keep.



The Woman Suffrage States

<p>The woman suffrage states, with the date when woman received the ballot, the number of Presidential electors, and the population, is as follows:</p> <p>Wyoming, year 1869, electors 3, pop- ulation, 145,965.</p> <p>Colorado, year, 1893; electors, 6; population, 799,024.</p> <p>Utah, year, 1896; electors, 4; popu- lation, 373,351.</p> <p>Idaho, year, 1896; electors, 4; pop-</p>	<p>ulation, 325,504.</p> <p>Washington, year, 1910; electors, 7 population, 1,141,990.</p> <p>California, year, 1910; electors 13; population, 2,377,540.</p> <p>Michigan, year, 1912; electors, 15; population, 2,810,173.</p> <p>Kansas, year, 1912; electors 10; population, 1,690,949.</p> <p>Oregon, year, 1912; electors, 5; pop- ulation, 672,765.</p> <p>Arizona, year, 1912; electors, 3; population, 64,356.</p>
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THE JOURNAL OF A CALIFORNIA GIRL

OROVILLE, Jan. 6th, 1869.

Received four letters today. The weather has been fine this afternoon. Received \$2. 50 from the Golden Era.

This is the anniversary of Andrew Billman's death. God pity him—I trust he rests in peace. One year ago tonight, a pale sad moon looked down on Simmerly Slough while a poor misguided life went out in its sluggish waters.

I trust that God in His great mercy, dealt kindly with the true but darkened soul, that in weakness and sin strayed away to the land of the Great Hereafter.

Andy, you seem near to your friend tonight. The "Little School-ma'am" can never forget you.

Would that she was as far from life, with its toll and trouble, as you are this winter night.

JAN. 9.—Today was clear, Mr. Ury came down from Enterprise this afternoon. Cousin "Ted" spent the evening with us. Tomorrow I go to Enterprise to lecture. Neither of the boys are able to go with me, so I shall go up on horseback with Mr. Ury. Hope I shall do well.

JAN. 10th.—Today rode up to Enterprise. Lectured at 3 o'clock p. m., to a very good audience. My collection was \$11.25.

Shall stay with Mrs. Foss tonight.

JAN. 11th.—This morning started from Enterprise for Bidwell's Bar. Arrived about 11 o'clock a. m. Took

dinner with Mrs. Worthing. It is raining, so will send the horse back to Enterprise, will lecture here tonight for the Good Templars, and stay all night with Mrs. Worthing.

Later—My collection was taken up by William Clarke, it was only \$6.25. He was too bashful to go around among the people, and sent the money up by some one else. Many others would have contributed I know, if they had been given the chance.

JAN. 12th.—Today came home in the stage from Bidwell's Bar. Received two letters. One contained \$2.50.

I am writing scarcely anything worth while in these pages, but as I am prevented from doing so by being engaged in fulfilling the self-imposed promises here recorded, I think I am excusable. When I arrived at home today I was tired—oh, so tired, but satisfied with my reception at Enterprise, and my success in my lectures.

JAN. 13th.—It has been quite clear today. The health of the family better if anything.

Received no letters today.

JAN. 14th.—It has been clear today. Received no letters, but one magazine. Sent bills to Wyandotte announcing my lecture there, for Sunday the 17th. Hope I may do well.

JAN. 15th.—Bright and clear today. Eddie has had a high fever tonight. No letters today.

I am still strong in my intentions, and to always do right. Let destiny weave as it may.

JAN. 16th.—Rode over to Wyandotte, seven miles away with Frank Cress. Peter R. Wolf died tonight, at Oroville, at 11 o'clock.

One more gone who was a friend. Poor old fellow, he is at rest.

Had a letter from "Arrandale." It contained bad news. May it never be worse.

Green grasses blow above my grave,
E'er I am told that thou art dead,
Or wake to see a sun or moon,
That shines not on thy youthful head.

JAN. 17th.—Lectured in Good Templar Hall at Wyandotte, after the Lodge had adjourned.

My collection was \$8.50.

JAN. 18th.—Came home today. Emma Gass, my schoolmate came with me.

Peter Wolf was buried today. He was a pioneer of Oroville, and had held the position of jailer for many years. The sick are about the same.

JAN. 19.—Came to Cherokee Flat, a mining town 10 miles north of Oroville, today. Arrived in the evening. Found Cousin Henry's family all well. He is away on a hunting trip, will be home tomorrow.

JAN. 20.—Attended Sugar Loaf Lodge I. O. G. T. Met many old friends. Announced my lecture for tomorrow evening. Spoke for the good of the order.

JAN. 21.—Lectured in the school house at 7 p. m., to a good audience. Squire Glass an old mining partner of my Father's, introduced me. My collection was \$9.12 1-2.

JAN. 22.—Have postponed return home until Monday. Received a letter containing \$2.50. It had been my intention to go home today. But Henry started this morning on another "wild goose chase" to Butte Creek,

so I shall stay with Kate until Monday.

I would like to know very much, how the folks are at Oroville. Some sad presentiments hang over me—may it not be of death, or ill fortune to those I love.

JAN. 23.—Still at Cherokee. Melville called this evening. Received two letters today.

Tonight strange thoughts steal over me—I must not give them expression. My life path leads me strangely and in my onward progress I seem moving backward. Fate weaves a contradiction.

JAN. 24. Sunday.—Spent today very pleasantly. Melville called this afternoon. Henry came home from the hunt laden with game.

JAN. 25. Monday.—Arrived home by stage today. Received one letter.

JAN 26.—Stormy today, all the family better. We must get out of this climate.

JAN. 27.—The weather pleasant, Received one letter.

JAN. 28.—Weather beautiful. Received one letter with \$3.00 from the "Golden Era." Mrs. Frost called this afternoon. She liked what I wrote about poor Mattie. She feels sorrow-stricken over her loss. Father is very sick, with high fever.

JAN. 31. Sunday.—Cloudy and gloomy today. Father sick in bed. I have been writing nearly all the morning. The boys have gone to Frank Miens to turn the horses out to pasture. Eddie should not have gone, he is not well at all.

I feel lonesome. I'd like to see someone who is far from here. The clouds are breaking, I hope it will be sunshiny the rest of the day. I would like to walk out.

Later—Went to meet the boys, as they came from Frank Miens. Met Judge Lewis. He brought me back home in his buggy.

FEB. 1. Monday—Today fair and pleasant. Received two letters, the present of a box of "goodies", and a beautiful photograph album, also a music book, music and pictures, and a very acceptable book. All belated holiday gifts.

G. S., called today, made me think of old times.

FEB. 2.—G. S., walked from town with me today.

Mrs. Freer called this evening—a good, kind woman. May the rest of her life path be bright, for she has endured many trials, and deserves a resting time before the sunset.

FEB. 3.—I am sad and sick—what is the use of denying it. My life is so starved. I know that I should not complain, but how can I help it?

Why were those opportunities which are lavished on the less deserving, withheld from me. I realize so acutely what I could have been, had I been afforded ample opportunities of education, and otherwise. I called at Mrs. Freer's by invitation, this evening. I heard Leon play some beautiful things on the piano. He is so kind and courteous to me. I often wonder about it, for he is so popular and sought after.


The music made me sad, as it always does, it brought back old memories—old dreams—old hopes—I will never give up.

FEB. 4.—One letter and one paper today. Weather clear and beautiful. Eddie sick with cold. Father better.

(To be Continued)

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

“N O ONE is more dangerous, more cruel, than the man without acquirements, without education, clothed with a recent authority.

“If, above all, he possesses a base nature, if he be destitute of natural morality, and if he leaps all at once from the mud of his condition into power, he is as mean as he is atrocious.”

“**E**ACH man who offers labor in exchange for food, and meets refusal, is the natural and legitimate enemy of other men, and has a right to make war upon society.”

All the rights, to life, liberty and happiness, that we enjoy, have been secured through the honest discussion, agitation, and protest against human injustice, by those who have striven to make life more tolerable for the masses.

The earth is a great store house, whose treasures are boundless. Nature is a mother whose opulence, generosity and kindness are unfailing, and she is not only generous but divinely impartial.

When a flower blooms, or a fruit ripens, they do not wait for a millionaire to approve in order to do their best.

A tramp along the way may see the flower, and enjoy its fragrance, or gather the fruit in its lucious perfection, or feast his eyes upon the beauty of the landscape, with equal, or greater enjoyment than he who owns many acres.

Man alone is ungenerous and unjust, only sordid motives underlie many of his actions, and those possessing the madness of much money, heap up the treasure of man-made values, and flaunt their brief authority, and their insolent prosperity, in the face of a dying world. Too blind to see that the moth and rust destroy—that the thieves break through and steal, and that death, in a brief season, will say to them also—Thou Fool.

Poverty is man-made by false conditions.

In Nature there is no poverty—only an endless generosity, and a constant giving has not exhausted a constantly renewing source.

The time has come for men to decide how all earth's children shall have just access to the great store house of our common mother.

To so arrange labor, and law and order, that none shall sit at the table of plenty hungering, while others, less deserving, feast.

There is a mean of human justice, as there is of human intelligence, an equitable adjustment of the affairs of men, under conditions which admit of plenty and happiness for all. And until we reach that state of things in our national and domestic affairs, we are falling short of the intentions and possibilities of a **GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.**

This was the vision of the founders of this government, built upon the principle of a world wide democracy.

This has been the dream of our statesmen, but not of our politicians.

This is the intention that lives in the heart and conscience of the best of the age, and so sure as reason exists, and men shall think and reason together the time shall come when false values, and false living shall be set aside, and the opulence of nature be enjoyed in universal harmony.

In reaching this better condition, all depends upon the intelligence, decision and honesty of the laboring and producing classes.

It is the laborer who masters the country, and the producer who develops it.

The good book tells us that “Fraud and the oppression of the laborer,” is the greatest factor in the heaping

together of treasure in these last days.

This fraud and oppression, used against the old, the weak, the incompetent, the less intelligent, is carried on continually, in the imploring presence of the greatest need, and destitution, by scheming men, while the incessant protest of their victims ring in the ears of the world. And they are heard, And the bravest and the best are heeding.

The apostle says: "Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat your flesh as it were fire."

No structure is really great, that is built upon the misery of the masses, and cemented with the blood and tears of suffering, and the sweat of slaves.

In this great commonwealth, its founders have made it possible for every man's, and in ten states every woman's, individual will to be expressed in the practical form of a ballot, better and ultimately more effective than a bullet.

Organize and use this right, and cast your ballot on the side of equality and justice, and no power can long prevail against your cause.

More than nineteen hundred years ago, our Lord, the gentle Nazarine, taught the brotherhood of man, as the essential doctrine of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

The Church, his accepted successor, in the instruction of mankind, in infallible truth, has repeatedly proclaimed it as the foundation of all saving grace, here and hereafter.

Yet men have made this all a mockery, by selfish blindness, through long centuries of wrong and injustice to their kind.

The Creator does not compel His creatures. And in the exercise of free will, man has burdened the human race with complications through

which we struggle on toward the ultimate good.

To this end, in organization, have intelligent, earnest men ever combined their will and purpose, for the welfare of humanity, and the presentation of truth.

Divinely beginning with Christ and His apostles, later the Church, and then order after order, as through succeeding centuries men have realized, more and more, the power of unity to meet the necessities and obligations of human existence, and the justice of sharing its benefits and burdens.

From the quick review of thought, we may remember that far back in the past the Free Masons, were first to form a labor union, the mediæval building corporations of the Church being the first cause to that effect.

As through all history, like a thread of gold, in the mesh of baser things, we find the spiritual, the sentimental, the romance and chivalry of man. So, in reverence for holy things, came into existence the order of Knights Templar, its purpose to protect the pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem and other sacred places in the Holy Land, after the first Crusade.

Strife then as now, seemed to make it necessary to guard with arms the shrines of peace.

All of these organizations, no matter with what error they have been touched, nor how faultily their rules and principles have been administered have led gradually to higher planes of thought, and more wide spread intelligence, and the understanding of better things, until in the light of this New Century, men have learned that fraternity solves all the vexed questions that perplex us, and that fraternity should mean the true brotherhood of man, hastening the

time when the only "sign" required | and want are the "passwords" to the
will be our brother's need, and pain | heart.

"The Church has opposed every innovation and discovery from the day of Galileo down to our own time, when the use of anesthetics in childbirth was regarded as a sin because it avoided the biblical curse pronounced against Eve. And every step in astronomy and geology ever taken has been opposed by bigotry and superstition. The greeks surpassed us in artistic culture five hundred years before the Christian religion was born."—Mark Twain.

"Anybody that knows anything knows that there was not a single life that was ever lived that was worth living. Not a single child ever begotten that the begetting of it was not a crime. Suppose a community of people to be living on the slope of a volcano, directly under the crater and in the path of lava-flow; that volcano has been breaking out right along for ages and it is certain to break out again. Every time we bring a child into the world we are bringing it into a country, to a community gathered under the crater of a volcano, knowing that sooner or later death will come, and that before death there will be catastrophes infinitely worse."—Mark Twain.

"It is reported that I sacrificed for the benefit of my creditors the property of the publishing firm whose financial backer I was and that I am now lecturing for my own benefit.

"This is an error. I intend the lectures as well as the property for the creditors. The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain, and a man may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself. But I am not a business man, and honor is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than 100 cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw. From my reception thus far on my lecturing tour I am confident that if I live I can pay off the last debt within four years; after which, at the age of sixty-four, I can make a fresh and unincumbered start in life. I am going to Australia, India, and South Africa, and next year I hope to make a tour of the great cities of the United States. I meant when I began, to give my creditors all the benefit of this; but I am beginning to feel that I am gaining something from it, too, and that my dividends, if not available for banking purposes, may be even more satisfactory than theirs."

—Mark Twain.

NOTE—The first line of the poem "Marshall's Discovery" on page 8 by A. J. Puckett was left out by a mistake and should read "On a chilly winter's morning."

In Memoriam

A. G.

I think the gentle soul of him
Goes softly in some garden place,
With the old smile time may not dim
Upon his face.

He who was lover of the Spring,
With love that never quite forgets,
Surely sees roses blossoming
And violets.

Now that his day of toil is through,
I love to think he sits at ease,
With some old volume that he knew
Upon his knees;

Watching, perhaps, with quiet eyes
The white clouds' drifting argosy,
Or twilight opening flower-wise
On land and sea.

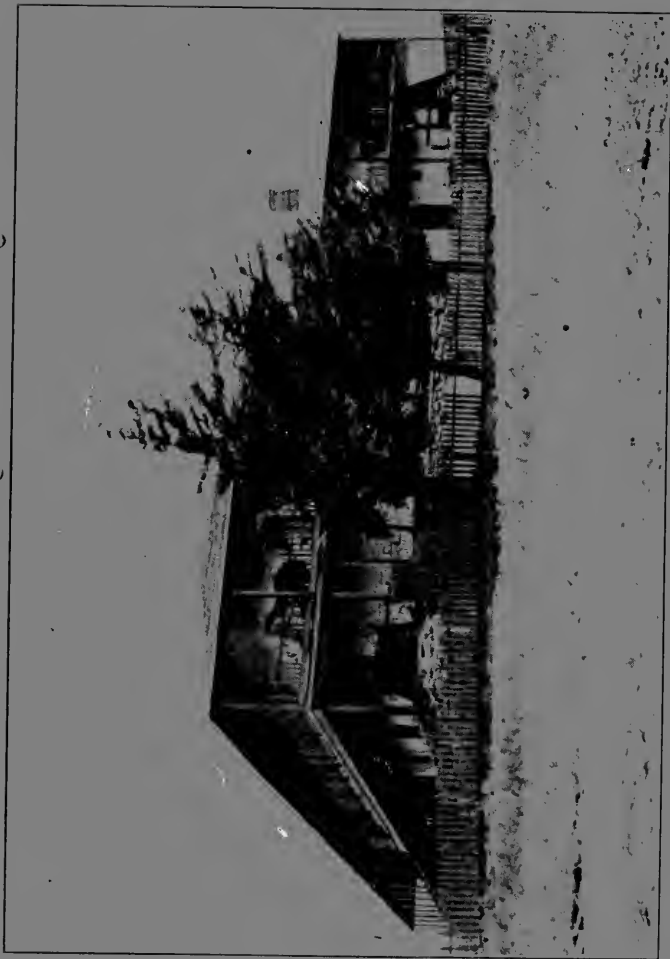
He who so loved companionship
I may not think walks quite alone,
Failing some friendly hand to slip,
Within his own.

Those whom he loved aforetime, still
I doubt not bear him company;
I think that laughter yet may thrill
Where he may be.

A thought, a fancy—who may tell?
Yet I who ever pray it so
Feel through my tears that all is well.
And this I know,

That God is gentle to his guest,
And therefore may I gladly say,
"Surely the things he loved the best,
Are his today."





The "OLD ADOBE."

See Letter From W. M.
Boggs to Robert Poppe

Interesting Letter Regarding "The Old Adobe"

By Courtesy of Robert A. Poppe of Sonoma

33 OIL CO., KERN COUNTY,
March 14th, 1907.

Mr. R. A. Poppe, Sonoma,

Dear Sir:—Your note of the 11th inst., received, requesting some information about the "Petaluma Adobe Building," on the Petaluma Rancho.

All I know about the grand old building is that through the kindness, and hospitality of that noble old Californian, Genl. M. G. Vallejo, who was then the owner of the Petaluma Grant, when with wife, and father's family, I arrived in the Valley of Sonoma, in the month of November 1846, and with our worn out cattle, and dilapidated tents and wagon sheets, that would no longer turn the water from our heads, after a journey of seven long months, in crossing the Plains, and mountains, we found ourselves at the end of our journey, encamped down at an old frame structure on the bank of Sonoma Creek, about the foot of the Broad street, that now runs from the Sonoma Plaza, to Sonoma Creek, by permission of Jacob P. Lease, who had the charge of this frame structure, that was originally intended for a water power grist mill, but owing to floods washing away the dam, which was built in Sonoma Creek, far above the end of Broadway, about where the Engler place is, as some remains of that dam, was there as late as when I lived in the Engler place, before I sold to Engler.

And it was while our family, had

sought shelter in that old mill building, from the heavy downpour of rain, at that season of the year, that Gen. Vallejo accompanied by Lieut. Revere, the United States officer who removed the Bear Flag, and hoisted the American Flag, in front of the barracks, rode down to our camp, and Lieut. Revere introduced himself and Gen. Vallejo, who expressed himself surprised, to see such a large family exposed to the rain, and in such an uncomfortable place, and urgently invited my father and all our family to come up to his residence, on the north side of the Plaza, and occupy as much of it as we needed, stating that it was a large and commodious house, and welcomed my father, and all our family to partake of his hospitality, stating that the rainy season had just set in, and we would be welcome to stay at his house all winter.

My father thanked him very kindly, but refused to accept the kind invitation, stating that he had too large a family to impose on the General, and said how he would try to make out some how, in the old shell of a building where we were camped.

But General Vallejo would not hear to that, but said he had a large building, on his Petaluma Ranch, about seven or eight miles across the hills, well supplied with everything necessary for the comforts of a family, and no one there but his "Major Domo," and his Indians, and that he

THE NORTHERN CROWN

would come next morning and pilot us over to his Petaluma house, and he would not take any excuse from my father but simply gave me orders to have the old emigrant oxen hitched on to the wagons, in the morning, and he would be on hand to guide us across Sonoma Creek, and over the hills to his Petaluma house.

And by sunrise next morning, the General was on hand, mounted on his favorite saddle horse, and I had the "outfit" in readiness for the move. He remained with us until we reached the low gap in the hills, and seeing that we would be late in reaching the ranch, on account of the heavy adobe mud, and the weak teams, he dashed off ahead, and went to his Adobe House, and put his servants to work preparing a supper for us all. It was long after dark before we reached the large Adobe Building, in fact our wagons did not reach there. Some of the cattle had given out, and in the downpour of rain, I went ahead on foot.

Seeing a light from the high porch that circled the building, I came up under it, and found that the General was holding out a lantern. He asked me where the family was? I told him "back at the wagons," that some of the oxen had given out. He said: "go back and bring the family to the house, turn the old oxen loose—let them go, and bring the family out of the rain."

I hurried back, and father and mother, the children and my wife, all trudged through the mud, and waded the creek near the house, and were met at the main entrance by the General, and escorted into the Court yard, and up an easy flight of steps, into a wide veranda, and on into a long well lighted apartment, where there was a long table, with linen table cover, spread and covered with smoking dishes of meat and

vegetables, cooked spanish style.

Long settees were ranged along the walls, and sperm candles lighted up the spacious room.

The General busied himself in seating every member of the family at the table, and commenced to wait on them, as though it was his own family.

In looking around he missed me from the table. I had taken a seat on one of the settees, and the tears had filled my eyes, at the sight of seeing my old people, and brothers and sisters, and my young wife, once more under shelter, and under a shingle roof, out of the stormy weather. And all being made to feel welcome, by one of the most noble and charitable men—and strange to us all.

After they had partaken of a good warm meal, and tea, the General escorted the old folks to a room in a remote part of the building, where there was a small fireplace, the only room in that large structure that had a fireplace in it.

The main building was two story high, built around a court, or square, inside.

The front and west side, and about half of the rear side, was finished upstairs with wide verandas.

These porches were about 15 feet wide, with bannisters around them, and shingle roof over head. The rooms inside were ceiled overhead with fine redwood lumber, that I learned afterwards, came from the Lumber Mill at Bodega, owned by Captain Stephen Smith.

The carpenter and finishing work, was done by William Fowler, Sr., and Henry Fowler, his son, who died recently at Napa City, after a residence of over sixty years.

The east side of the building was not finished, at the time we occupied it. The walls were built up, and cov-

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ered with tule, to protect them from the rain, as no adobe work could be done in the rainy season.

The General placed a large bunch of keys, in the hands of my wife, and told her the pantrys contained dishes, and table ware, and linen, to use as though she owned them. And he directed his Indian cooks to do the cooking, which was carried on down stairs, outside in a part of the Court, that was covered over.

Juan Viega was chief cook, and he could cook the regular Spanish dishes, equal to any modern cook now-a-days.

The lower rooms were not floored, but were kept as grainaries. Some held wheat in bulk, and beans and barley. No potatoes, but long strings of dried tomatoes and red peppers. The General gave orders to his "Major Domo," Miguill Alvarado, to kill a bullock every Saturday, or as often as meat was wanted. He had about 4,000 head of cattle at that time, on the Petaluma Rancho, besides sheep and from 2,000 to 3,000 head of horses.

One of the lower rooms of the house, was full of deer skins, and dry hides.

There was a small mill on the place, that was not in use, while we were there.

My father and family remained at the Adobe Building all winter, and were made quite comfortable.

The General would ride over from Sonoma, and often stayed all night and conversed with my father on the future prospects of California, and many of their ideas have come to pass.

I gathered up a few recruits, in company with my old comrade A. G. Grayson, and crossed the Bay, in the hull of an old boat. General Val-

lejo told us where to find it, near the Lakeville landing.

With fifteen recruits, we crossed the bay in this open boat, that did not have any mast, oars or a rudder, but we stuck a pole in the place where a mast had been, and hung my old tent on a broken oar, tied across the mast and this was our rig for sailing.

Dock semple steered with a pole, We were three days getting across to Yerba Bueno, leaving part of our crew on the land just above Raccoon Straits. We landed about midnight, and inlisted for the war, next day, but what followed would be too long an article, for this description of the Old Adobe Building, at Petaluma Rancho,

Yours truly,
W. M. BOGGS.

P. S.

My eldest son was born in the Adobe House, January 4th, 1847, and named by the General after himself, Guadalupe.

Note:—Mr. Poppe, I do not know what year the General commenced to build the large Adobe building, on his Petaluma Rancho, but I think it was in 1843.

I knew Americans who worked on it, especially the two Fowlers, who did the finishing work.

The elder Fowler made my wife a cradle while I was there, for our first born, Guadalupe Vallejo Boggs.

He was born there while I was in the service of the U. S. in the Mexican war.

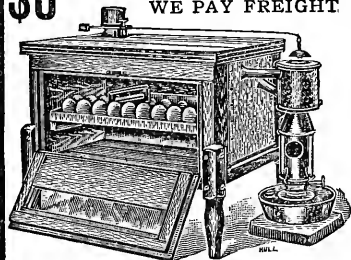
I have ever felt deep gratitude to General Vallejo for his kindness, and have a veneration for that old Adobe building, that afforded shelter to our tired and worn out family after that long journey across the plains.—W. M. B.

Petaluma Continuous Air Brooder

PETALUMA INCUBATORS AND Brooders

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Our large Catalogue is free to anyone asking for it. Call and get a copy or write to us.

Petaluma Incubator Co.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Petaluma Cal.

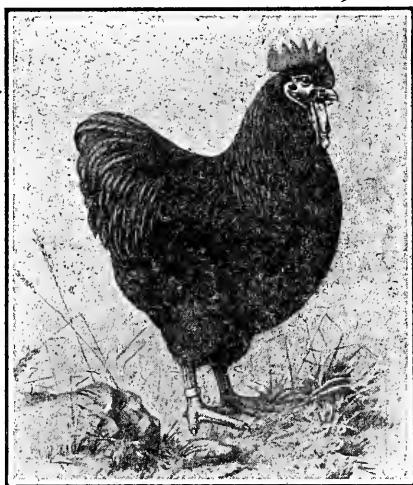


Vincent G. Huntley

SPECIALIST JUDGE, English Poultry Club, Orpington Club, International Alexandra Palace,
Great National Crystal Palace (London), California Orpington Club.

Has bred, exhibited and won with nearly every breed existing. Winner of over 3,700 cups, medals and prizes at the leading shows of the world, viz. Great Britain and America.

Petaluma, California.



"Champion Black Prince"

BLACK ORPINGTON COCKEREL: Winner of first prize American Poultry Association; medal for best bird in America, English, Mediterranean and Asiatic classes; America Poultry Association diploma for best male bird in show; special prize for best bird in English classes at San Jose, Oakland and Marysville shows, 1909-10. Bred by Vincent G. Huntley.

IN PRESENTING this catalogue I beg to thank my customers for past favors and solicit a continuance of their patronage. And to state that I am now in a position to supply stock and eggs from the very best blood existing from both sides of the Atlantic, having imported stock direct from England and Eastern Yards.

It is an acknowledged fact that I have the knack of mating birds to produce winners, which is proven by the many champions that have come from my yards. My experience extends back twenty-five years being

brought up in the midst of a host of the greatest fanciers and breeders in the world. Such as the late William Cook, the originator of the Orpington with whom I spent a great deal of time during the bringing out of the breed and my name appears in the Prize List in the Old Country during infancy of the Orpington.

This being the fact, as well as my being selected by ballot, to judge at the greatest shows in the world, should be a sufficient guarantee that I know something about the business, and that I should be

able to give my customers something for their money. Existing under these circumstances where keen competition was the order of the day, and where classes were filled up to the 100 mark, I naturally became educated to know what sort of a bird was needed to win, and they had to be good ones. Things learned in youth stick for a lifetime and I trust there is no exception in my case.

My stock is very carefully mated, and there is no reason on earth that I should not produce some prize winners for the coming season.

My goods are priced according to the quality and my customers get the same as I use myself, so with proper handling, they should share the honors with me in the battle for the Ribbons. My greatest pleasure is to hear that my customers are satisfied, and as I am not putting fictitious prices on my fowls, I think I should deserve patronage.

Thanking you in anticipation, allow me to remain,

Yours faithfully,

VINCENT G. HUNTLEY.



Mating List

Owing to my having purchased the most of the Black and White Orpingtons and Aylesbury Ducks purchased from myself by the Marshal Black Farm last season I am stocked up just as good as ever and knowing the birds through handling them at the above farm and taking them to victory for the owner, should help to convince people what I have. I am putting a few of the winnings in the pens, but they are too numerous to specify entirely.

Black Orpington Pens.

Headed by that Grand Cock imported by Marshall Black Farm from the East, and calculated to beat the celebrated Monarch as cockerel last season. Massive, shapley, deep body and excellent color, weighing 12 lbs., and father of some of the biggest winners this season. Mated with hen First Oakland, Orpington Club Show, Los Angeles, Marysville and Petaluma, 1909 and 10, as Pullet. Hen First Special, San Jose; Second Stockton as pullet 1911. Hen First Special Stockton and First at several Eastern Shows, English imported bird. Hen First Petaluma; Second, Marysville; Second, Orpington Club Show, Los Angeles 1910. Hens in First Pen, Stockton, First Pen, Petaluma, 1911. Third Pen, Club Show 1912 and many others.

Pen Two. Headed by Cock, First Special, Petaluma as cockerel. Second, Club Show. First, Petaluma as cock, Club Special. Green as a Beetle.

Hens, First, Oakland and in First Pen at Stockton, Petaluma. Third Pen Club Show, Los Angeles, etc.

Eggs \$3.00 per 13.

The above cock is the sire of some of the biggest winners in 1911 and is a vigorous bird with plenty of type as a cockerel was a masterpiece. Half brother to Champion, see cut.

White Orpington Pens

Pen One. Headed by that grand Cock "Prince" of Bell blood and winner of First Pen, Oakland, 1911, purchased from Mr. Frost by the Marshall Black Farm at a high figure. Second Pen, Petaluma and other prizes in singles. A grand typical white bird with immense bone.

Mated to hens in First Pen, Oakland. Second Pen Petaluma and directly imported hens from Miss Carey, England. Winners of many prizes. This is a pen of White Typical Birds.

Eggs, \$5.00 per 13. Identified eggs \$10.00 per 13.

Pen Two. Headed by Cock, imported direct from Miss Carey, England.

Heading Third Pen, Petaluma, 1912. Only time shown. A grand massive white bird full of character and mated with some of the hens from First Pen, Oakland. Second Pen Stockton and Third Pen, Petaluma.

Eggs, \$3.00 per 13. (A chance for someone.)

Buff Orpington Pen

Hended by grand, even Golden Buff and Buff to skin Cock, bred from birds hatched from Sullivan and Latham's best eggs. Mated to exceptionally even Buff Hens, typical and buff to skin and should breed great winners.

Eggs, \$3.00 per 13.

White Rock Pen

Pen One. Headed by Cock, Second Pen Petaluma and combining the blood of Fischel, Bemis and Robertson strains. Mated to hen "Mamie" Second Pen, Petaluma, and Third, Petaluma in the strongest competition.

This hen was bred from Mrs. Bemis' selected pen and winners of many prizes. Hens sisters to the above and in Second Pen, Petaluma, all white as snow and very yellow legs and beaks.

A few settings at \$5.00 per 13.

Barred Rock Pens

Headed by Cock Second Pen, Petaluma, bred from the celebrated old winner "Taft." First, Sacramento, San Jose and Petaluma, and father of many of Moore and Mann's First Prize winners. Mated with hens of the good old Naylor strain and including winners in Second Pen, Petaluma, etc.

Eggs, \$2.50 per 13.

Buff Leghorn Pens

Includes winners at Petaluma, San Jose, Oakland, etc.

Are a good even Buff throughout and bred from 250 egg record hens.
Eggs, \$2.50 per 13.

White Leghorn Pens.

Contain winners at Oakland, San Jose, Petaluma, etc. And combine the blood of Dutbernd, Carrington, Baldwin, etc., and are from a great laying strain and Hoganized stock.

Prices according to quantity required. Single settings, \$1.00 per 13.

Aylesbury Ducks.

Now we come to the Champions of America, according to Eastern judges, who have awarded the prizes in this vicinity. Having won the special for best display of Waterfowl, almost every time exhibited. Won 14 prizes last Petaluma Show with them, and sweepstakes year after year at the State Fair, San Jose, Oakland, Petaluma, Marysville, etc., besides birds hatched from my eggs winning all over the Coast by other breeders, my birds won the \$25.00 Special at Livermore.

Pen One. Contains Drake and Ducks that have won over 10 first prizes.

Eggs, \$5.00 per setting 11 eggs.

Pen Two. Drake winner of over 10 First Prizes. Ducks winners of many First Prizes.

Eggs, \$3.00 per setting of 11 eggs.

Pen Three. Includes winners of Second and Third Prizes, and are all typical birds.

Eggs, only \$2.00 per setting of 11 eggs.

Stock Drakes and Ducks on sale from \$2.50 upwards. The finest market Ducks existing and the Drakes are great to cross with the Pekin to breed Mammoth Pekins.

All eggs and birds are carefully packed and delivered to Wells, Fargo & Co., free.

Unfertilized eggs replaced once where the price is \$2.00 and over.

Do not forget I breed winners every year and send my customers the same as I use myself, so if you want to share the honors, send early and you will be pleased.

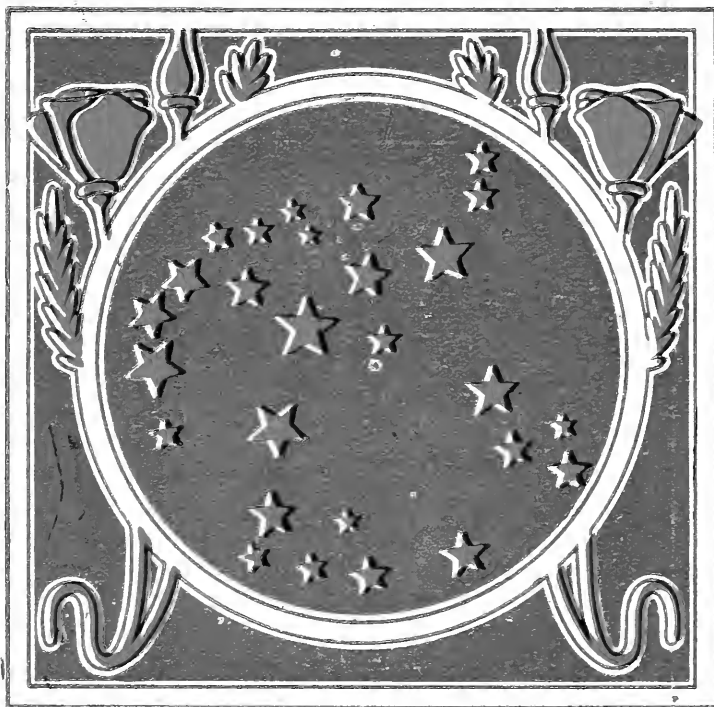
Reduction for quantities.

Note I am constantly requested to mate and select stock of all kinds, for parties who are beginning the business being a judge of all varieties I shall be pleased to select or purchase any kind of stock at a small commission or to mate or cull stock at a small charge outside of expenses.

Mendocino County Edition

CALIFORNIA
STATE
YEAR

The NORTHERN CROWN



Per Copy
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ANNA MORRISON REED, EDITOR

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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :



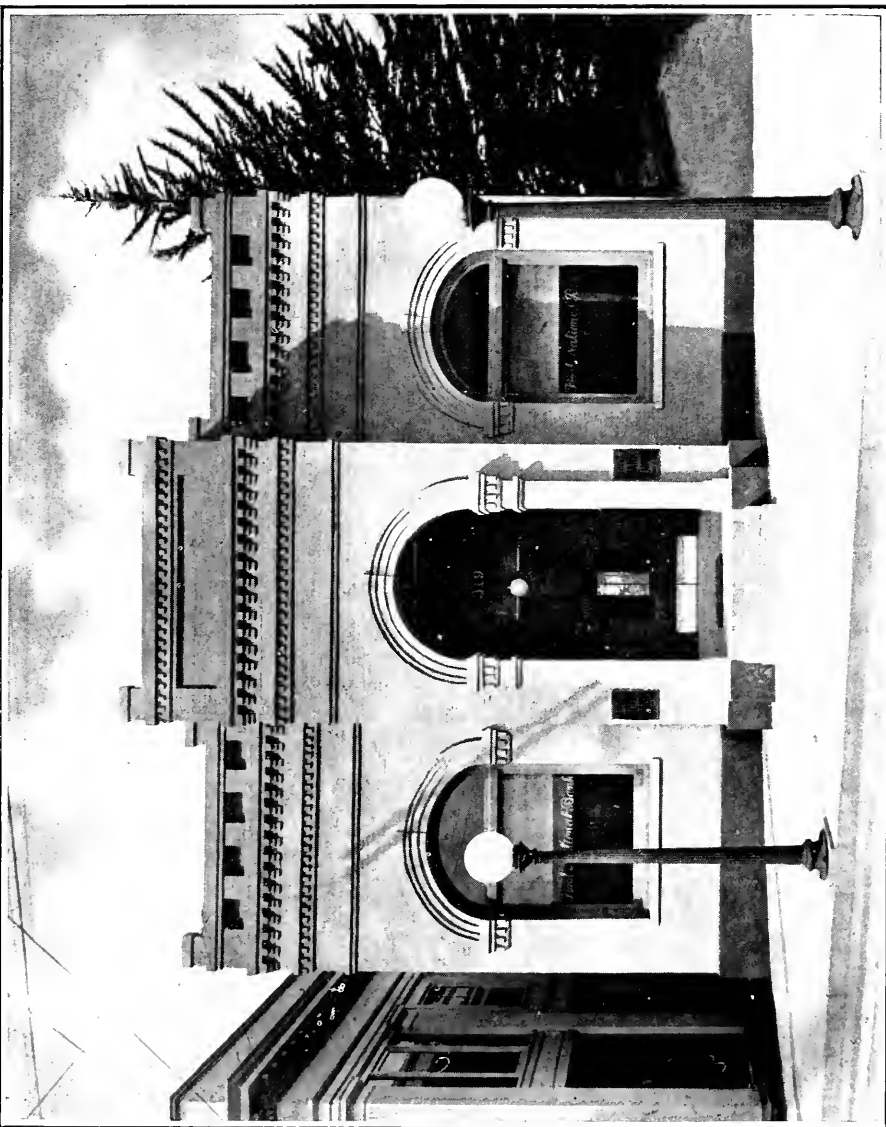
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[Photo By Fitch]



The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL V.

PETAJUMA, CAL., APRIL, 1913.

NO. 6

MENDOCINO COUNTY

MENDOCINO County, with its area of 3460 square miles, lies in the Coast Range mountains, and is pleasantly diversified by mountain, valley, sea coast and forest.

It is the third County north of San Francisco bordering on the Pacific Ocean.

The average annual rainfall is 36 inches, and its temperature varies from an average of 29 in winter, to 98 in summer, through the valley sections, and along the coast from 32 to 80.

Its principal products are cereals, deciduous fruits, dairy products, poultry, eggs, wool, livestock, hops, lumber, grapes and wine.

The line of the Northwestern Pacific Railway, connecting San Francisco and Eureka, Humboldt County, runs through its entire length.

The population by the last census was 23,929.

Its forests, wild lands and beautiful streams, make it the paradise of the hunter, and sportsman, and it presents today the best territory for

hunting and fishing in California.

Fruit in Mendocino

More than 100,000 fruit trees were planted in the spring of 1911. Apples, peaches, prunes and Bartlett pears are the principal fruits raised. The 1910 figures show the tree census as follows: apple trees, 10,000; apricots, 1,800; cherries, 2,100; nectarines 300 peaches, 20,000; pears, 25,000; prunes, 32,000; oranges, 500; almonds, 2,500; walnuts, 4,000.

Grapes That Grow in Mendocino County

Mendocino grapes are exceptionally rich in sugar and are in demand because they raise the quality of wine. Much of the county's product is contracted for over a term of years, the prevailing price being \$15 a ton, with many agreements at \$20. The Zinfandel, the favorite, yields about three tons an acre as early as four years; the yield from mature vines is almost or fully twice that.

Land between the valley floor and the hills is best for grapes; this is

plentiful at \$10 to \$25 an acre.

The county has nine wineries. Ukiah has a new one, with a capacity of 200 tons a day.

Ninety thousand gallons of wine, worth \$135,000, were made in 1910, when the vineyard acreage was 5,800.

On forty-five acres near Calpella, L. Finne has twenty-seven varieties of grapes, including the Seedless Sultana, the Thompson Seedless and Riesling. They average four tons to the acre, but many give five and six. The black Hamburg is the biggest producer with seven and a half tons. Disease has never troubled any of them. For several years the price has averaged \$15 a ton. Mr. Finne has one of the four wineries near Calpella; last year he made 14,000 gallons. He dries his own raisin grapes, and in 1910 sold \$250 worth of fresh grapes. In that year he made in all \$13,000, or over \$288 an acre.

A comprehensive article on this great industry, appears in this issue. It is of great interest as Mr. Banks is an acknowledged authority on the subject.

The Natural Home of the Berry

Two acres of strawberries in Mendocino will support a family. The present total production is inadequate to supply the local demand, and the general markets are excellent.

One-eight of an acre near Ukiah gave B. F. Eddy forty chests in 1910, at the rate of \$1,200 an acre. In the same year George Youde of Willits, netted \$600 from two acres of logan and blackberries. Two and a half acres of strawberries gave C. Williams of Willits, \$1,200 in a single season.

W. F. Wilcox of Ukiah has a ten-

acre patch, half logan and half mammoth blackberries. In the 1911 season besides sales in the field, which were considerable, he marketed 400 chests, the price on an average being \$2.75 the total returns in this way being \$1,100.

The coast offers an excellent field for the berry grower. Besides the staple varieties, white strawberries as big as peaches are grown at Point Arena by Mrs. A. McCallum, and Albion ships a ton and a half of huckleberries weekly during the season.

Tons of wild blackberries grow on the coast of Mendocino County, and by many are considered superior to any tame variety.

A strawberry farm eight miles from the coast, on the Noyo River, has produced for years, on three fourths of an acre of land, 12,500 pounds of strawberries annually, selling for \$900. The plants bear in that locality from late in April to late August.

Vegetables Produce Abundantly

Potatoes do best along the coast, but are profitable as well further east.

Charles Bishop of Point Arena, for instance, in 1910 from eight acres got 5,000 sacks of 125 pounds each, worth on an average two cents a pound. A river-bed tract produced this crop.

Galletti & Stornetti of Manchester in the same season got five tons to the acre.

Ten tons an acre is sometimes secured, and the potatoes are early, mealy and good keepers.

Onions thrive. Charles Luce of Ukiah in 1910 got a yield at the rate of thirty-five tons to the acre, worth two to three cents, and six square rods gave W. A. Keller of

Little River 1,440 pounds, worth two and one half cents.

With turnips, Andrew Christensen of Point Arena gets thirty to forty tons to the acre, using the Large White Belgian and Mastodon varieties.

Hops Have Never Failed in Mendocino

The Hop Industry was introduced into Mendocino County many years ago, by L. F. Long of Largo. The results have proved his judgement sound, and the venture a public benefaction for all coming time.

Mendocino is the safest hop-growing country in America. Lice and vermin are unknown, spraying never has to be resorted to, and there has never been a crop failure. The product is choice, being well above the average. The yield does not fall below 1,500 pounds to the acre; the average is about 1,800 pounds, and 3,500 pounds is a total frequently attained.

There are in all 1,200 acres of hop yards in the county, and every season 10,000 pickers, most of them drawn from the county itself, are employed.

Sandy loam is the favorite soil. Adobe, though giving lighter crops, turns off a better quality.

Hops cost about nine to eleven cents a pound by the time they are baled. Good hop land costs \$200 to \$300 an acre in the more heavily settled neighborhoods.

Alfalfa Flourishes With or Without Irrigation

Between ten and fifteen thousand acres of Mendocino land is planted to Alfalfa.

Much of the Alfalfa is grown without irrigation, but the use of water doubles production. Without irriga-

tion, the average yield through the county is four of five tons to the acre a year, with three cuttings. Many secure four cuttings, with six tons or more.

The price varies with the locality. In Round Valley loose alfalfa brings from \$6 a ton up, while in Little Lake Valley it goes from \$10 to \$12 baled. A general average is \$8, but \$15 is not infrequent.

Ukiah Valley has especially good alfalfa conditions owing to the warmer climate and broad bottom-lands of the Russian River, but all over the county this crop gets warmth when it most needs it to be prolific.

Little alfalfa is grown for seed, though this is profitable, giving one or two crops of hay and a profit of \$40 to \$60 an acre for the seed.

Hay and Grain are Important Crops

By the last estimate, the grain and hay acreage in Mendocino was given as: Wheat, 20,000 acres; oats, 14,000; barley, 12,000; corn, 2,000; rye, 2,000; hay, 38,500.

The yields are heavy, a fair average being, for oats, forty bushels to the acre, as much for barley, and twenty for wheat. Oats range for the most part between thirty and a hundred bushels to the acre and wheat between fifteen and thirty-five.

In 1910 Frank Guntly of Philo got eighty-seven and a half bushels of oats an acre from twelve acres, selling at fifty cents a bushel. Paul Bassie of Greenwood, on the coast, got three tons to the acre, worth \$15 or \$16 baled; the previous year the price was \$18 to \$20. The average price for baled hay but undelivered is \$14 around Point Arena.

John Brunges of Point Arena in 1910 got seventy-five sacks of a hundred pounds each from half an

acre of oats, and his 1911 oats grew nine feet high, giving four tons an acre, worth \$10 loose. To this he has added two additional crops of vetch. Another Point Arenan, J. C. Halliday, in 1911 got volunteer oats seven feet three inches tall.

Twenty acres of cut-over land near Fort Bragg in 1910 gave H. F. Milliken one hundred tons of oat hay.

Dairying is Most Extensive on the Coast

Dairying is on the increase in Mendocino County, but the extensive plants are confined to the coast section.

Along the shore there is a string of creameries, around Point Arena alone there are five, with an output of 24,000 pounds a week, the average price of butter being twenty-five cents. Nearly all goes to the San Francisco market.

The county's dairies have a total annual butter production of 527,000 pounds, worth nearly \$200,000.

Stockraising Still Profitable

As long as Mendocino still has 1000,00 acres of grazing land, stockraising will be profitable. In Mendocino there are assessed 203,212 head of cattle, calves, cows, hogs, mules, horses, goats and sheep, with a value of \$1,937,526.

Mendocino wool brings a higher price than that of any other part of California; twenty-two cents was recently paid at Ukiah.

Sheep are sheared twice a year. About 800,000 pounds are produced annually, at a value of nearly \$200,000.

Poultry a Needed Industry

The home market in Mendocino has never yet been supplied by home production.

Every town has eggs shipped into it from outside the county.

A thousand hens can be run on an acre. The climate is unusually favorable. Roupe is almost unknown. It costs about \$1.50 a year to feed a hen and \$2 a hen a year is a common profit. A four or five acre poultry farm will support a family.

Many are entering this field at Willets, Ukiah and elsewhere. Ukiah has a newly formed Poultry Association with 45 members who own 20,000 laying hens.

Ukiah as a shipping point is fast gaining importance. In 1910 by express alone this city shipped 231 coops, or 26,614 pounds, of live poultry; 57,823 pounds of dressed poultry; 27,628 dozen eggs and 11,138 pounds of butter.

Fort Bragg Leads the Lumber Industry

The Pioneer Lumber plant was established at Mendocino City in the early days. But today Fort Bragg leads all the rest.

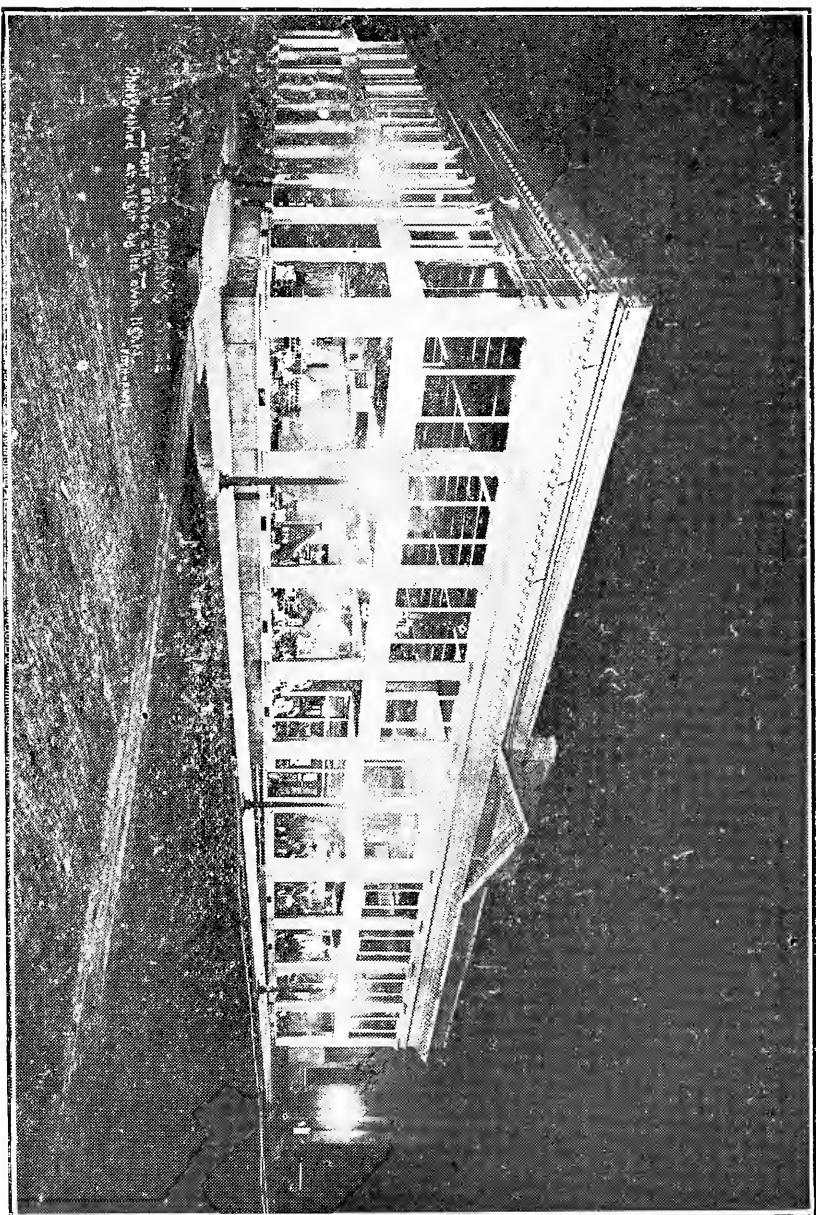
The mill of the Union Lumber Company at Fort Bragg is the best equipped on the coast, cutting 50,000,000 feet a year.

This company has 1000 employes. The chief redwood belt lies the length of the county extending inland from ten to thirty miles.

There are 517,000 acres of redwood with twenty-four billion feet, board measure, and 158,750 acres of pine and tan oak. There are in all 350,000 acres of timberland outside of the redwood belt.

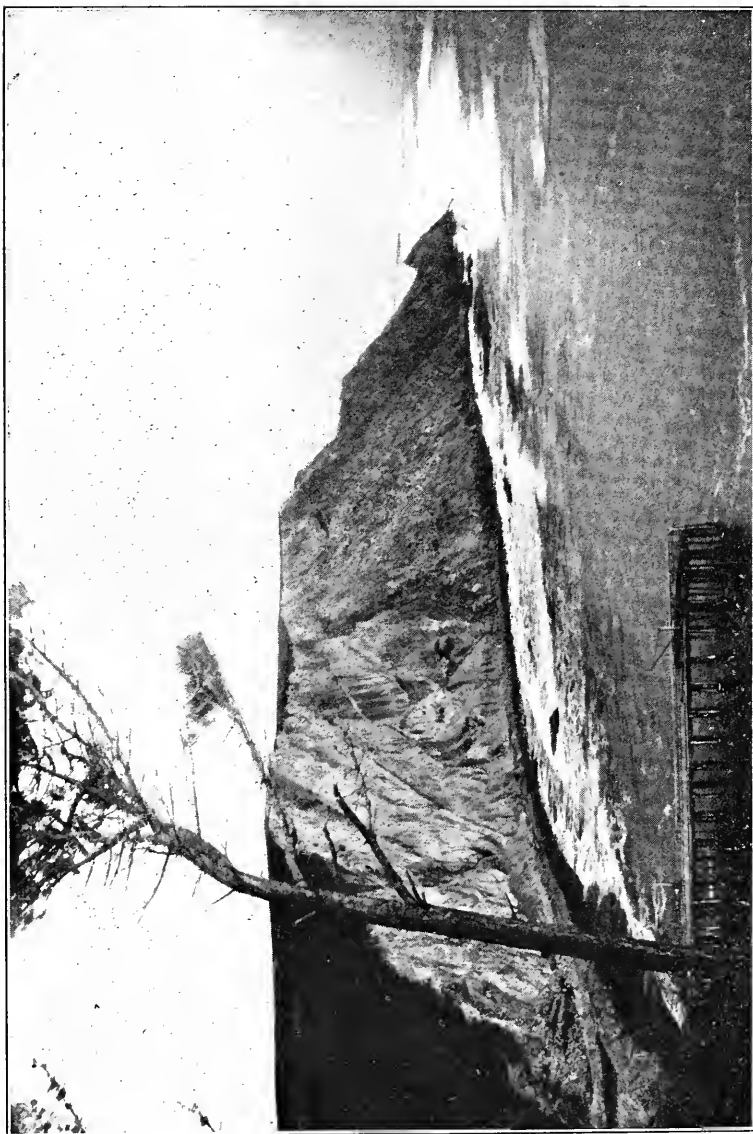
Mendocino Rich in Minerals

It has been declared after an expert estimate, that the coal in the coal deposits on the Middle Eel river, could not be exhausted in a century by daily trips on a two track railway.



[Courtesy Fort Bragg Advocate]

New Store of The Union Lumber Company, Fort Bragg, Cal.



Harbor of Point Arena, Mendocino County.

Copper, gold, manganese, cinna-
bar and limestone are also found.
Petroleum has been struck at sev-
eral places, and near Point Arena a
pump is in operation. Other mineral
products are \$9,000 worth of miner-
al waters a year, 150,000 brick and
3000 tons of macadam.

The Coast Towns

Fort Bragg, which the United
States census gave 2,408 inhabitants
in 1910, is now a city of more than
3,000, is the county's largest town.
With two harbors, it is 120 miles
north of San Francisco, and is
an important railroad terminus. The
lumber industry alone gives it an in-
come of \$1,000,000 a year. Point
Arena (population 497), is the chief
town to the south. Mendocino (popu-
lation 1,200), lies between them. This
town has one of the best harbors on
the Pacific Coast.

Other coast towns are Gualala,
Greenwood (postoffice name Elk), Al-
bion, Caspar, Ten Mile River, West-
port, Hardy Creek and Bear Harbor.

The Valley Towns.

Ukiah Valley, in the southeast part
of the county, has 12,000 acres, this
being the most thickly settled por-
tion of the county. Ukiah (popu-
lation 2,136, altitude 635), is located
here, is the county seat and is a
lively city with gas, electricity, pav-
ed streets and sidewalks and all mod-
ern improvements. It has three
banks; three newspapers and as
many schools, seven churches, a pub-
lic library and a farmers' Club. Here
are a cannery, flour mills, two plan-
ing mills and a box factory.

One of the six International Lat-
itude Observatories in the world is
at Ukiah. The main purpose of the ob-
servatory is to measure the varia-
tions in position of the North Pole.
From the Fish Hatchery conducted
at Ukiah by the California State
Fish Commission, between 1,000,
000 and 1,500,000 trout are sent

yearly to stock local waters.

Potter Valley, about twenty miles
northeast of Ukiah, is the third larg-
est valley, having about 8,000 acres.
Climatic conditions and richness of
soil are much the same as at Ukiah.
Pomo, in this valley, has a flour
mill. Potter is the principal town
(population 576, altitude 975).

Willits, the youngest town, (popu-
lation 1,153, altitude 1,364), is in Lit-
tle Lake Valley, with 12,000 acres,
which has received 500 settlers in the
last two or three years. The town is
the junction of two rail lines one un-
der construction, and is to be a di-
vision point.

Hopland (population 1,000, alti-
tude 487) is in Sanel valley, in the
south, with 7,500 acres. This is a
thriving town; in 1910 it shipped
eighteen carloads of pears alone,
worth \$30 to \$42.50 a ton.

Anderson Valley, eighteen miles
long, with 7,000 acres, has for its
chief town Boonville (population
550, altitude, 525), and also holds
Philo, Wendling, Christine and
Yorkville. Wonderful apples are its
chief product.

Sherwood is in Sherwood Valley,
1,000 acres, ten miles north of Wil-
lits. Laytonville (population 375, is
fifteen miles further north.

Round Valley, the largest, with
25,000 acres, is in the northeast. It
has an artesian belt. Covelo (popu-
lation 250, altitude 1,250) is the
chief town. The new railroad to Eu-
reka when completed, will be but
twelve miles distant.

Calpella, six miles north of Ukiah
is in Redwood Valley, which has
1,500 acres.

Other rich regions are Long Valley
8,000 acres; Coyote Valley, north of
Ukiah, Comptche. Jackson Valley,
2,000 acres, west of Long Valley;
Eden Valley, 3,000 acres, south of
Covelo, and Walker Valley, near Red-
wood. There are besides many
smaller valleys and coves.

Have You Discovered Fort Bragg?

Article and Photographs by W. T. Fitch, Fort Bragg.

"Facts! said Mr. Gradgrind, 'Let us have facts!'"

Listen: This is "OLD OPPORTUNITY" speaking of FORT BRAGG, and he states that a real, live city (as you may see by our illustrations) with a population of 3200, and with both Railroad and Steamship communication with the outside world, makes her bow to you once more. Just glance at our chart, and get interested at once.

Climate

Rainfall, 36 inches.

Lowest average temperature, 46 degrees.

Highest average, 67 degrees.

No frost until about Dec. 8th, and latest frost about Feb. 4th (average).

Suffice it further to state that we have only one undertaker, and he has a dreadfully hard time paying his debts.

Moral Influences

Nearly all churches are very substantially represented. (See our illustrations for sample.)

Our Clergymen are progressive, and the safe-guarding of the young is a work given much attention.



Financial

Two well-equipped and in every way modern BANKS give you every facility for the easy and quick transaction of business.

Permanence

The mills of the UNION LUMBER COMPANY are located here, with a payroll of \$150,000 per month, and sawing 300,000 feet of lumber per day. Planing mills and tank factory in connection.

Farming, Dairying, Stock-raising and Fruit growing, with the accent on APPLES. Mendocino county is "THE NATURAL HOME OF THE APPLE." (Prof. Hilgard, U. of C.)

"Ft. Bragg is the KEY TO THE COAST, and has a big future."—D. F. Curley, Traveller and writer.

Public Conveniences and Utilities

An effective Water Works system, supplemented by a special system of SALT WATER mains for fire protection.

A large and well-equipped ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT supplies the Coast with this modern advantage, and is constantly expanding.

Prospects

A vast acreage of the most fertile land in the world assures us of a prosperous future. Ft. Bragg is, and has been, quoted as "GILT EDGED" financially, and her future looms large. That is what we wish to emphasize—our future.



A Road Through the Redwoods.

Educational Facilities

Three Grammar Schools.

One High School.

A fine, new Public Library.

Automobiles are usually an index of the financial condition of a community, and we know of no city of its size which can show such progress in this line. We have two large, fire-proof GARAGES, with all up-to-date equipment.

We have a large installation of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the largest number of phones of any town of its size. This is another indication of prosperity.

An adequate Sewerage System.

A \$50,000 DEPARTMENT STORE,

something you do not usually see in cities of this size.

In other words, see our illustrations. Study them carefully, and then see our town and country. If you put your money in banks, they may fail; if you hide it in a hollow tree, you may forget where the tree is; but a FARM, or CITY PROPERTY in a rapidly growing community, cannot well be mislaid.

(Cut out this page and put it in your pocket book.)

WE SELL THE EARTH

IN TRACTS OF

CITY AND COUNTRY PROPERTY

To Suit the Purchaser

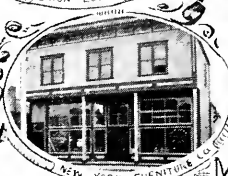
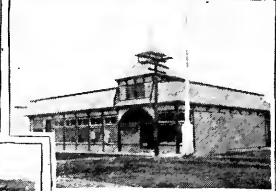
See Us IF	{	You Want to Buy	}	Cut-over Lands a Specialty
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		You Want Fire Ins.		

JOHNSTON & BERRYHILL

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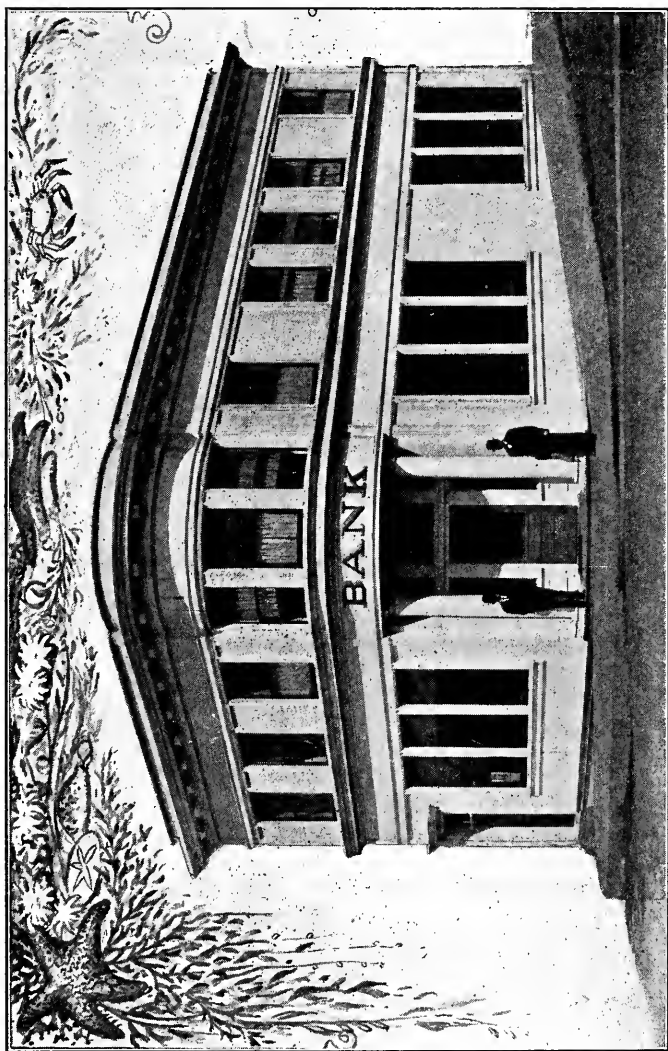
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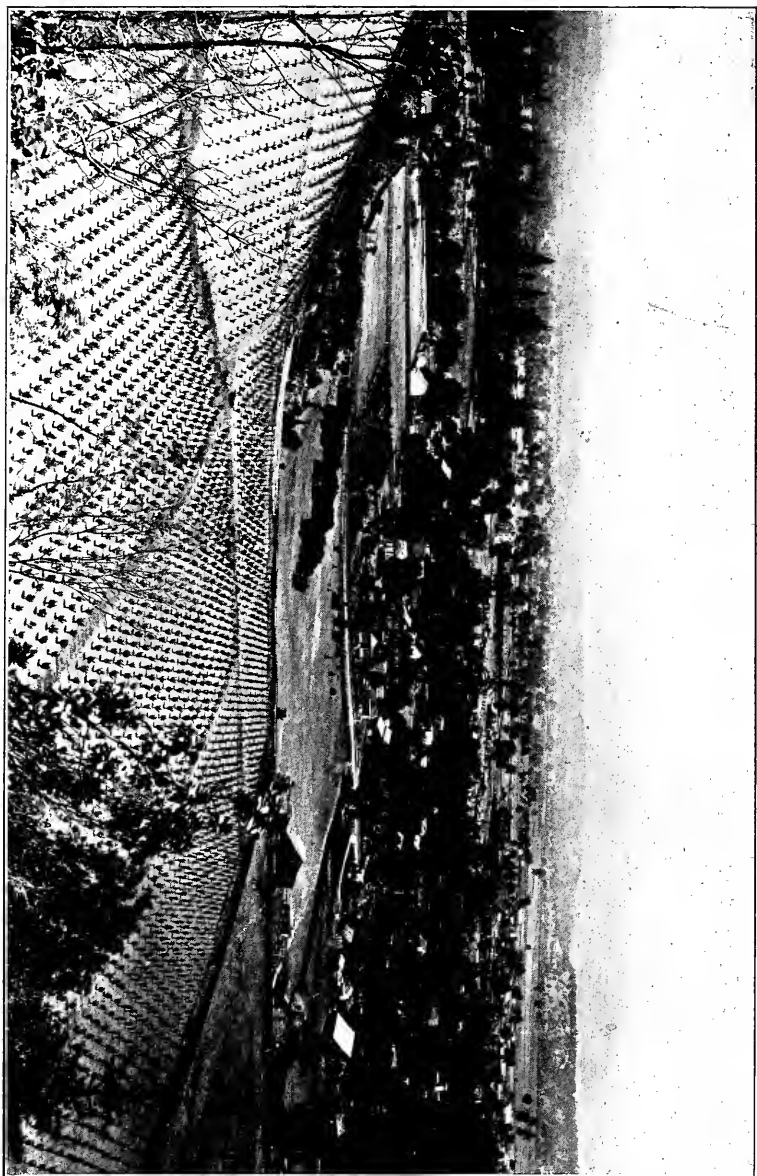


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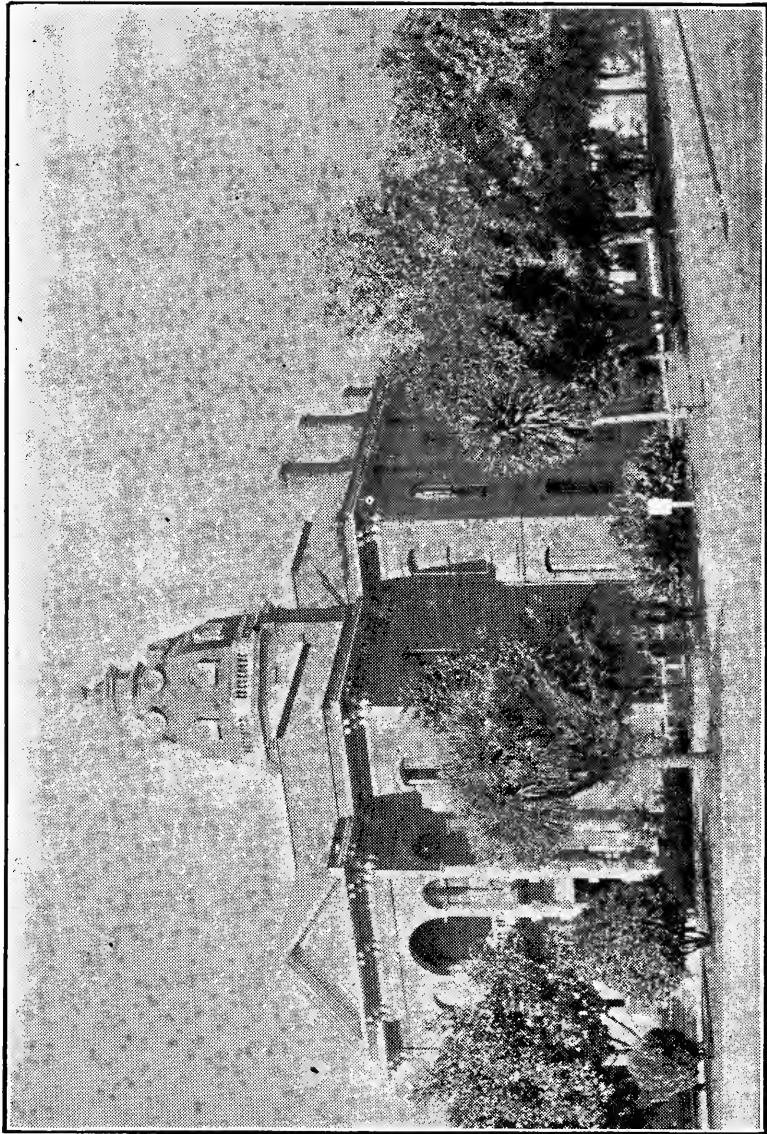
PHOTOS BY
 FITCH FORT BRAGG, CALIF.



Bank of Commerce, Mendocino



Gobbi's Vineyard, and View of Ukiah



[Courtesy Ukiah Times]

Mendocino County Court House, Ukiah

Ukiah....

Past and Present

Ukiah the County seat of Mendocino County has a population of 2136 in the city limits, and that of the township is given as 5141.

It is located centrally in the Ukiah valley, on the line of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, 112 miles north of San Francisco.

It has a primary, Grammar and High School, all beautifully located in modern buildings, of attractive architecture.

Churches of many denominations are among the substantial and ornamental improvements—notably the Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, North and South Methodist, Baptist, Christian and Seven Day Advent.

It has three banks, all housed in modern and convenient quarters.

Bank of Ukiah

This institution is the largest banking concern in the county and despite the fact that many banks have been established in the county in the past few years it still holds the business of its old patrons. The year has been a prosperous one for them and in addition to \$15,000 paid in dividends to its stock holders, \$5,000 was carried to the reserve fund January first.

The articles of incorporation were filed January 6th, 1874, and certificates of incorporation issued January 10th, 1874. The bank is nearly 40 years old, and it was the money

of John S. Reed, and the brains and legal intelligence of Thos. B. Bond, that made its organization possible at that early day. The bank of Santa Rosa had a branch establishment in Ukiah, on the site of the present bank. It was upon the suggestion of Thos. B. Bond, that the property and business was purchased from the Santa Rosa bank, for the sum of \$15,000.

A. F. Redemeyer was the first, Thos. B. Bond, the second, and John S. Reed the third president of the new bank.

Its first Board of Directors were: J. G. Busch, John E. Chalfant and J. P. Hoffman. For many years John S. Reed and A. F. Redemeyer were the principal stockholders.

H. T. Hopper is now president of the Bank of Ukiah, and the following its Board of Directors: F. C. Albertson, J. A. Redemeyer, F. C. Handy, W. H. Gibson.

Not only did the money of John S. Reed figure largely in the founding of the Bank of Ukiah, but his coming into the community with a cash capital approximating \$200,000, gave inspiration and impetus to many public improvements. He furnished the \$15,000 that built the Grand Hotel, now the Cecille, and built and owned for many years Reed's Hall the only fully equipped theatre Ukiah has ever possessed.

He donated largely to the Convent

of the Sacred Heart, giving at one time a gift of \$2,000. And loaned the local Lodge of Masons the \$2,000 necessary to the completion of their Hall. In fact Ukiah owes to the capital and public spirit of John S. Reed, its first local bank, its first real hotel, Convent school, its first Theatre and its permanent organization as a city. In 1873, when he came to Ukiah the pigs wallowed in the Court House yard, and the predatory calves destroyed the flower gardens of the few who possessed them.

Trustees, T. L. Carothers, J. S. Reed, W. H. Force, G. B. Mathers and Sam Orr. Assessor and Marshall, A. O. Carpenter. Poundmaster, H. J. Ward.

Ukiah has three good newspapers, the "Dispatch-Democrat," the "Republican Press," and the "Ukiah Times," an Express Office, a Telephone and Telegraph system, a canery, a tannery, a gas plant, a sewer system, a Farmer's Club, a flour mill, a Public Library, a Creamery and a Merchant's Association.



Interior of Reed's Hall, Morning of the Banquet Given by the Donohue Rail Road Right of Way Committee, Feb. 20, 1889.

Ukiah's first incorporation bubble broke when in May 1874 the original board refused to act longer, and the new board refused to qualify.

Mr. Reed, assisted by a few other public spirited people, never ceased agitation until by act of the Legislature the city was re-incorporated in 1876.

The Hon. R. McGarvey drafted the measure and introduced it at Sacramento.

The board, under the incorporation were:

It is the best lighted city in Northern California, and owns its own electric and power system.

It has an abundance of pure water.

Its streets, once celebrated as the worst in California, are now among the best, as the principal ones are bitumenized.

Mendocino State Hospital

The State Hospital for the Insane, built about 24 years ago, is situated three miles away, with wonderfully beautiful surroundings, a large force

of efficient officers and attendants, and an immense payroll.

Its first board of managers were: Archibald Yell, President; E. W. King, T. L. Carothers, C. O'Connor and J. B. Wright, Directors.

It has always been under the best management, free from scandal and as a public institution is a credit to the State of California.

Exports

Hops, grapes, wine wool, livestock, and fruits are annually exported from Ukiah. These products are of the highest quality, especially the Bartlett pears, which are the finest produced in the world.

Hop Festival

Fairs were the first markets of the world. They are the object lessons of the 20th century.

Local fairs and festivals are a fashion in California. Petaluma has her Poultry Show, Santa Rosa the Rose Carnival, Sebastopol and Mendocino their Apple Shows, Cloverdale her Citrus Fair, and Ukiah her Hop Festival, where people of this our world, and pilgrims from other lands and

places gather for a wonderful "Harvest-Home" and Autumn Festival.

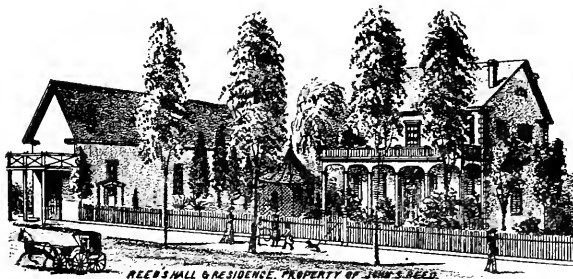
The Northern Crown Magazine

Ukiah has the distinction of being the place where THE "NORTHERN CROWN MAGAZINE" first saw the light of California's literary day.

In a little room in "Lawyers Row," in a long low-ceiled frame structure, that in early days housed the legal lights of Ukiah, in April 1904, the first number appeared, of the periodical that is fast becoming of the greatest importance to Northern California. With a large and increasing circulation, it is the only publication of Northern California classed with the highest literature of the State.

There it has taken its place and is not second, even in illustration, to the "Sunset" and "Overland."

Ukiah, past and present would fill more space than is here given, and its future, like the future of all of California's northern towns is assured for all time, as the development of the County, now rapidly increasing, means added exports, and wider interests until the world will make a beaten pathway to our doors.



REEDS HALL RESIDENCE, PROPERTY OF JOHN REED.

Empty Rooms

By Anna M. Reed

Our best beloved have journeyed on,
Through winter's snow, and summer blooms,
And left us only empty rooms.

Familiar nooks, and silent stairs,
With memories like faint perfumes,
Are haunted yet; in empty rooms.

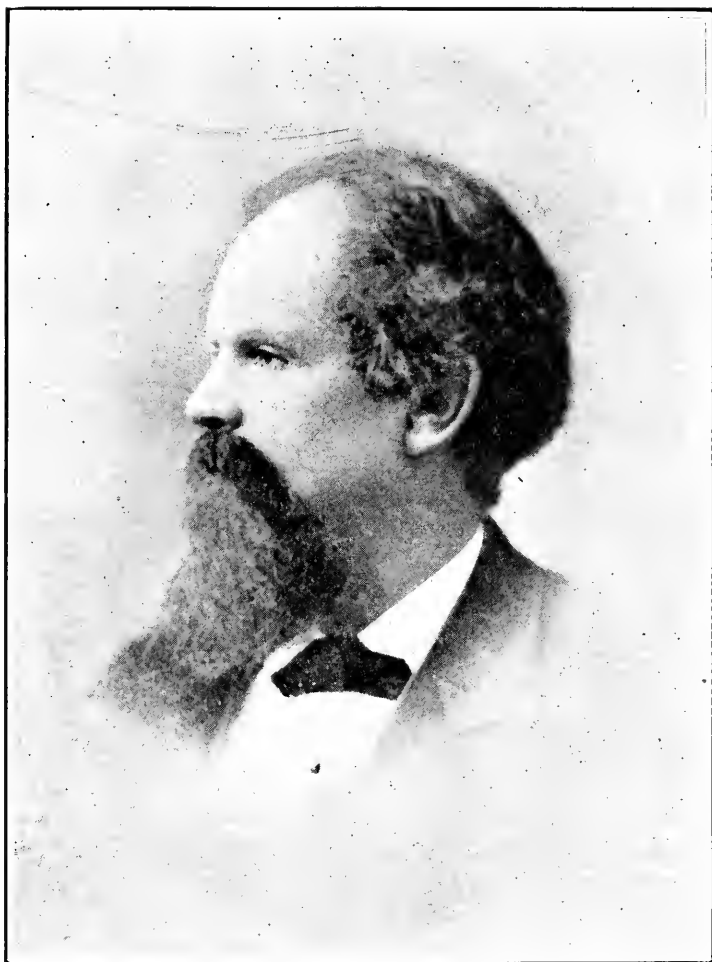
A pillow where some head has lain,
In recent hours of evening's gloom,
Lies dented by the dear imprint,
within the room.

A book once held in fragile hands,
Has fallen at the touch of doom,
Prone, in the silent, empty room.

A dainty gown across the couch,
A graceful outline still assumes,
But empty—as the empty rooms.

Time, cruel and relentless steals,
Remorselessly life's dearest boons,
And leaves us only empty rooms.

From W. P. C. P. A. Magazine.

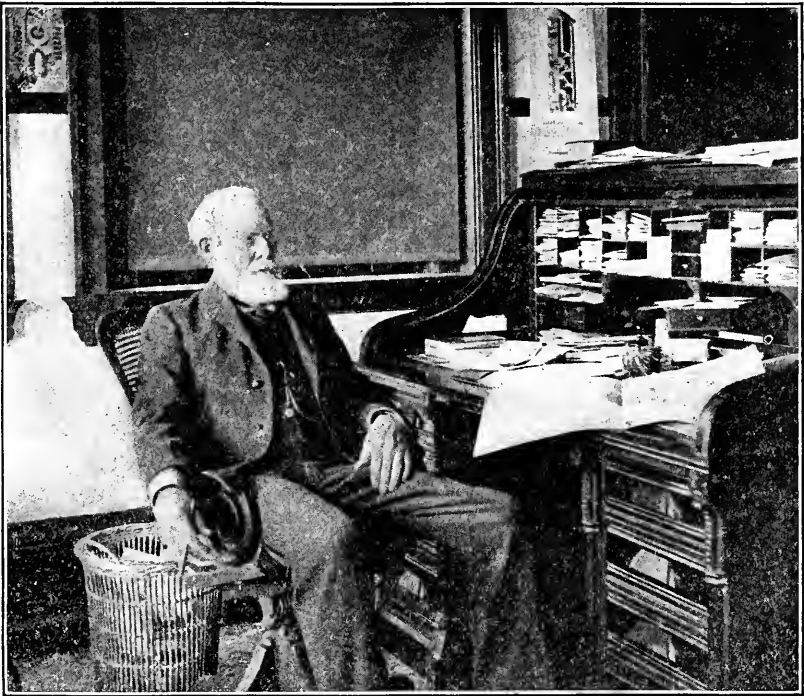


John S. Reed, Pioneer Banker and Capitalist of Ukiah.

From An Optimist

I am an optimist, and believe that whatever comes into our lives we should so handle it as to make it rebound to our benefit. This seems hard sometimes, but I am persuaded that no matter what may happen to us, if we receive it with the proper spirit, and do not lose our heads or courage, and meet the conditions,

the hardest trials I have had to bear (some of them persistent, and, one might say, crushing) have made me stronger, more determined and capable of doing better work. We all have had teachers without number, precepts, admonitions and thou-shalt-nots galore, but about the only teacher men heed is experience, and, then-



Dr. E. W. King, Medical Superintendent of Ukiah State Hospital for the Insane,
for More than Twenty Years

whatever they may be, with a determination to get something from them that will be of benefit to us in some way, if not financially, then to our moral, spiritual, or intellectual status, we will succeed.

In my own experience I know that

only after they have had hard knocks.

We all learn finally that violation of law in the physical, moral, or intellectual world always brings its own penalty, and from this court

there is no appeal. What seems to

he most important is the fact that no one can injure any one of us, intrinsically. Our enemies (and unfortunately most of us have them,) may injure our reputation in various ways; may take advantage of us financially or otherwise, but these things pertain to matters exterior to us as personalities. If the man perse is to be made better or worse, the individual himself must do it; no one can do it for him.

It seems that the Father, in the exercise of his Infinite wisdom and power, did not think it to be for the best interest of humanity to make man perfect. Had he done so, there would have been no incentive to action, and life would have been a dead level of ceaseless monotony, but he did make man with almost infinite possibilities and placed him in a universe absolutely under the control of immutable laws; gave him preceptive and reasoning faculties whereby he might become acquainted with his environments and the laws which govern the universe.

From what little reliable information that has come down to us of prehistoric man, he must have been rather a crude article and surrounded by crude conditions; an animal whose limited reasoning powers were constantly employed for self-protection, the acquisition of food and protection from the inclemency of the weather. These were imperative demands which he had to meet, or cease to exist. At this early age, the one who had the greatest amount of courage, strength and intelligence survived, while the weak invariably went to the wall.

Humanity is still in an inchoate condition, not only as a mass, but as individuals. However, the race is developing. There are more independent thinkers among the masses today than ever before, and he who says to the people now, "Thus saith

the Lord," must give his reason for the statement. People are fast arriving at the point where they no longer shut their eyes, open their mouths and swallow at the ipse dixit of any man. When a man dares to think and use his reason, regardless of tradition, or the teachings of tradition, when he realizes that God has given him reasoning faculties to use, and that upon their proper use depends his future welfare, he will have arisen to a height where he breathes a purer and more exhilarating atmosphere; where he can see clearer and is able to take things at first hand; where he can reason from a collection of ascertained facts, and not from tradition.

Facts show and science teaches that since the first appearance of man on earth, he has been steadily developing and unfolding. He is the flower of the entire vegetable and animal kingdom, and who can say what the fruit will be when eons of ages shall have matured it. Will it ever be matured? Will there ever come a time when man will have become so perfect that he can progress no further? I hope not. To cease to grow is to stagnate, and stagnation means death. Two parallel lines running out into space always seem to the eye to approach, but they never touch each other. So may it ever be with man. May he always approach perfection, but never reach it.

The mind of man cannot even conceive of a condition that is absolutely perfect. This condition belongs to God alone. We can and ought to continually approach that goal, but, although man is the same in essence as the Father, the difference in degree is infinite. So, although each day brings us nearer to Him, and more like Him, there will still be an infinity of time and condition beyond. The finite can never attain the infinite.—E. W. KING.

Mission San Francisco, Solano de Souvina.

By ALFRED J. PUCKETT

Near the steel-ribbed railway track,
We can see the Spanish Mission,
While our thoughts go reaching back
To its former changed condition.

Reaching back unto the days,
When, before its altars kneeling,
First the padres' hymns of praise,
Filled its breadth from base to ceiling,

Here a richer prize was sought
Than in treasure holding places,
By the arts and wisdom taught
To the dusky Indian races.

We can brightly paint the time
Sacred to our freemade nation,
When in this far Western clime
First the padres preached salvation.

Growing stronger with the years
Spread the truth they propagated,
Christians, heroes, pioneers,
Noblemen as God created.

Breathing through the mighty West
Comes the echo of their voices,
While the land their labors blest
With its happy thrift rejoices.

Though there floats no sacred strains
From this fabric that they founded,
ed,

Now in nearer, grander fanes,
Hymns of praise are being sounded,
ed.

Wafted from the western seas,
Richly laden winds are sighing,

Through the vines and olive trees,
Listen to their soft notes dying.

Long exposed to sun and storm,
Long neglected, stained and blasted,
ed,

Ruin scars this fabric's form,
Many thrones it has outlasted.

Yet on this historic site
Joy commingles with our pity,
For around on street and height,
Smiles a lovely, thriving city.

There are ruder sounds than prayers
Than the solemn, sacred masses,
As o'er modern thoroughfares
Some transport of commerce passes.

Curious does this relic seem
After passing many stages,
Though the past is like a dream
That is buried by the ages.

Thus 'tis from the old and grand
Men's first learning is imparted:
Knowledge yet with guiding hand
Points to them from whence she started

Thus true valiant lives and deeds
Are and will be fondly cherished,
E'en when races and when creeds
Of the future shall have perished.

Thus this old historic shrine,
Where the light of truth ascended,
Ever down the years decline
With our country's fame is blended.

Communicated....

By Hugh K. McClelland.

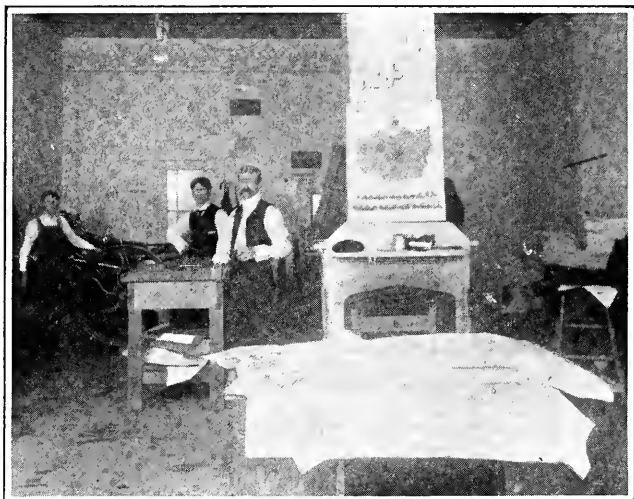
My attention has been directed to a pamphlet on money and currency by D. W. Ravenscroft of Petaluma, California.

Merit is sure to have its just reward, although long deferred. This thesis was published in 1911, and attracted much attention by law-makers and financiers throughout the nation at that time. Only of late, however, has the reflective and thinking public given it a place where it justly belongs as a master-piece on money and currency. The writer deals in no verbiage, and is clean-cut in his logic. To many, money and currency, as to definitions and deductions, does not appeal to an untrained mind, but only to the analytical and philosophical. The writer's premise and de-

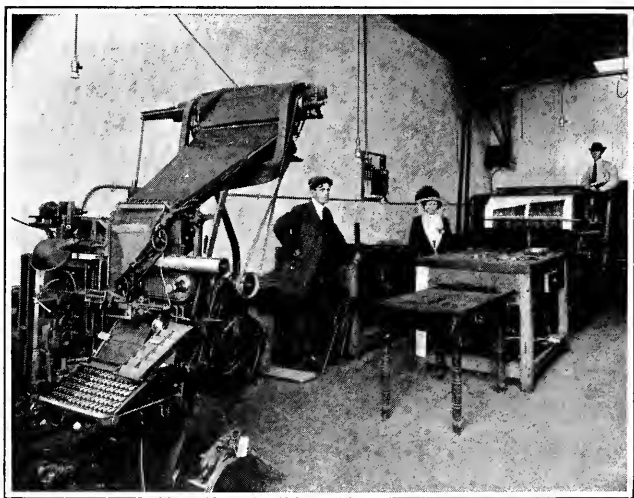
ductions are logical, and challenge the candid scrutiny of the reader in dealing with this much discussed subject. All advanced thinkers along the lines of finance had their day in the "lime light," yet most of them are now relegated to oblivion, owing to a lack of soundness of their propositions when submitted to the cold, scientific rules of reason. I will admit this subject of finance is somewhat elastic, and has many dips, spurs and angles, but the writer happily extricates himself from the maze and speculation in which previous writers on this theme leave us, and places before us a well built up system that seems well nigh incontrovertible.



Needle Rock, Coast of Mendocino.



First Home of "The Northern Crown Magazine," Ukiah,
California, 1904.



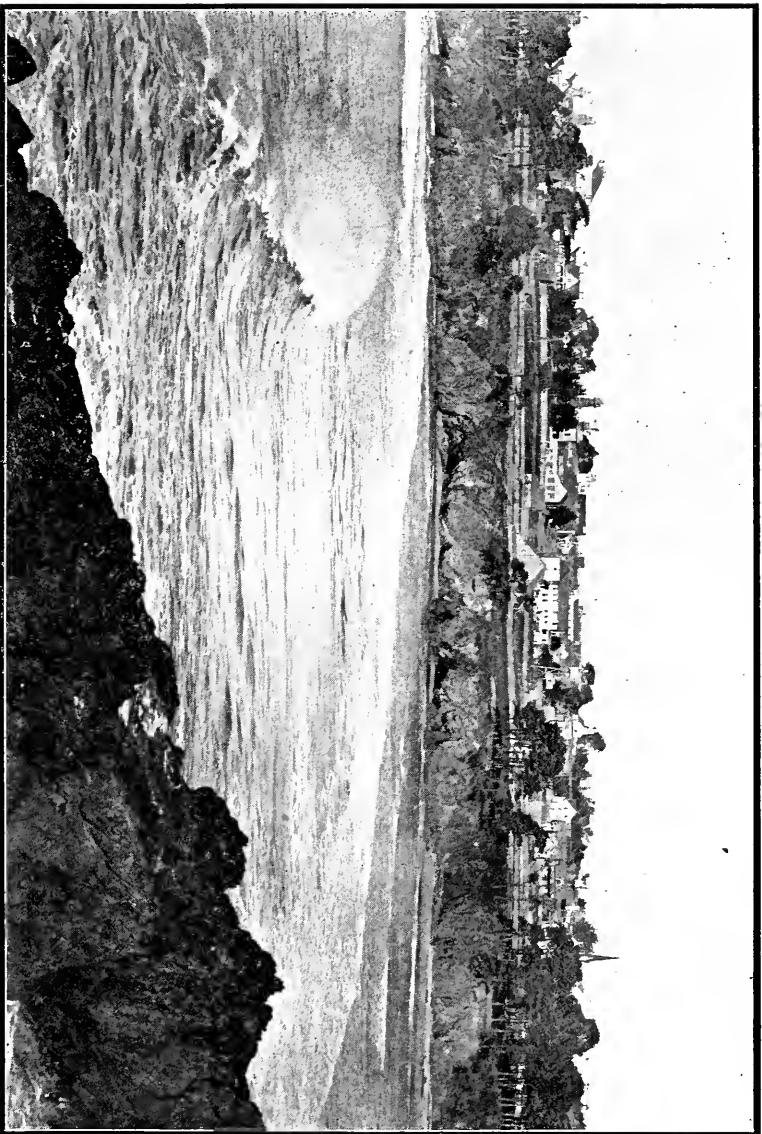
One Side of Present Home of "The Northern Crown Magazine,"
Petaluma, California, 1913.



The Late E. C. Williams. Pioneer Lumberman
of Mendocino, and His Lumber Yard in San
Francisco in 1851.

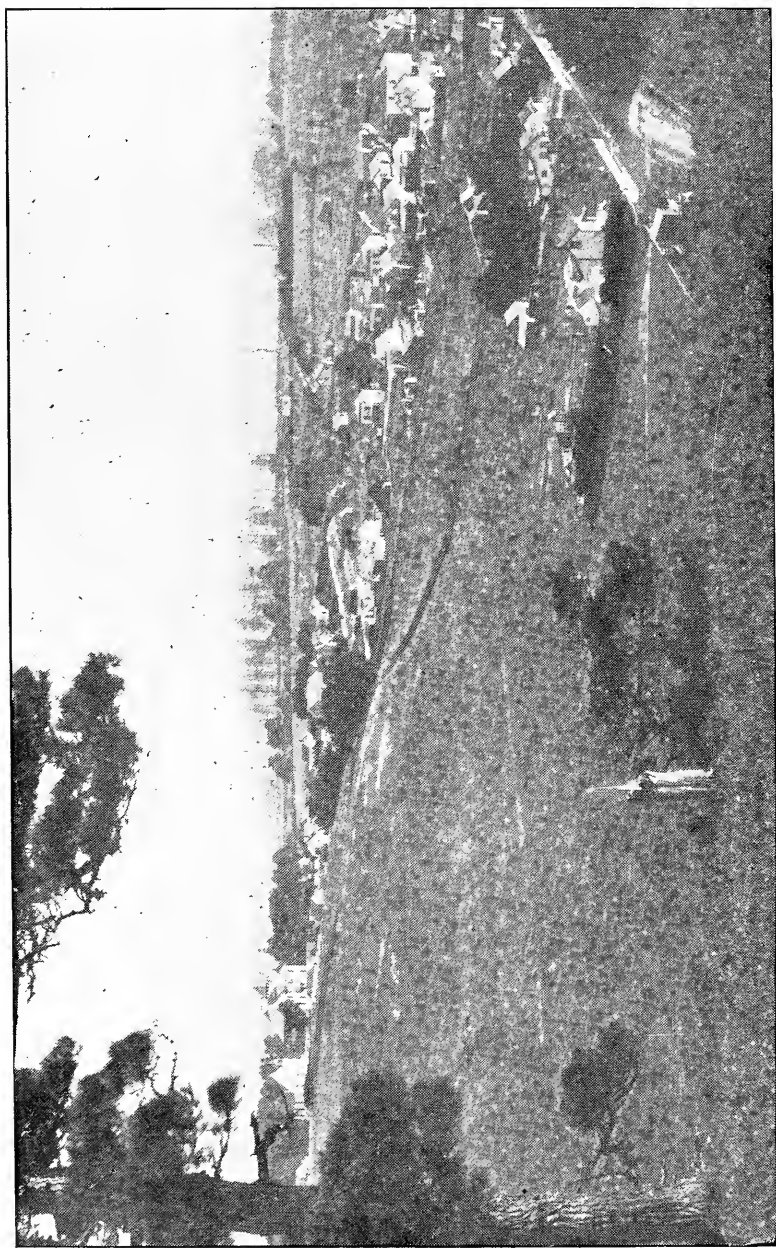


(Courtesy, Pioneer Western Lumberman.)

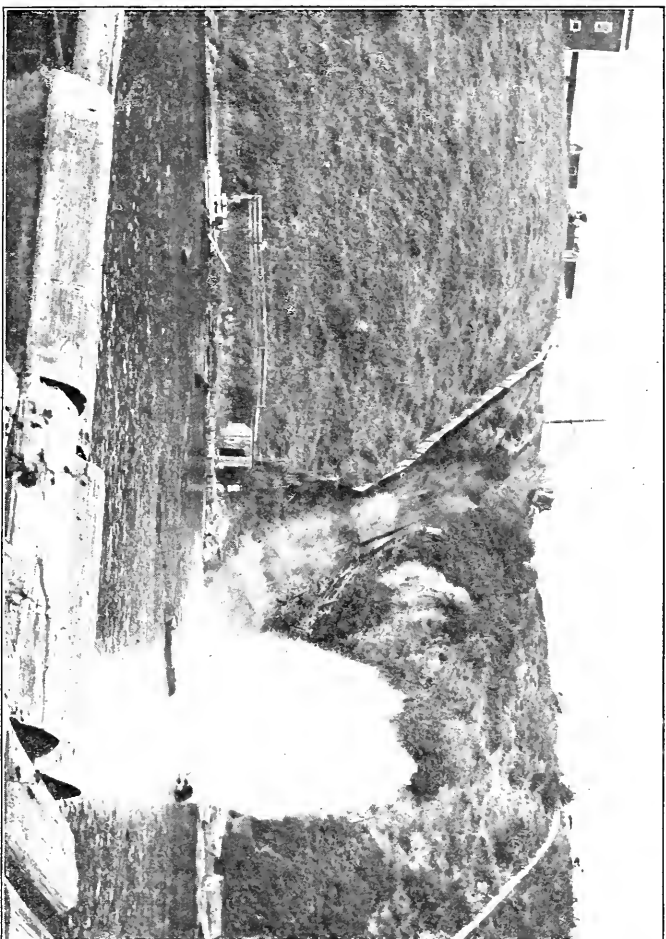


[Courtesy Mendocino Beacon]

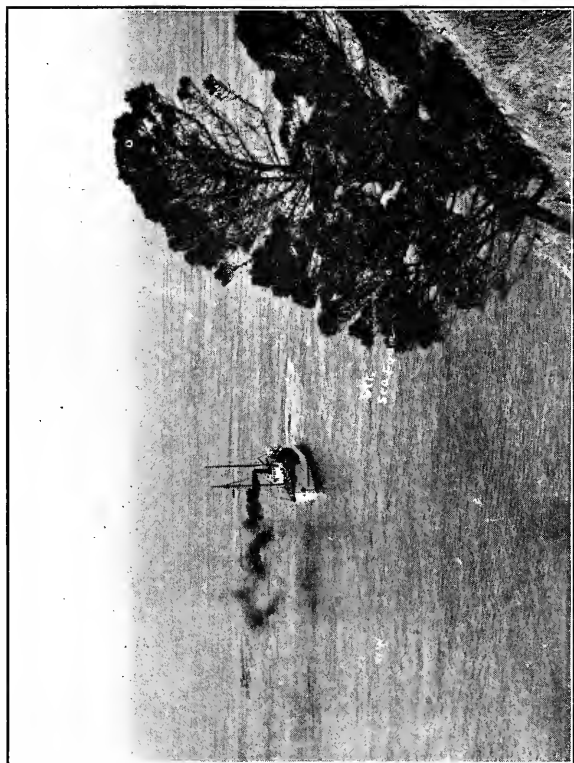
City of Mendocino



Distant View of the Town of Point Arena



Log Dump at Caspar



On the Coast of Mendocino.

...PEN PASTELS...

By LAURANCE ZENDA

(We have arranged to present in The Northern Crown, a series of short articles from the gifted pen of Laurance Zenda, a young California writer, whose literary and musical productions are receiving marked attention from those who have seen and heard them.—Ed.)

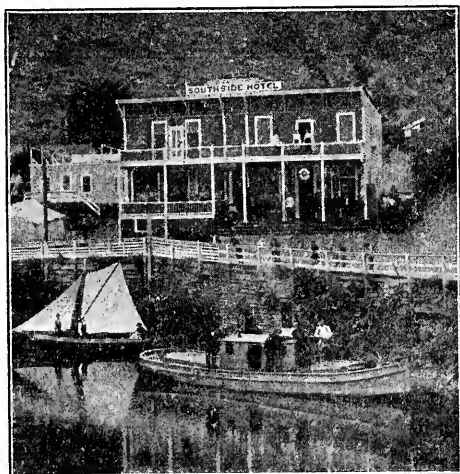
The Chalice of Thought.

In the region of Sorrow, somewhere in a life, a little Lake of Tears was made. A little girl's tears—honest little tears—until a woman's sobs completed it.

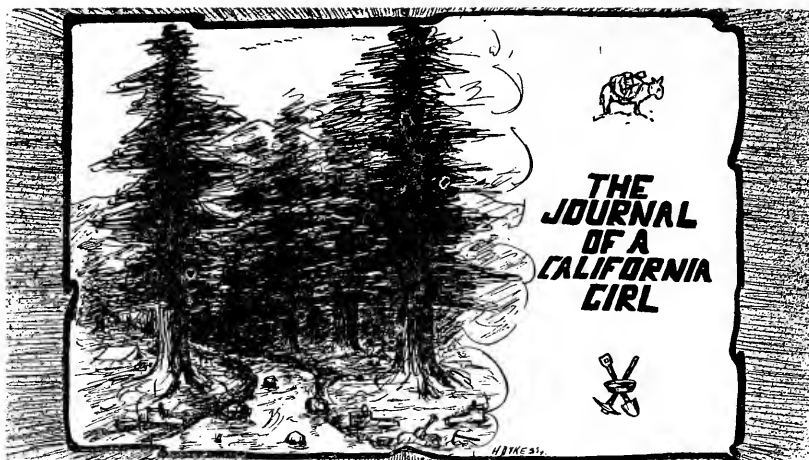
On its banks of loneliness stood an empty bench, where lovers should have been. A little path of life, leading up to it, showed plainly that someone had traveled it many times alone. But one beautiful day, guided by reason, and at the sound of a voice, a woman looked over this lake and felt suddenly fascinated—pure white water lilies rose to the sur-

face. In eagerness she gathered one—a perfect one—and looking into its heart, found that it was the Chalice of Thought. Holding it up to her fevered lips, she drank deep of its cooling influence. And now, in thought, when all is still, she gathers the white, white lilies in her hands, and empties her chalice of thought in devotion to you.

It is not the cup of joy perhaps, but all of her thoughts belong to you for you have looked across her Lake of Tears, and smiled.



Scene on the Albion River.



1917
FEB. 5.—Col. E. C. Judson arrived from San Francisco today. He is a relative of Mother's, a great novelist, and a correspondent of the "New York Weekly," and the "Waverly Magazine."

His coming has greatly cheered my mother, as she is quite proud of him.

I went to an entertainment to night with Mrs. Freer.

FEB. 6.—Attended a musical recital tonight at Union Hall, given by Geo. H. Edmunds the famous violinist. I was taken sick and had to come home, am afraid the malaria is getting hold of me.

There was a dance after the programme, but I could not stay. Received one letter.

FEB. 7. Sunday—Have not been well all day. Amy is sick also. The Colonel spent the afternoon with us, and is here again this evening.

He thinks that the folks should be moved out of this climate.

Will Stemple called today.

FEB. 8. Monday—All sick with colds, some with fever. Hope we will be better soon. Weather cold and cloudy.

FEB. 9.—Raining and cold. Amy is better. Jesse and Father about

the same. Colonel Judson has gone to Cherokee.

FEB. 10.—Rained all day.

FEB. 11.—Half the day clear, half stormy—sunshine and tears—all had chills today, except Eddie and myself.

FEB. 12.—Cold and cloudy all day. Went up town this afternoon. Received two letters.

Jesse about the same today.

Father and Amy very little better.

FEB. 13.—Received two papers from Fuller. Health of the family about the same.

FEB. 14.—Went to Wyandotte, attended Gem Lodge, I. O. G. T.

Col. Judson lectured after the meeting. met many old friends and schoolmates. Will likely go home tomorrow.

George Rutherford looks well, he was kind and friendly as ever. He is a pleasant, good, noble young fellow.

Hope good health will come to all my family with the return of mild weather.

I am tired of seeing them suffer with these wearisome chills.

FEB. 15.—Went back to Wyandotte this eve, stayed after the en-

tertainment to a dance. First time I have danced in three months. Had a pleasant time. George Rutherford was my partner.

He told me something nice. Danced with many old friends who were glad to see me, for it was the first time I had attended a dance in Wyandotte since our Good Templar party, given on the 18th of October, 1867, when I was going to school there.

FEB. 16.—Fair and bright today. Health of the family poor.

FEB. 17.—Weather fine as spring. No letters. Mrs. Riley called this evening. Mother quite sick, Father but little better.

FEB. 18.—Still clear and warm. Mother very sick today. Father better. No letters. It seems that every one should be well this beautiful day, a day sweet as a dream, calm as the summer of life—mild as the smile of prosperity.

I am well, and able to enjoy the blessings such days afford. Oh! I must take my people away. God grant they may soon regain their health.

Mother has been so sick today, that I am uneasy about her. She is very sick—but I trust she will yet live to see the day when I can render her comfortable.

FEB. 19.—Weather clear and bright. Mother very sick. Received two letters today. One from Lee. I am too tired to write.

FEB. 20.—Foggy and chilly. Mother better.

Was up town today on an errand. Met Nath Wood and Mr. Gould—first time I have seen Nath since his marriage.

He is kind and gentlemanly as ever—poor fellow, I wonder if he is happy. He always liked my company. Well, he is married and all that—I regret nothing, and wish him health and prosperity. He loved me and asked me to marry him, but that is with the past—love was not for me, and is not yet, for I have other work to do.

FEB. 21.—Clear and warm. Mr. Ury called today. We attended a lecture in Temperance Hall, in the evening. I am tired and sleepy, cannot write.

FEB. 22.—Clear and mild today. Mother much better.

I went up and bid Mrs. Rielly Goodby. She has gone away to San Francisco. Dear, good woman, may God bless her, she is a true Christian never can I forget her kindness to me and mine, when my little brother died. I walked over the old sweet haunts of dear old Dunham Farm. Stood once more under the willows—watched the water as it crossed the road by the reservoir. A thousand old longings came back—pleasure and pain—pleasure and pain.

One year ago tonight, Homer Craig took me to a party at Union Hall. They dance tonight at the St. Nicholas, but I will not be there.



The Fort Bragg and Willits Scenic Railroad

By ANNA M. REED

The most wonderful forty miles of Railway in California, and probably in America, is that which connects the City of Fort Bragg with Willits, Mendocino County. Not only is it a stupendous triumph of engineering, once pronounced by experts as impossible, but it traverses one of the most beautiful regions on earth, the Redwood Belt, which lies between the Coast Range Mountains and the sea.

For many years only trails penetrated this wonderful way, then broader highways, where by stage coach, travellers were conveyed over "break neck" grades at the risk of life and limb, but even then the indescribable beauty of the scenery, so compensated one, that the dangers were forgotten.

In places the present road is over the steepest grade found on any railway route.

Tunnels pierce the mountains, where grading was impossible, the first after leaving Fort Bragg is 1150 feet long, the second 840 feet. Pudding creek, a pretty stream, deserving a more euphonic name, is crossed four times by bridge and trestle. The Noyo river, with its picturesque turnings, makes necessary thirty crossings, by this winding track.

Land Reclaimed Along The Noyo

Eight years ago in a special edit-

ion of "The Northern Crown" we, with other writers, advocated the reclamation of the cut-over Redwood lands for the planting of fruit.

All along the line of this beautiful route land is being cleared, colonized and planted to orchards.

Beautiful homes in picturesque surroundings are springing up, materializing the vision of earlier years.

Great as has been the revenue from the production of lumber, the returns from the fruit on the Coast lands of Mendocino, will one day far exceed it.

We learn from reliable statistics, that at and near Watsonville, California, there are some 12,000 acres of apple orchard, bringing an annual income of \$2,500,000, more than the entire yearly revenue from all the lumbering plants on the Mendocino Coast.

The Northspur Summer Resort

A subsidiary company of the Union Lumber Company is making some very extensive improvements at Northspur, which is about half way between Fort Bragg and Willits, and one of the stations on the Fort Bragg Railroad.

In that vicinity is undoubtedly the finest climate in Mendocino county. It is protected from the harsh winds and fog of the coast by a low ridge of hills and there is seldom much frost in the winter time. The sum-

mer climate is ideal and some day it will be a great resort, even rivaling the famous Russian river resorts in Sonoma County.

This Company has a large tract of cut-over redwood land, but a few clusters of the choicest redwood trees have been allowed to stand for the benefit of future generations.

This tract is in the valley of the Noyo river, which never dries up, and the Union Lumber Company has stocked this river with trout.

They have a force of carpenters building a rustic hotel, the dining room of which will be 18 x 30 feet and it will have a four foot fireplace. The building will be surrounded by a 12 foot veranda.

Among other buildings will be a barn 38 x 50 with a bungalow finish, a four-room bungalow with shingle sides, and platforms for 12 tent houses which will be 12 x 14 feet. These tent houses will have shingle roofs.

This Company has also set out 200 acres in choice apple trees and now have 10,500 trees planted.

A few miles below Northspur, Cook and Scooffy are building themselves a private summer home. They have named their ranch "Noyo Lodge." They are erecting a \$7,000 building in old mission style, and will also have a large barn. Just above their ranch there are several very large springs, the water of which will be used first to generate electricity and then piped to their buildings. Mr. Scooffy is the San Francisco capitalist who helped to finance the Fort Bragg-Willits railroad.

On a day in early spring we first passed over the "California Western Railroad", well named, for it is the most Westerly Railroad in America for passenger traffic.

Running from the sea shore, through the Redwood timber belt, and the Coast Range mountains, to Willits forty miles away. Winding by waterways,, through tunnels, and looping many loops, until one looks down blood-curdling depths, to two and three tracks below, passed over but a few moments before, in the steady climb through the canyons.

For many miles the copper-brown boles of Redwoods made a columned way for the passing train, through fern-fringed steepes, where little mountain streams, replenished by recent rains, dashed, foaming over rocks and logs, through Hazel brush, and Huckelberry bushes, strung with white and pink blossoms, like pearls on fairy branches, until they laughed themselves away into the river below.

Here and there moss covered boulders draped with Lichen stood sentinel by the way, mute yet eloquent witnesses of some war of the elements long ages ago.

On this winding road, one may see a thousand green growing things, from the tiniest forest flower, to the giant trees and drink an atmosphere so pure and refreshing that it must be sampled to be realized.

To the world we say: "Come". And like the writer, feasting upon these wonders with every sense satisfied, you too will lapse into silence for the lack of words to fitly tell about them.



Mendocino County Product Fair *and* Festival

14 to 19 October 14 to 19

===== AT =====

Fort Bragg

The Queen City

Of California's

Richest Empire

Prepare ye now to journey over the Famous Noyo River Railway, through Redwood forest primeval, adown the brink of gushing, tumbling mountain waters, to the sunny, blue Pacific, its bluffs, its beaches, fertile farms and favored Jewel City.

Six Days Brim Full of Enjoyment

Come and see a Fair unique in this big new north coast kingdom, where Prosperity reigns, and where it rains Prosperity.

Fort Bragg, October, 14 - 19, 1913


Woman

By Rose Hartwick Thorpe

A type of the wondrous victor,
She stands on the ramparts today,
To herald the dawn, and the cere-
ments
Of her past are folded away.
She stands with the prophets and
sages;
She speaks, and her tongue is a
flame,
Leaping forth from the fires which
for ages
Have smouldered in silence and
shame.
Her feet have come up from the
valleys,
They are climbing the mountains
of light;
At her call the world rouses and
rallies,
Bearing arms in the battle for
right.
She treads on the serpent that
struggles
And grinds out its life 'neath her
heel;
She grapples with wrongs that have
crushed her,
Now turning her woes into weal.
Made strong through her slaughtered
affections,
She comes, with her sons by her
side,
An angel of power and protection,
Their beacon-light, leader and
guide.
No longer a timorous being,
To cringe and to cry 'neath the
rod,
But quick to divine, and far-seeing,
She hastens the purpose of God.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

“We quote the following from a bright little pamphlet of campaign articles by Dr. Hugh K. McClelland of Ukiah:

“Missouri stands in the family of States second to none, unless it be California.

Her climatic conditions and environment are well suited for the production of great things and great men.

In the pioneer days Missouri sent forth the men to conquer, who were by nature endowed with courage, fidelity, industry and all the qualities that go to building a staple government or state.

California owes much of her prosperity to these hardy men from Missouri.

That which obtains in a general sense can rightfully be applied in an individual.

So in making an application, Champ Clark stands out pre-eminent as the embodiment of all that goes to making a statesman full of courage, intelligence, kindly feeling and brotherly love.

Those who have kept in touch with his long and successful political career in the state and nation

have learned to love him.

Mr. Clark stands on a broad, altruistic basis, and knows only the eternal principles of right and justice.”

Dr. McClelland is one of our brightest writers on the topics of the day, and not only a writer, but a brilliant and eloquent speaker, and his able efforts in that direction have graced many important political campaigns.

The little pamphlet referred to offers a humorous solution to the Mexican problem, pays tribute to a great state and a great statesman,” and gives some fine political philosophies, takes up the Industrial Outlook, deals with the politics of Nations, and political evolution and the selfishness of American politics, and is calculated in every way to make its readers think.

It is a unique and able production.

An interesting letter from Dr. McClelland, in regard to the pamphlet on money and currency, issued some time ago by D. W. Ravenscroft, appears in this issue of “The Northern Crown.”

THE valued article on grapes by J. R. Banks will appear in our next number.

Serious illness in the family of Mr. Banks prevented him from preparing it in time for this issue.

MENDOCINO County in 1910 ranked among the 58 counties of California:—

Third in the value of wool and mohair produced, \$158,918.

Fourth in number of sheep, 129,770.

Seventh in number of bearing apple trees, 63,263.

Twelfth in number of swine, 22,069.

Twenty-sixth in milk product, 2,630,479 gallons.

Thirtieth in value of hay and forage crops, \$526,688.

Thirty-third in value of all crops, \$1,531,986.

Has as resources: 600,000 acres of redwood forests hardly touched with an axe.

Thousands of acres of land suitable for apples, grapes, plums, prunes and nut bearing trees.

A mountainous country particularly adapted to stock raising.

A promised article on the schools of Mendocino County failed to materialize in time for our special number.

We hope to present it later.

"THERE will one of these days, be discovered an active principle in the very simplicity of sincerity which will acquire a force from opposition and a polish from abuse, carrying knowledge, in its simplest, most engaging, and most practical forms, into the most obscure regions of error; and by which the enslaver's of the mind and the defrauder's of the body will be brought convicted and confessed delinquents to the bar of universal opinion."

THE business men, Chamber of Commerce, and citizens of Fort Bragg have formed themselves into a small army and are now working hand in hand to make the coming Mendocino County Product Fair and Festival the largest and best celebration that has ever been held in Mendocino. Committees have been appointed to look after each separate department of the work and all preliminary arrangements are fast being completed.

The publicity committee is going to have a fair and festival at Fort Bragg next October which will be an exceptional celebration and which will greatly benefit the town, county and the state. Advertising material in the shape of art "stickers" lithographed envelopes, etc., have been ordered and a general advertising campaign planned out which cannot fail to attain great publicity for the fair.

There will be two main exhibit tents where the wondrous resources of Mendocino county will be shown. Apples from the fertile coast orchards, grapes, hops, wines and innumerable other crops from the rich valley lands—potatoes, vegetables, grains, live-stock, forestry exhibits, from all of that great, rich county. Men from afar will come and recognize these evidences of great fertility and undeveloped resources. Educators, learned in things agricultural, will be there and will tell the uninitiated how a mixture of intellect and Mendocino county soil will accomplish wondrous things. It will be a great festival and a great stride forward in Mendocino county's march of progress. —Cloverdale Reveille.

The installment of the "Journal of A California Girl," in this issue should have been dated at Oroville 1869, and will be continued in our next number.

"ONE morning last summer I saw a great,, gorgeous Yellow Butterfly—a Butterfly so great, so gorgeous, so altogether miraculous that it almost broke my heart to think that it could live only a day.

'But short as a day may seem to you, a day is a full lifetime to the Butterfly,' argued the Philosophical Person close beside me.

Oh, yes, I know that. But this particular day, you see, was a rainy day. And the Yellow Butterfly's wings were so bedraggled with the weather—all around him—that he never got any—any chance at all to fly.

What about the Butterfly who lives only a day—and that day a rainy day?"—Eleanor Hallowell Abbott in "Everybody's"

Live Slowly.

By May S. Greenwood

"Live slowly if you would live long,"

A truth the ages gave.

Who races madly through his life,

Will swiftly reach the grave.

A fire that burns with tropic heat,

And flare, and glare, and spark,

Will soon die leaving in its stead,

The ashes! cold and dark.

"Live slowly if you would live long,"

Just stop and see Life smile,

See flowers bloom, hear brooklet's

song,

And life will seem worth while.

The

NORTHERN CROWN  PUBLISHING COMPANY

Petaluma, Sonoma Co. Cal.

The Northern Crown

AN APPRECIATION

I have read "The Later Poems," by Anna Morrison Reed with a great deal of pleasure. Were I to mention any special verse or poem I like best, I would mention them all. I believe much love and honor is due to the writer, as the verses are clean cut and strike the higher keys of the soul. Poetry to be enduring must be felt upon a higher than the earthly plane, must be the emanations of a soul released from the body. Emotions, volitions and euphony in the realm of poetry are unchained and find fruition beyond discord or inharmony upon the objective plane.

I am not a critic in art, but were I blessed with that capacity, no doubt my verdict would be: Art and soul are combined in the rendition of Mrs. Reed's latest poems.

Her life has been one of strenuous activity. Thousands of readers have felt a thrill of joy while reading many of her published poems and will carry with them far into the night and early dawn, vibrations set in action through the brain and pen of one of California's ablest writers of verse and prose.

—DR. HUGH K. McCLELLAND

"ONE morning last I saw a Butterfly. Oh, yes, I know that. But this par-
a great, gorgeous Butterfly. You see, it was a rainy day.
fly—a Butterfly. I saw it in the yellow Butterfly's wings
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it almost broke my heart to see it all around him—that he never
that it could live only a day. Any—any—any chance at all to fly.
But short as a day may be. What about the Butterfly who liv-
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CALIFORNIA

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ANNA MORRISON REED, EDITOR

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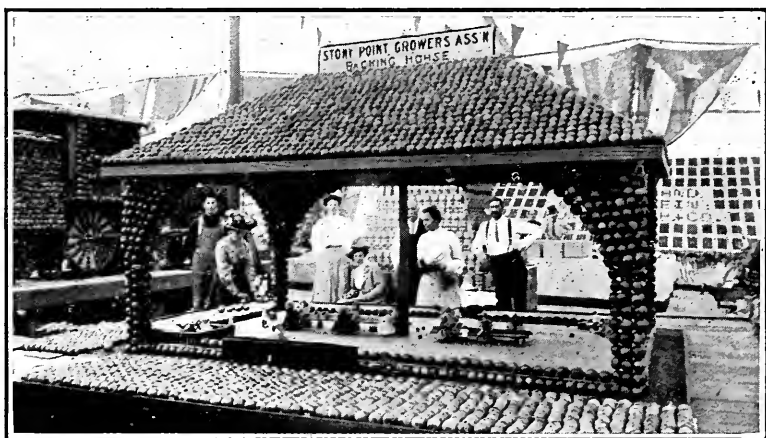


PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

Fourth Annual Gravenstein
....Apple Show....

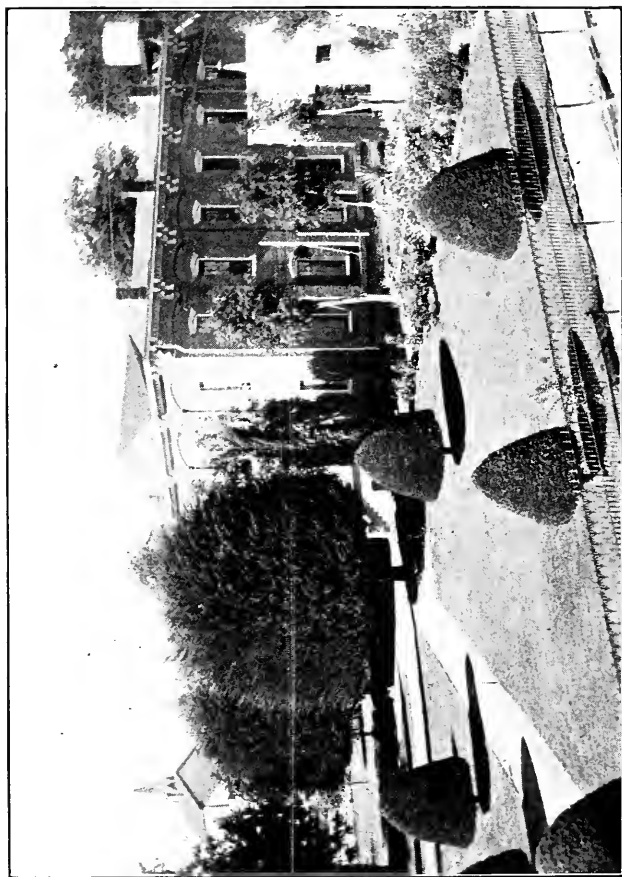


SEBASTOPOL

SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

August 1913

[18th to 23rd Inclusive]



COURT HOUSE, LAKEPORT, LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL V.

PETALUMA, CAL., JULY, 1913.

NO. 7

LAKE COUNTY

The Switzerland

Germany

And Garden of Eden

For

For

For

Scenery

Mineral Springs

Diversity of Crops

Of California

BY CHARLES MIFFLIN HAMMOND

Lake County, California is situated about a hundred miles in a slightly northeasterly direction from San Francisco, in the Mayacma ridge of the Coast Range Mountains, and is distant from the Pacific Ocean about forty miles in a direct line.

The county derives its name from the main lake, which has a superficial area of about eighty square miles, or about fifty thousand acres, with a shore line of some hundred miles, being twenty-five miles long and nine wide at the widest place.

There are also several other lakes within its confines, though these are mostly small with the exception of the Blue Lakes at the northwest corners of the county.

The main lake has an elevation

above the sea level of thirteen hundred feet, and is surrounded by mountains of various heights. The main ridge rising to a height of twelve hundred feet above its surface. Middletown at the southern end of the county is eighteen miles from Calistoga, the terminus of the Napa branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and this latter town is three hours from San Francisco by rail.

Going north from Middletown twenty-five miles, the town of Lower Lake is reached, it being two miles from the lower end of the lake, and running easterly is the best route for a State Highway, opening into the Sacramento valley.

To reach Lakeport in the most direct way, one must travel on the

line of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Pieta, which takes four hours from San Francisco by ferry and train, and thence travel by stage in the winter and auto in summer eleven miles to Highland Springs, and thence nine miles, turning off to the right a mile up the road to go four miles to Kelsyville, if that point is desired.

Lakeport may also be reached by going to Hopland, five miles beyond Pieta, though there are no public conveyances on the road at the present time. Or to reach Upper Lake one may continue on the train fifteen miles beyond Hopland to Ukiah, and there taking a stage direct, distance twenty-eight miles. And there is still another road running due west from Williams in the Sacramento Valley, but this is a trip of over sixty miles, and though it runs through the far-famed Bartlett Springs, there is no public conveyance to Upper Lake except for five months in the summer connecting with Lakeport across the lake.

At the present time there is no railroad into the county, all travel going by stage and auto, as has been indicated, and all freight by teams and trucks.

The fare from San Francisco to Lakeport is five dollars for a single trip, and nine dollars for a round trip, while rates of freight will average five dollars per ton the year round, being somewhat less to Midletown, and more to Upper Lake.

The lake is very irregular in shape, but roughly speaking may be considered a huge oval with large, broad plains retreating from its shores, in some places, and in others, the hills descending abruptly into its waters with valleys running back into the hills in all directions from these plains.

It is undoubtedly a fact that at one

time in the pre-historic past this lake was the crater of a volcano, indications of which are seen plentifully on the hills surrounding it.

For the most part they are of a red soil and covered with chemise and chapparel. This soil varies from patches of the finest material to heavy clay and soft rocks with comparatively few springs, so that its ultimate use will be for raising sheep or goats, or for orchards and vineyards.

But it is a different story with the valleys. They have been filled with the wash and sediment from the hills, and for the most part contain the very finest kind of soil, suited and adapted for almost any kind of crops. and with plenty of good water a very few feet below the surface of the soil while in the Upper Lake districts, there is an abundance of artesian water, at a depth of seventy feet, which rises fifty above the surface.

Lake County has been very aptly called by many people, "The Switzerland of America," on account of its magnificent scenery, which must be seen to be fully appreciated, and it is hardly within the province of this article to describe it, but it is probably the first time the county has been called the "Germany of America." It is no misnomer in any sense of the word, when one can go but a few miles from one spring or set of springs before another is reached. These range from the purest mountain water, to the most complicated mineral springs, and it is doubtful if there is a disease which cannot be materially helped, if not cured, by the judicious use of these waters.

At all the best springs, there are good and ample hotels, which are open the year round, though the season is really during the summer months, with the water free to every one whether he be guest or traveller.

In several cases, notably at Bart-

lett's and Witter's the water direct from the springs is shipped in large quantities all over the country, while there is another, Bynum Springs, situated but a few miles from Lakeport, which is destined to become famous, and is now being bottled and put upon the market with a constantly increasing use every year.

In connection with some of the springs, there are mud baths, which are equal to any of the foreign baths as cures for rheumatism. And certainly there is no attempt to mislead in calling the county the "Garden of Eden" for productiveness and diversity of crops, for there is hardly anything known which will not grow here.

Unlike the various parts of the country in which specialties and only specialties may be grown, or like the southern part of the state, which is suitable only for the citrus and beet industries, settlers here may raise what suits each one best, of course, with due regard to the location, and more especially to the character of the soil.

Beginning with Middletown in the south end of the county, it may be said, that the chief industry there over and above the quicksilver mines which will be touched on later, is general farming, such as the raising of wheat, barley, oats, corn and potatoes, though it is a locality especially adapted to olives, as is evidenced by one flourishing and lucrative grove, where the finest kind of oil is made, and an excellent quality of olives pickled. Going thence to Lower Lake we find in addition to the general farming of other communities, that the raising of almonds, apples, prunes and grapes are the main special industries.

Proceeding to Kelseyville one comes to the great Bartlett pear and prune section of the county, and the acreage of each is being largely ex-

tended year by year.

Lakeport is next reached. This is the County Seat, and is the only town situated directly on the shore of the lake. As the hills come down close in the rear, it has only two sides to develop, the south being chiefly occupied by farms, though the soil is very similar to that around Kelseyville, while to the north is Scott's Valley, the home of the dairying interests, though pears, apples, prunes, and such crops as corn, potatoes, beets, etc., are raised in profusion.

Upper Lake at the junction of Batchelor Valley, Middle Creek and Clover Creek, may be termed another general farming section, though its largest industry is the raising of string beans for canning, of which some sixty thousand cases, each containing twenty-four quart cans, are put up and shipped out each year, the market taking all that can be supplied, and the output being regulated solely by the amount of labor which can be secured and by the capacity of the two packing establishments.

There are some favored localities where oranges and lemons can be grown, while the low, rolling, red lands are eminently adapted to the growth of wine grapes, there being no difficulty in having them attain a sugar percentage of twenty-six degrees; which makes them eagerly sought for by the wine makers in the lower and adjacent counties, though it would be better if they were all made into wine here, as it done in some cases. Walnuts also grow to perfection and rival the well known varieties of the southern part of the state.

The general conditions are adapted to the growth of all kinds of live stock. Hundreds of head of sheep, hogs and cattle being shipped out annually, besides those used for local consumption. Horses also do well, as all kinds of stock can be left out all

through the year.

At one time the county was the largest producer of quicksilver in the state, and this industry is still flourishing in some localities, but although many traces of copper and coal are to be found, it should not be considered a mining county. Situated as the county is, at such an elevation, and surrounded by its high ridge, the climate is exceedingly salubrious.

It is entirely exempt from the heavy, dry north winds, which at times sweep down through some of the larger valleys of the state, drying up the land and the crops, or shaking the fruit from the trees, while its altitude and distance from the coast make the summer fogs an utterly unknown quantity, and the cold wind, tempered by its travel over the forty intervening miles of country, arrives cool and refreshing after the heat of a midsummer's day.

As in all large sections of country there are greater extremes of heat and cold than those which happen to be on record, so there may be variations here, but one set of records, established in 1885, and kept continuously since, shows that the greatest maximum temperature during this period has been 111 degrees in the shade, and the lowest minimum 13 degrees, with an average annual mean of 57.50 degrees.

During the same period the greatest annual rainfall counting from September 1st, to September 1st, has been 42.45 inches, and the least 14.50 inches. With a mean of 28.12 inches.

Even in the so-called dry years crops have never been known to fail. The county is also comparatively free from the late spring frosts, except perhaps in some of the low valleys, and care is taken there to raise only such crops as are not damaged by them, or to plant them after all danger is over, which can be safely done owing to the wonderful fertility of

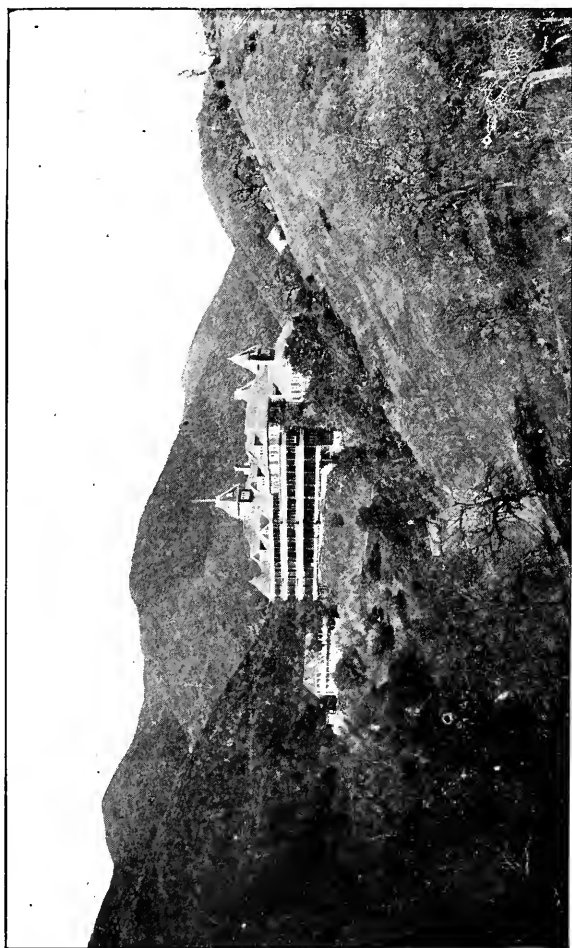
the soil, which insures good returns, even with late planting.

Timber of all kinds but principally yellow and sugar pine is plentiful in the mountains. From this it should not be inferred that such land is to be had for the asking, as naturally most of it is already owned, particularly that near the towns. The timber land generally is held at prices ranging from \$10 to \$15 per acre, and the rough lumber finds a ready sale at \$20 per 1,000 feet.

It is estimated at the present time there is used in the county for fruit and vegetable cases, alone, yearly one million feet of lumber, though most of this is shipped in, as the packers find it cheaper and simpler to have the cans come in the cases in which they are to be shipped, rather than have them come in crates and buy the cases here, as the long dusty trip by wagon necessitates extra washing of the cans, if the latter method is followed, but as the various industries grow and increase in number, it is confidently expected that it will not be long before it will be worth while to establish a factory here, and procure the cases from the local mills.

There is plenty of work during the season for all who are willing to work. The men naturally working in the fields and the women and children find lucrative and not wearying employment in the various packing establishments, and it may be said here in connection with the general discussion throughout the state and nation regarding the recently enacted anti-alien land bill, that the community has always resolutely frowned on the owning or leasing of lands by Orientals, or of their employment. And while there are a few Chinese who conduct laundries, there is but one Japanese in the whole county, and he is a house servant.

Large as the county is and sparsely settled in some sections, there are



WITTER SPRINGS, LAKE COUNTY, CAL.



schools in plenty, and so situated that those living furthest away from the school buildings have but a few miles to send their children. The forty school districts are generally well supplied with fairly good buildings. The sixteen comprising the northern part of the county maintain a high school of ninety-eight students, taught by an efficient faculty of five teachers. This school has been in existence for a period of twelve years, so is well established, is accredited by both the University of California and Stanford University, and stands well at the top of the list of similar institutions for its work in the school room and athletic field. Nor is the religious work of the community neglected, for in each of the towns is to be found from three to five churches with their various

affiliated societies, and it is believed that in the whole community at least one place of worship of every belief may be found.

Reference to the State Blue Book compiled by Secretary of State, Frank C. Jordan, shows that the total area of the county comprises 817,920 acres. And that in 1910, 217,461 acres were in farms valued at \$6,271,615, an increase in ten years of nearly eighty per cent. Of the farm area it is estimated that about 100,000 acres lie in the valleys and the low, undulating lands adjoining them, and that at least another 25,000 acres higher up are suitable for cultivation.

In the same year all crops were valued at \$517,796. Dairy products, \$37,420. Poultry, \$56,581. Wool and mohair, \$12,922. Animals slaughtered and sold \$162,985.

Lines on the Death of Thackeray

By an Anonymous Writer.

An Angel came by night, such Angels still come down,
And like a winter cloud passed over London Town
Along its quiet streets where woe had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a home where a Great Man lay asleep.

The man of all his time who knew the most of men,
The kindest head and heart, the sharpest, keenest pen
It paused beside his bed and whispered in his ear,
He never turned his head, but answered "I am Here."

Into the night he went, then came at morning tide,
Unto that Sacred place where the greatest dead abide
Where grand old Homer sits in Godlike state sublime,
Where broods in endless thought the "Awful Florentine"
Where sweet "Cervantes" walks a smile on his calm face
Where gossips quaint Montaigne the wisest of his race,
Where "Goethe" looks through all with that calm eye of his
Where nothing is seen but light the only Shakespeare is,
When the new spirit came they asked him gathering near
Art thou become like us? He answered I am "here."

Currency Reform

A System of Currency That Would Convert the National Debt into a Source of Income

By D. W. Ravenscroft

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In a recent issue of a paper published in the interest of banking one of the leading articles relative to the currency was headed "Business Public Must Demand Reform Before Congress Acts." The expression was quoted as from Carter Glass, chairman of the house committee on banking and currency, which committee is preparing a new currency bill to present to congress. This heading contains an element of truth; but the editor or the policy of the paper has compelled its bias. The word "business" should have been eliminated. "Public Must Demand Reform Before Congress Acts" would have been a better way of expressing an unprejudiced thought. The "business public" has been demanding and getting legislation for many years; but just now there is a higher demand upon congress. The demands of business are always for laws that favor business. The demands of the public are nearly always for laws that are honest. The bankers of the country have been calling for a revision of the money system of the country along scientific lines. The currency question is one that should be kept within the realms of exact science. It belongs to the science of mathematics. It is one of the branches of our department of metrology—of weights and measure—the measure of value. It cannot be treated under any other sci-

ence upon its abstract bearings. On the other hand business is not science, nor scientific; nor can it ever be. Business will always depend upon the individual capacity to furnish the products of the world according to the individual capacity to produce products, and according to the individual capacity to consume. Banking belongs to business; and it can never become a science—reducible to formula, and reproducible from those formulas—any more than labor or industry, which are also business in modified form.

Taking the currency question from the standpoint of law it is treated as a mathematical proposition in the national constitution. Coinage, weights and measures are classified in one paragraph, and in the opinion of this writer that paragraph contains the most vital and far-reaching principles of that wondrous document, whose spirit seems greater than wisdom. Under that clause congress has power to "fix the standard of weights and measures." But in relation to coinage the power is much more extensive—"to regulate the value thereof." The value of any thing in the markets of the world is gauged by its income-producing capacity. Its supply and demand regulates that income-producing value. At present the national banks of the country control the supply and demand in relation to the currency, and thus are they able to regulate its value. This control

of the currency volume by the national banks is exercised in conformity with personal judgment, directed by favor, and biased by the prospects of profit. This control amounts to a monopoly of the use of the tools for the measurement of value. No part of our department of metrology should ever be subject to monopolistic control or influence. The equal and exact administration of justice in the exercise of the currency-issuing function can be realized only when applied by mathematical law. Currency should be issued only in exact ratio to the demands for its use in commerce. It should be issued at the time its use is demanded. It should be issued in the exact place where it is needed. It should be issued to only the people who require it. These conditions are spontaneous, but natural. They should be met as they occur. The banker knows them no sooner than others. In fact, he cannot know them until they are called to his attention by others. The banker, like the newspaperman, cannot know of any occurrence until it is called to his attention. It is then his function to provide for it. Like the newspaperman again, he provides for it with an eye to his own profit. That is business, but it is not science.

The full free use of the national standards of measurement involves a vital principle of government, and interference with that full free use involves a vital principle of justice. The bankers have no more natural right to the control of the tool for the use of the measure of value than the hardware men have to the right to the control of the tool for the use of the measure of length, or the brewers have to the control of the tool for the use of the measure of capacity, or the grocers to control the use of the measure of weight. And this contention is supported not only by

logic in mathematics, but by law in the constitution. Currency is the public evidence of created credits. Equal and exact justice demands that the creator of credits should have control of the credits created. The creator is entitled to his creations. A delegation of this power to others without the will and consent of the creator is an abridgement of his natural rights.

—o—

Congress will soon begin work upon the reform of the currency. The reform of the currency should not mean simply a change, but it should mean a bettering change. We have had a change of the currency every few years recently. These changes have afforded us little relief.

The legislation to establish a just and honest system of currency need be neither extensive, difficult nor complicated. Two amendments to the postal savings depositary act would suffice. One should remove the limit upon deposits at the 2 per cent interest rate, and the other change should make the twenty-year 2 1-2 per cent government bonds or debentures redeemable upon demand in currency, with the forfeiture of fractional interest. Such provisions would involve no entanglements with banking laws, nor with laws now upon our statute books. The legislation would blend so easily and naturally with laws now in force with the new provisions that the old laws would be absorbed without the least disturbance of business.

National currency is the legal tender evidence of a public credit. When a person creates a product he produces a private credit, and he is entitled to the use or disposal of that credit or product. The creator being entitled to his creation, it is the duty of government to protect him in its enjoyment. He disposes of his pro-

duct for a legal tender evidence of the credit created, and brings the legal tender evidence of his created credit into his community. If there is no present use in his community for the investment or insurance of that evidence of public credit the government furnishes him an investment in the postal savings depositaries, taking the legal tender evidence out of circulation. When a demand does arise in his community for more currency—more legal tender evidences of credit—he reconverts his investment evidences of credit into legal tender evidences of credit, and relieves that demand. Every producing community will thus have available at all times all the evidences of credit for which it has created credits, and can use as many as is necessary to do the business of that community. Those evidences of credit (currency) which are not needed in that community will be absorbed by the postal savings depositaries, and retired from circulation, coming again into use when a new demand for their use arises. This is the only practical elasticity that can be characterized in the currency. This currency is not subject to the control of any individual nor set of individuals. This is not a method that can be modified for good or ill by any politician or set of politicians. Its exercise will not abuse the natural privileges of the banks; nor will it permit the organizations of the bankers to interfere with or exercise governmental functions. It will extend the usefulness of banks and of banking funds; for it will release the millions in the reserves, and scatter the reserves to every needing corner of commerce. For the banks will invest their reserves in the government debentures, convertible into cash upon demand, rather than centralize the reserves in New York, where they

have time and again proved their inaccessibility. It will put our measure of value upon a mathematical basis of scientific equality, and make its full free use a possibility to all the people, just as the full free use of the measure of length or weight is at present. It will expand the currency with the expansion of business in the localities where production is increasing; and it will contract the currency in the localities where the uses for currency are being curtailed. It answers every honest demand of every honest writer upon currency topics. Every dollar is of full gold measure upon its credit creation in that measure, just as it is today. There can be no inflation except upon the creation and surrender of an equal gold value, and a demand for the currency's use. It is fluid, flowing by surrender and reissue to and from every community. It is liquid, being convertible and reconvertible upon the pleasure of the holder into expansive circulation or contractive investment. It is sound, each dollar being based upon a created gold value unit, bearing the stamp and guarantee of authority, and the gregocratic promise of that authority to redeem upon demand in gold. It is safe, for each dollar in circulation is represented in a gold unit of value deposited with the government.

It is as nearly as possible indestructible, wasting nothing in abrasion or wear.

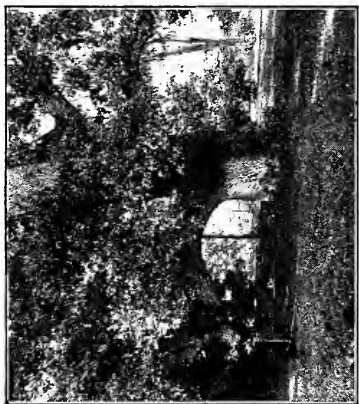
It is as easily cognizable as any currency, for all the currency would be uniform in size, in shape, in color, instead of being as our present currency is, in a hundred thousand varieties.

It is rational, following the lines of ordinary human reason.

It is natural, maintaining an even exchange of value for value, and by use through our decimal system be-



(Upper—View From Clear Lake Union High School)



(Lower—Lake County's Giant Oak)



ing in harmony with dactylonomic enumeration.

It is fair, representing at all times just what it is purporting to represent.

It is stable, retaining permanency in its representative capacity.

It is philosophical, with a standard based upon a natural element, capable of reduction to formula, and reproduction from that formula.

It is scientific, belonging to the department of mathematics, as do all our weights and measures, and may be comprehended easily by any one who has had even a rudimentary education.

It is constitutional following the fundamental law of the land in letter and spirit relative to the establishing of a standard, coining money, and regulating its value, in a way that can hardly be questioned.

It is logical, adjusting itself to conditions which now obtain, as it is capable of rectifying the faults of our present system by quickly and thoroughly displacing it by absorption, without disturbing business or rendering injustice to any one.

It is just, honest, equal and uniform, based upon the eternal principles of measure for measure.

It would furnish the greatest insurance to the producer of permanency to the value of his products.

It would furnish the greatest and most convenient investment market in the world, at the door of every producer.

It would furnish the greatest discount market in the world, located at every postoffice.

It would furnish the greatest and cheapest exchange market in the world. For by investment in a debenture, endorsement and surrender, money could be transferred from one side of the continent to the other, earning profit all the way; instead of costing fees, loss of time, necessity

of reserve deposits, and a disturbance of the local money market at both ends of its journey.

Instead of curtailing or abusing, or showing favoritism in banking privileges, it would extend, amplify and equalize those privileges. For every bank in the country would be a bank of issue and a bank of redemption, dependent upon no conditions but those existing locally. But it would remove the monopolistic control of the currency from the favored banks, and destroy that power entirely.

It would increase the power of the banks as banks, and discourage the speculative and manipulative tendencies of bankers.

It would restore to the government those natural functions of government involved in the currency-issuing prerogative, now monopolized by the banks, and it would denationalize the banks, relegating them to their natural and proper position as private business institutions.

It would furnish an elasticity to the currency that no other reform offers or can offer: for it provides for the automatic contraction and expansion of the currency as called for in actual trade, little or big, small or great.

A plethora of money to disturb investments or interest rates could never exist.

No concentrated demand for currency could ever take place, and a panic would be an impossibility.

It is not competition with banking, and contains no feature of proper banking. The only feature which it does contain that the few big bankers might object to are those relating to the money trust control of the currency, which are faults we all (except the big bankers) are attempting to relieve, and features which the big bankers are protesting do not exist.

This method of reform would put all business—manufacturing, labor, transportation, commerce, industry, enterprise, development, improvement—upon an equal footing, so far as the money market is concerned, and would relieve them from the embarrassing thralldom of a money monopoly.

It would establish a confidence that could be shaken only when the nation totters, removing the interdependence of individuals upon personal action, personal judgment, or personal ambition.

It would be claimed by the opponents of this new system that no new currency would be put in circulation. By investment and surrender only the currency now in use would be available. It would be amply safe for the government to invest 80 per cent of the total deposits in taking up its own bonds now outstanding, at the same or a higher rate of interest. But an investment of 25 per cent of the deposits would be sufficient to absorb all our present national debt within two years. For within two years the present government debt would all be reconverted into new currency. It is true the new currency would be a new debt; but it would be non-interest bearing. Instead of being a constant burden of expense upon the people, it would be a source of immense profit. After all outstanding bonds were redeemed the funds accumulated could sensibly, safely and profitably be invested

in state, county, and municipal bonds, and in public improvements, saving the people millions now paid by burdensome taxes.

If a respectable percentage of the deposits were invested in public securities, the government would have a net income from the national debt (represented in the currency).

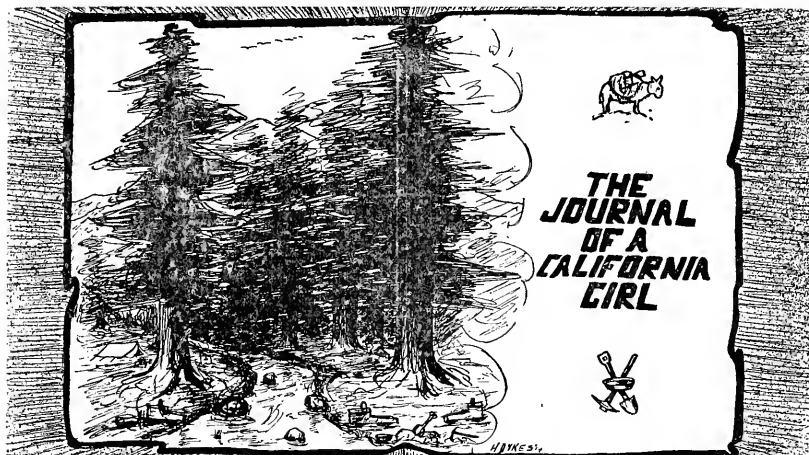
The currency question is a matter of science, not of belief; of facts, not of faith; of philosophy, not of politics.

Currency reform should be scientific, based upon permanent principles; and not based upon policy; nor should it be commercial, based upon private profits.

The public does demand such a system; but its demand is neither so concerted, nor so insistent as the action of businessmen. The public demands the administration of justice in all things; and there is no department of government in which such a measure of justice can be administered as in the department of weights and measures. And money, as the measure of value, belongs definitely in that department.

The treasury department, comprehending the receipts and expenditures of the government should be entirely separated from the department of weights and measures eventually. But that can be done at pleasure, or in the bookkeeping. What the people want now is a new system or method in the issuance of currency which removes its control from the power of monopolists.





Oroville, 1869

FEB. 23.—This day has been fair and pleasant, hope it may continue so. I must soon begin to work again. Trust I may be successful.

Col. Judson started today for Timbuctoo, in Yuba county. Mother has asked him to look for a place for us. May he be successful. The health of the family is improving.

FEB. 24.—Windy and clear. Great excitement in town, the steam plough is on exhibition. Geo. C. Perkins is backing the inventor financially, it will probably be a success.

Received three letters, two papers and a magazine, my friends remember me.

Mr. Seabury called today. There is a dance at Union Hall. I shall not go.

FEB. 25.—Clear today. Health of the family much better. Mr. Butts was buried today.

FEB. 26.—One paper today. Melville came down from Cherokee. Windy this afternoon but warm.

FEB. 27.—Clear and sweet today. Melville and I went to the graveyard. Had a long talk over other days. He says if I will not have him, he will marry Felina Oliver. Well, I am not ready to marry anybody, and I laughed at him for being so ready

to be consoled. He said a man can love two girls at once, one better than the other, of course, and that I was first choice with him.

It all seems a funny idea. Life makes me laugh, except when I am too sad. It ended up by my having a "good cry," for I cannot forget his kindness to my people, when I was only a little girl.

FEB. 28.—Clear, received one letter. Melville came to see me this morning before he started home. I went to church this evening. Have only earned \$7.50 this month. That will never do, for I dare not get in debt.

MAR. 1.—The first day of the month was ushered in with a wind, and seemed to be proving the old adage of March winds etc. Received one letter.

MAR. 2.—Fair and clear. Received one paper. Mrs. Frost came to see me today. All the family in better health. I am tired tonight—too tired to write.

MAR. 3.—Received three letters today. Weather clear.

Dreamed last night a strange dream—I wonder if dreams really mean anything? As I went to the

printing office this morning, I saw a man sitting in a buggy, on the street. I believe he was crazy, his face assumed some of the most horrible expressions, and contortions, and he gibbered and chattered like an idiot. I had never seen him before.

MAR. 4.—Cloudy this morning, but cleared up later. Received two letters. Sallie Sparks called on me today. Jesse is not very well.

There is a ball at the Union tonight. I did not care to go.

This is a strange world, and I have concluded to make the best of it. To succeed one must not change their course to suit others, but by keeping steadily on, in the tenor of their way, can gain standing, respect and even praise.

MAR. 5.—Received three letters. Health of the family fair. Weather clear.

G. S. walked home from Smith's with me. What a noble soul he has. Today has been another lost day to me. I am half sick.

MAR. 6.—No letters. A lost day.

MAR. 7. Sunday.—Father had a severe chill this morning. I had gone to church, thinking he was better.

Two letters today. Late this afternoon went out after Pine nuts, with a crowd of young ones.

MAR. 8.—Went up town twice today. Met Judge Lewis at the post office. How strongly my heart craves that man's friendship.

Well, I will soon be far from here. He will never know how I longed for words of encouragement from him—how I have longed for his appreciation, only such as friendship would give to me.

Perhaps he sometimes thinks of me—perhaps he never does, and if he does perhaps he does not understand.

MAR. 9.—A lost day.

MAR. 10.—Two letters today. I

got frightened about Silvester today. He went after the horses and as he told no one where he was going, we were uneasy about him. I heard a mourning dove this afternoon at sunset, for the first time this season.

I watched the red glow die from the West, while the dove sat on a pine tree and sang its mournful note. It made me think of Valley Rest—O days that are no more!

One year ago today I met G. C. P. on the reservoir road at Dunham Farm. He told me something I shall not forget, and offered to send me to school where I could graduate. But I can not leave my people, my duty to my mother is first.

MAR. 11.—Clear and calm. Health of the family not so bad as usual. I am to lecture at the Court House, Oroville, on March the 20th. Have written the most of my address today. My subject is "Woman as a Lecturer." Oh! I hope I may succeed.

MAR. 12.—Received two letters today and one telegram. Col. Judson has found a place near Timbuctoo. I shall move the family immediately after I lecture here.

Have been finishing my lecture for Saturday week.

MAR. 13.—Received another telegram today. My lecture is finished. I am very tired.

MAR. 14.—This has been a beautiful day. Went up to Dunham Farm. Thought over old times. What a strange life mine is. Will I never be so situated as to take my ease, and dream as I love to dream, without the thought of dollars and cents coming to scatter my fancies. God grant that I may be successful in my lecture here.

MAR. 15.—Received three letters and another telegram. Have copied my lecture in shape to deliver it. Had a severe thunder storm, but

the clouds broke away later.

How sad life seems sometimes. I hope the future may be brighter than the past. I pray I may be successful here, so that I may be able to move my people where they will be better.

MAR. 16.—Three letters today. Mrs. Caughey called. She gave me a pair of white kid gloves, and a beautiful cluney lace collar, to wear on the night of my lecture.

It has been raining all day.

The wind sobs and sighs outside the house, like a restless spirit mourning over its woes. It is like my mood. How much I have suffered. How my soul cries out for home, for rest and love, but the years will likely go by for long—so long, before I know my destiny.

MAR. 17.—Four letters today. It is still stormy. I met Kate Hutchens up town today. Outside the house the rain drips sadly, and the wind murmurs again like a restless spirit.

Not thirty miles away it is moaning over the grave where sleeps my true, old friend. How memory weaves tonight. My friend! May your lone sleep, "Since it is lasting, so be deep." I would have no dreams come to you now. Would that this poor life of mine was as far from mortal ken, and as safe from trouble as your own.

MAR. 18.—Looks like a clear up this evening. No letters today. Hope that I may have good weather for my lecture.

MAR. 19.—Rainy all day. Received five letters. Mr. Ury called.

MAR. 20. Saturday.—Rained all day, and tonight. I lectured in the Court House to over two hundred people. I wore a dark crimson skirt and Zouave jacket, and white waist, and the collar Mrs. Caughey gave me, and carried my gloves in my hand. I think I did my self justice.

There was a great deal of applause and my collection was \$37.75. At the close of the lecture I was congratulated by many friends. George H. Crossette, editor of the Butte Record, took me by both hands and said I must go at once to San Francisco and speak in Platt's Hall.

Judge Lewis gave me one of his rare smiles, and told me I had a future. Mr. Burt, the lawyer, said he knew that I was gifted ever since I wrote that poem that put the Freers into the classics.

After the lecture many friends called at the house, and there was quite a reception, I received many presents. One was a beautiful merino dress pattern from an old friend.

I had my likeness taken in the afternoon, before the lecture. I am glad that I did. I am almost happy tonight. I have enough money to move the folks to Timbuctoo.

(The following was the notice that appeared in the "Butte Record" after the lecture in Oroville.—Ed.)

"According to announcement the talented young authoress, Miss A. M. M., gave a lecture at the Court House on Saturday evening last. Notwithstanding it was a stormy night, she was greeted with one of the finest audiences that had assembled in Oroville for years, and we have yet to hear of a single person present who was not captured and delighted by this talented young lady who has grown up in the foot hills of Butte, oppressed by poverty, and only with advantages afforded every child in the county, in the way of public schools. She has nobly struggled against adverse fortune, and on Saturday evening last, received the commendation of our entire community by the acknowledgment of her talent, purity of motive and filial duty.

Her introductory remarks prepar-

ed the way admirably, for the lecture that followed.

Her subject "Woman" was handled with extraordinary ability, in choice and appropriate language, and with faultless articulation.

So surprised and gratified were those who heard her, that it was determined to give her a complimentary benefit, which will be arranged for some period within the coming month.

We predict for this talented young lady a bright and glorious future.

—"Oroville Butte Record."

MAR. 21.—Clear and beautiful. Went to Sunday School. Spent the evening with Mrs. Freer. This day was as beautiful as an anthem of the soul. One of the days that live, as a poem, in my memory.

MAR. 22.—Came to Bidwell's Bar, to lecture. My brother Silvester came with me. Met Richard Piatt on his way to White Pine. Also met Cress from Wyandotte. He told me that George Rutherford had withdrawn from the Lodge. We also met Bowman Espy; he is still strong in the faith.

My collection was \$8.50. Altogether this month, from the papers, and lectures, I have earned \$86.25. That is better.

MAR. 23.—Attended Geo. H. Ed-

munds concert tonight, at Union Hall.

There was a dance and I stayed a little while. Dr. B. was my partner, and he brought me home. Leon Freer danced with me, also Mr. McDermot.

Dr. B. is one of my best friends. Had a proposal of marriage today, from Mr. U. Refused of course. Have not time to think of such a thing yet.

MAR. 24.—I have hired a man by the name of Stevens to move the family and our "goods and chattles", to Timbuctoo. We started this morning. The weather is very threatening. We are overloaded, and stalled on the North Hon Cut.

Got a team from Mr. Fox of Hon Cut City, and pulled out.

Went to Hon Cut City, and took dinner with Mrs. Fox, the mother of my schoolmates Johnnie and Jimmie Fox. We started again and stalled on the Rocky Hon Cut, got help again and went on to Bangor, which is about 12 miles from Oroville.

The family camped in Dick Floyd's old store. I stayed with Mrs. Freeman and went with her to a little party at the Armory Hall, but was too tired to stay long. Al Shattuck took me home from the party, and I slept with Mrs. Freeman.

(To be continued.)

The Golden Poppy

By May S. Greenwood

On the golden shore of a golden sea,
There bloomed a yellow flower,
Faithful and true to the golden sun,
It bloomed each golden hour.

But once when the golden sun,
Sank down to the golden west,
Through a golden haze of flame,
It touched the mountain's breast.

And a shaft of golden light,
Was sent—a golden dart,
From the threshold of the night,
To the flower's golden heart.

And when the jeweled morn,
Unclosed the golden bowl,
A golden flower, on a golden shore,
Glowed with a golden soul.

...PEN PASTELS...

By LAURANCE ZENDA

My Beautiful Tomorrow

A man and a woman, with a load of love, ventured into a forest of new ideals. They cleared a place in existence and with their own labor built a house of contentment. He filled it with warmth and nourishment, she furnished it during her hours of devotion. His energy made it comfortable. Their days were never too long, and the nights like the joy of an hour. Through the power of their love she surprised him one beautiful morning, although he knew, and in his arms laid a burden sacred with God's kiss of Immortality on its brow—a sort of a crumpled rose leaf with a face and form strangely resembling their own. Then they were linked by a bond so holy they smiled through their tears, as they called it their own. His manhood thoroughly awakened, success was easily gained. Her beauty to womanhood grew. There was an evening in silence, a child sleeping sweetly, a father and mother at home.

A few years as time is measured, drifted past as the flowers grew in this garden that gladness had created—roses and violets grew in the sunshine of thought and feeling—earth's promise seemed fulfilled. It was the child love that first made his appearance; then one of intellect

grew, then one formed a beautiful reason for happiness new. They all shut out the world of sorrow there in the evening light—the hour of love with its prayer, when all the requests of the children are met with when reasonably fair. Child intellect was read to by the father proud and brave. Child reason was busy mending the torn doll clothes of the day's play, but child love crept into the arms of his mother listening to a fairy tale old, as she whispered it over and over. The man had told it to her in the days when she was afraid. It was all about "their beautiful tomorrow" the promise of the years. Child love wanted to hear it always for it was a song of her heart. At night when she kissed her children, child love was always told if he would close his eyes like a good boy when they opened, he would find a beautiful tomorrow waiting to be lived. They all built up a wonderful record of the truth of happy lives by an idea that can never grow older, and such a fairy tale can never be ended as long as there is love and strength to guide man and woman, with little children to light the way it will live eternally.

At Twilight

By Laurance Zenda

When the twilight deepens,
Though so far apart,
In this silent dreaming,
We are heart to heart.
In this, brief existence,
What can nearer be,
Than our thought and feeling,
Linked for Eternity.

BRODERICK



Mechanic and United
States Senator

Born in Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1820

Died in San Francisco September 16, 1859

Of the many killings that have had their homicidal roots in politics, the cruellest and most uncalled for was the death of David C. Broderick, at the hands of David S. Terry.

They were representative men one a United States Senator, the other Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California.

No such political antagonism had existed since the days of Burr and Hamilton.

The Republican party was in its infancy, but growing rapidly. The State was controlled by a two-winged Democracy.

Gwin, Terry, Ashe, Brooks, Benham and others worked the LeCompton wing, and Broderick the friend of Stephen A. Douglas, and an ardent opponent of the extension of slavery, was the soul of the anti-LeCompton wing.

The friends of the administration cherished a deep hatred for Broderick. He and his friends had defeated the ambition of aristocracy and chivalry.

After a desperate conflict he had secured a seat in the United States Senate, and had brought the haughty Gwin to terms.

To retain his own seat in that body Gwin had given the stone cutter a document pledging himself not to meddle with the official patronage of the Pacific Coast. This document was known as the "Scarlet letter."

Broderick had said in a speech that its writer ought to be marked by it, for political ostracism, as clearly as Hester Prynne was socially marked, by the initial on her breast.

It was a fatal letter. Politicians said that the man who had it in his possession was doomed.

The immediate cause of the fatal quarrel was a speech made by Judge Terry, before the LeCompton Democratic State Convention, in Sacramento in 1859, in which he called Broderick an arch traitor.

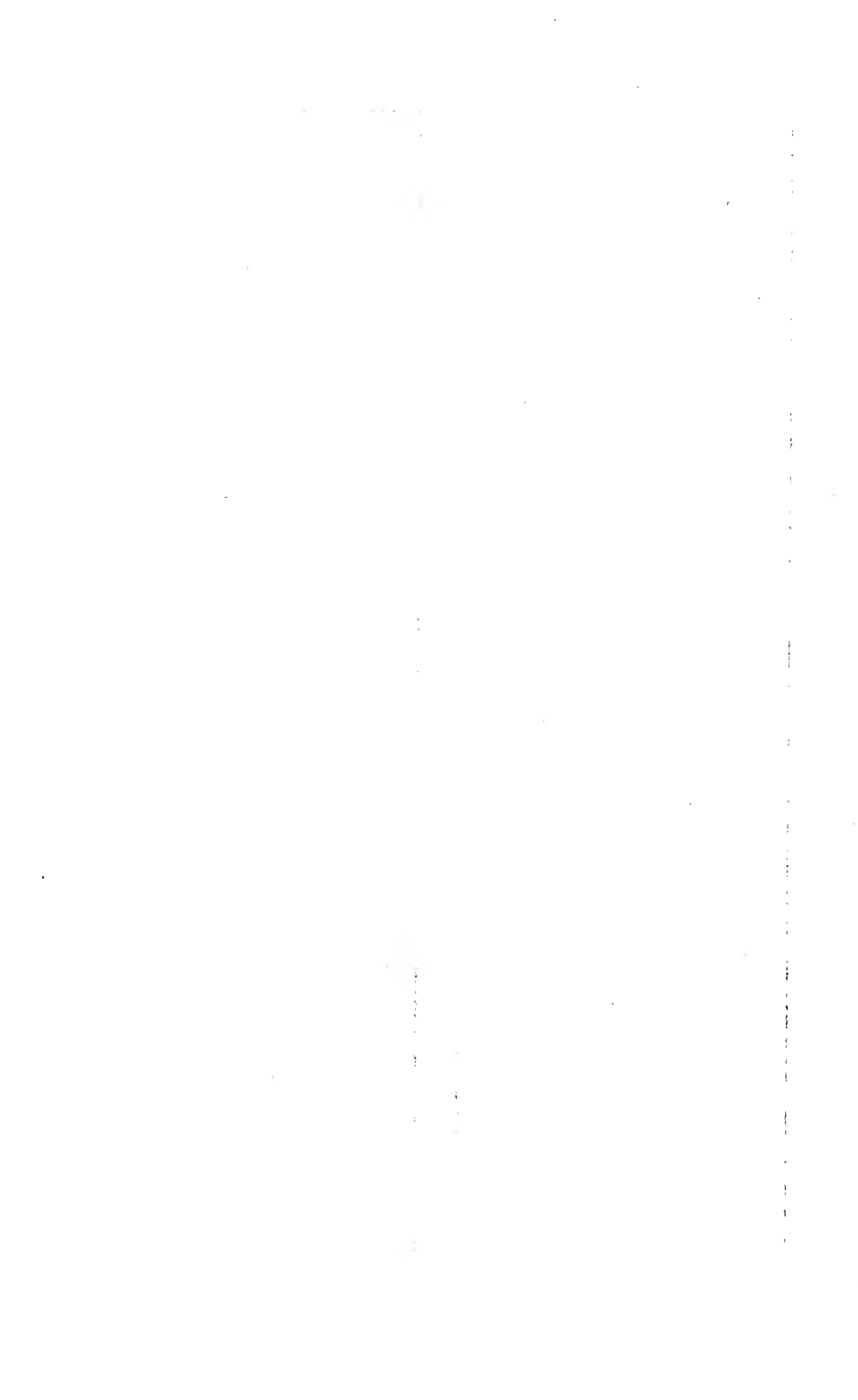
After reading the speech, Broderick remarked before D. W. Perley, a friend of the Gwin faction, that the Vigilance Committee would have done well if they had disposed of Terry as they did of others, when he was arrested in 1856, for cutting a man named Sterling A. Hopkins, in the attempt to free from arrest Reuben Malony.

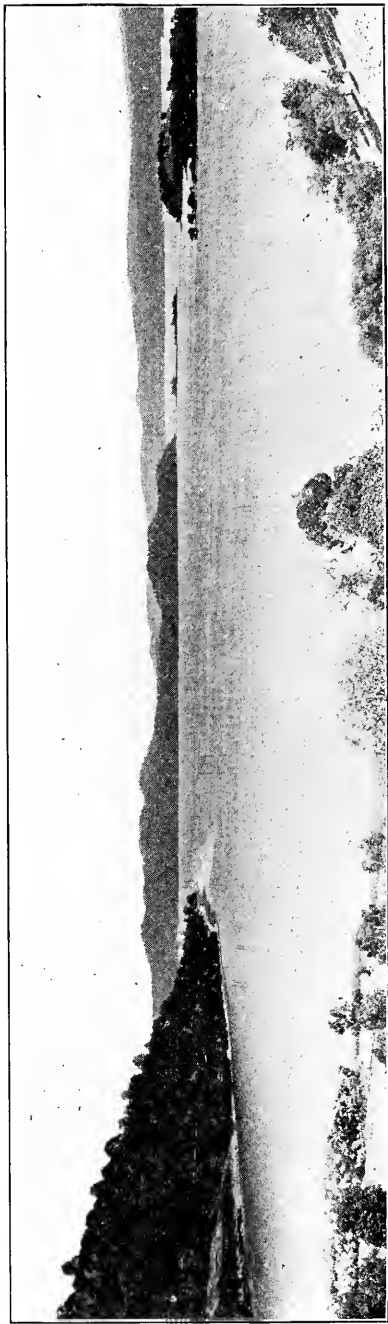
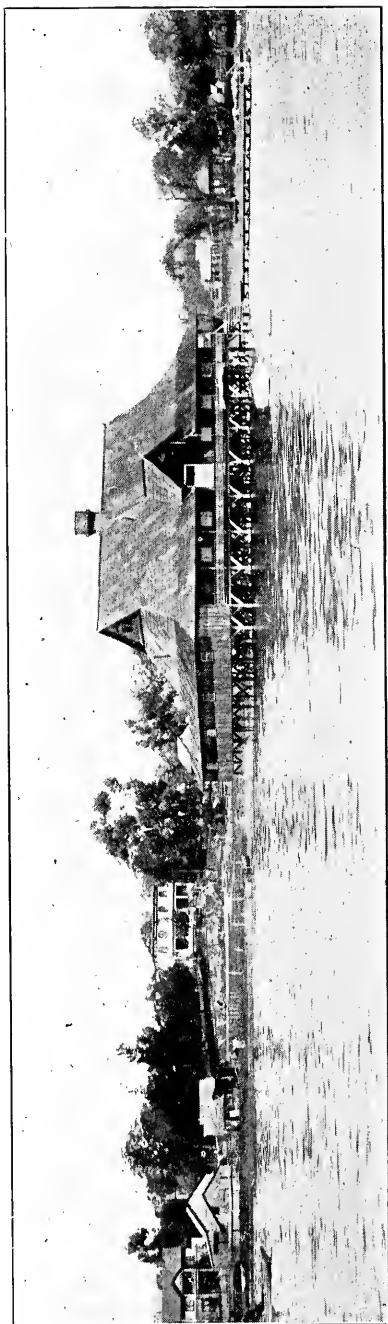
Perley resented the remarks, and went so far as to challenge Broderick on his own account. Broderick curtly declined the challenge, with the remark: "I fight only with gentlemen in my own position."

Perley hurried to Terry and reported his conversation with Broderick. The Judge wrote a letter of inquiry, to which Broderick replied as follows:

Hon. D. S. Terry:—Yours of this date received. The remarks made by me were occasioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me, made at Sacramento, and reported in the Union of the 25th of June.

Upon the topic alluded to in your note of this date, my language so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows: "During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee I paid \$200 a week to support a newspaper in his defence. I have also stated heretofore that





(Upper — Clear Lake Pavilion.) (Lower — The Narrows, Clear Lake

I consider him the only honest man on the Supreme Bench. But I take it all back."

You are the proper judge as to whether this language affords good ground for offence, I remain,

D. C. Broderick.

Judge Terry immediately challenged Broderick.

Calhoun Benham, then practicing law in San Francisco, S. H. Brooks, state controller, and Thomas Hayes, attended to the interests of Terry, and Joseph C. McKebben, David D. Colton and Leonidas Haskell, acted for Senator Broderick.

As to the details of affairs of honor, the gentlemen who assisted Terry, were much superior to Broderick's friends.

McKibben was a Congressman and had never before had experience at a formal duel.

D. D. Colton had been sheriff of Siskiyou and a hero in many a rough and tumble fight incident to that office in lawless days, but with no knowledge of duelling. Haskell was an everyday business man. Benham Brooks and Hayes, on the contrary, had figured repeatedly on the duelling field, the later, as principal on several occasions.

The attitude of Hayes surprised Broderick, as they had been warm political friends in New York. Both were of Irish parentage.

A meeting was arranged for the 12th of September, at sunrise, near the boundary lines of San Mateo and San Francisco Counties.

The principals and their friends were all on the ground, when the Chief of Police, Martin J. Burke, placed them under arrest. They were taken before Police Justice H. P. Coon, but discharged, on the ground that there had been no actual misdemeanor.

John A. McGlynn, a brother of the well known Roman Catholic Clergyman of New York, Andrew J. Butler,

a brother of General B. F. Butler, and other friends tried to dissuade Broderick from fighting.

He listened to their arguments, but replied that his mind was made up, that the duel could not be avoided with honor.

It was hoped that the arrest would stop further proceedings, but the principals were determined to have it out.

A meeting was arranged for the next day. Several vehicles left the city at midnight, driving toward the Laguna de la Merced, about twelve miles from San Francisco.

The night was dark and cold, and the breeze from the ocean cut like a knife. Several of the drivers lost their way in the darkness, but at daylight coming in from all directions, all met at a rail fence skirting a milk ranch, owned by one Davis, who awakened from his sleep, was astonished by such an irruption of visitors.

Crossing the fence, the party went up a valley which had been selected as the scene of the encounter.

Mr. Broderick had slept at the Lake House, nearby, and was early on the ground, with his friends. Judge Terry was also prompt. About eighty spectators were present.

The seconds held a conference and examined and loaded the pistols.

The choice was won by Judge Terry, by the toss of a half dollar. Mr. Hayes marked off the distance, and warned the spectators to get out of the line of fire. Old hands at the business, the Terry party were, cool and collected.

Mr. Broderick's friends were nervous.

When the principals were placed, Calhoun Benham, Terry's chief second, approached Mr. Broderick and passed his hands over his sides and chest, searching for concealed mail.

Mr. McKibben made a similar examination of Terry, but only touch-

ed his fingers to his waist coat, bowed and withdrew.

Benham's action irritated the senator, and impaired his poise.

Mr. Broderick took some coins from his vest pocket and passed them to Mr. McKibben.

Terry gave his loose change to Benham, who scattered it contemptuously on the ground.

Everything being in readiness the pistols were cocked, and the hair triggers set by the seconds.

They were then handed to the contestants.

The men held their weapons muzzle downwards.

After a moment of painful silence, Mr. Colton said: "Gentlemen are you ready?"

Both replied, but Broderick delayed a few seconds. He then said, "I am ready."

"Fire! One!"—There was a report from the senator's pistol. It was answered in a second by Terry's weapon.

Broderick was not familiar with his weapon, or the fineness of the hair trigger, and the bullet buried itself in the ground two thirds of the distance between himself and his antagonist.

With the crack of Terry's weapon, Broderick winced, turned half round in an unavailing effort to maintain an upright position. He drooped until he finally fell, prone on the ground with his pale face toward the sky. He was hard hit. The wounded Senator lay on the sward, with his head supported by his seconds.

His surgeon, Dr. VonLoehr, was nervous, and seemed uncertain how to act, and incapable of taking prompt measures.

Mr. Broderick's life was ebbing away, and his face was pallid. Mr. Brooks, one of Terry's seconds advanced, and on behalf of his principal, tendered the services of his

surgeon, Dr. Hammond. Dr. Hammond then came to Dr. Loehr's assistance and cut away the wounded man's clothing, exposing his chest and the wound.

With every breath arterial blood spurted from the wound in bright jets, and stained the fair skin.

Strength of constitution fortified by abstemious habits, might enable him to hold death off for a short time, but the group surrounding him knew that he was doomed.

The ball had entered the right breast between the second and third ribs, passing under the sternum, fracturing the edge, and then took a course over the heart, through the upper lobe of the left lung, striking the fifth rib on the left side, and proceeding upward, passed through the left armpit.

Its tortuous course was remarkable, and the rending of the vitals must have been terrible.

As soon as Broderick fell, Davis, the owner of the ranch, who had been silently regarding the proceedings started to his feet and shouted, "That is murder, by G—d!" He moved toward Terry, as though intending to assault him. "I am Broderick's friend! I am not going to see him killed in that way. If you are men, you will join me in revenging his death."

Those around him knew that if he attacked Terry there would be a general fight, and few get off the field alive.

Luckily the Terry faction had not heard what Davis said, and he was quieted, and sat down breathing threatenings of slaughter.

Terry remained in his place as though waiting a demand for a second shot. He remarked, "The shot is not mortal, I struck him a little too high."

Being assured of the helpless condition of his antagonist he drove hastily to the city. He went to Stock-

ton, where he owned a ranch, and quietly awaited events. He was arrested on the 23, of September, by two San Francisco police officers, brought to the city and put under \$10,000 bonds.

Mr. Broderick was removed from the ground three-quarters of an hour after he was shot, placed on a mattress in a spring wagon and taken to the residence of his friend, Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point. He lingered in great pain until Friday, September 16, and died at 9:20 in the morning.

The most significant thing he said on his death bed was, "They have killed me, because I was opposed to slavery and a corrupt administration."

The scene at his death was deeply affecting. The Viaticum was given by Father Maraschi.

The couch was drawn into the middle of the room, and weeping friends surrounded it, to witness the exit of that great soul, that had won men, and controlled councils.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. Haskell the Misses McDougal, Miss Cook, Col. E. D. Baker, Ex-Governor McDougall, Hon. J. C. McKibben, General Colton, Hon. John Conness, Col. A. J. Butler, John A. McGlynn, Elliot J. Moore, Herman Wohler, Moses Flannigan and many others prominent in social and political life.

Governor McDougall stepped forward and closed the eyes that had looked their last.

From the time that Broderick was wounded the whole city was in mourning.

His death was a public calamity. The remains were brought to the Union Hotel, corner of Kearney and Merchant streets, and laid in state amid pyramids of flowers until Sunday the 18th.

The funeral took place at half-past one o'clock, on Sunday afternoon.

Before the procession moved Col. Edward D. Baker took a conspicuous place on the Plaza, known as Portsmouth Square, opposite the hotel, and in the presence of a concourse that embraced the entire adult population of the city, pronounced a funeral oration.

The beauty and magnificence of this tribute to a dead friend are historical.

The orator's voice was heard far and wide, and those who crowded the streets leading to the Plaza, for blocks away heard his words distinctly.

The peroration was as follows:

"But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Oh, brave heart, we bear thee to thy rest; thus surrounded by tens of thousands we leave thee to the equal grave.

"As in life no other voice among us so rang its triumphant blast upon the ear of freedom, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

The earth may ring from shore to shore,

With echoes of a glorious name,
But he whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.
For when the death frost came to lie,
Upon his warm and mighty heart,
And quenched his bold and friendly eye,

His spirit did not all depart.

His love of truth too warm—too strong,

For hope or fear to chain or chill;

His hate of tyranny and wrong,

Burn in the hearts he kindled, still.

Good friend! True heart! Hail and farewell!"

Note:—The following beautiful lines, on the death of David C. Broderick, were from the pen of the accomplished editor of that old and

orthodox Democratic paper, The Chester County Republican and Democrat, Geo. W. Pierce. And were published at West Chester, Pennsylvania, on October 9, 1859.

They have the ring, not only of the

poet, but of the patriot, and will be read with pleasure, wherever the memory of the manly virtues of the long lamented Broderick are cherished.

The blood-hounds are sated, the jackals have fled,
And the Lion is sleeping the sleep of the dead;
His blood is still fresh on the sward where they trod,
And, incense-like, rises, appealing to God.

The dews of the morn will not wash it away—
'Twill redden and glow in the noon-tide of day,
And in the deep gloom of the storm-mantled night
it will rise like a pillar of fire on the sight.

Ho, brothers who stand by his patriot-grave,
And pour out your griefs for the valient and brave,
Let his death be the watchword to startle with fear
The tyrants who stiffened his limbs on the bier.

Arouse from your lethargy, children of toil,
Ye sons of the anvil, the loom, and the soil;
Come forth as the winds in their struggling might,
And wrestle till death with the foeman of Right!

'Twas thus with your leader, the gifted and true:
His life was a sacrifice given for you;
Every pulse of his heart, every nerve of his frame,
Was to dignify Labor and give it to Fame!

He was peer to the proudest who govern the land,
But he stood by his class, as a hero will stand;
And when the hot taunt, like an arrow of fire,
Was hurled at the artizan craft of his sire—

How he sprang to the breech with halbert and glaive,
Defiantly meeting the lord of the slave!
He spoke for the workshop—the sweat on the brow
Of the freeman whose crest is the sword and the plough.

There are fountains of feeling we may not control,
They spring from the innermost depths of the soul,
And flow like a river escaped from its bed
To freshen the fame of the glorious dead.

And thus as we stand on the ramparts of Time,
By the post where a sentinel fell in his prime,
We open the caskets our bosoms enfold,
And pour out a treasure more precious than gold.

Oh! men who look out from the far Golden Gate,
Where the holocaust smokes in the embers of hate,
Have you drank of the flagons that nerved him to stand,
For Truth as a rock on your ocean-beat strand?

Then rear to the martyr a shaft that shall rise,
As a beacon of Freedom, far up to the skies,
And write on the granite in letters of flame
IMMORTAL! IMMORTAL! the patriot's name!

Have You Discovered Fort Bragg?

Article and Photographs by W. T. Fitch, Fort Bragg.

"Facts! said Mr. Gradgrind, 'Let us have facts!'"

Listen: This is "OLD OPPORTUNITY" speaking of FORT BRAGG, and he states that a real, live city (as you may see by our illustrations) with a population of 3,200, and with both Railroad and Steamship communication with the outside world, makes her bow to you once more. Just glance at our chart and get interested at once.

Climate

Rainfall, 36 inches.

Lowest average temperature, 46 degrees.

Highest average, 67 degrees.

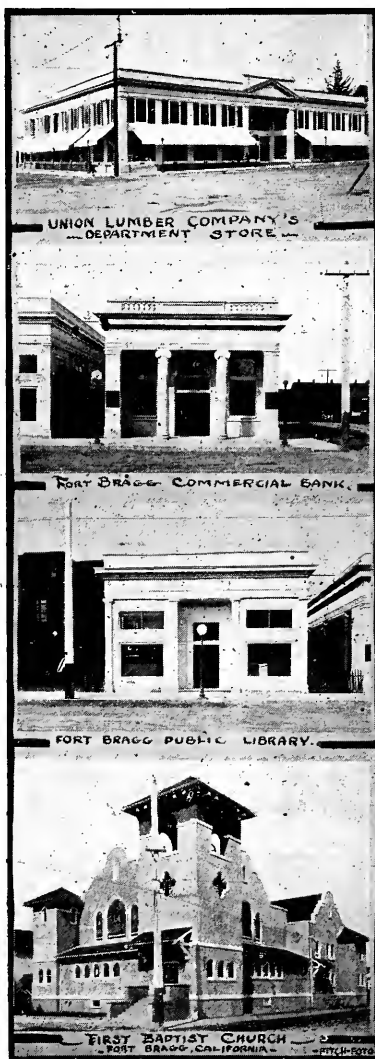
No frost until about December 8, and latest frost about February 4, (average.)

Suffice it further to state that we have only one undertaker, and he has a dreadfully hard time paying his debts.

Moral Influences

Nearly all churches are very substantially represented. (See our illustrations for sample.)

Our Clergymen are progressive, and the safe-guarding of the young is a work given much attention.



Financial

Two well equipped and in every way modern BANKS give you every facility for the easy and quick transaction of business.

Permanence

The mills of the UNION LUMBER COMPANY are located here, with a payroll of \$150,000 per month, and sawing 300,000 feet of lumber per day. Planing mills and tank factory in connection.

Farming, Dairying, Stock raising and Fruit growing, with the accent on APPLES. Mendocino County is "THE NATURAL HOME OF THE APPLE." (Prof. Hilgard, U. of C.)

"Fort Bragg is the KEY TO THE COAST, and has a big future."—D. F. Curley, traveller and writer.

Public Conveniences and Utilities

An effective Water Works system, supplemented by a special system of SALT WATER mains for fire protection.

A large, well equipped ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT supplies the Coast with this modern advantage, and is constantly expanding.

Prospects.

A vast acreage of the most fertile land in the world assures us of a prosperous future. Fort Bragg is, and has been, quoted as "GILT EDGED" financially, and her future looms large. That is what we wish to emphasize—our future.



A Road Through the Redwoods

Educational Facilities

Three Grammar Schcols.

One High School.

A fine, new Public Library.

Automobiles are usually an index of the financial condition of a community, and we know of no city of

THE NORTHERN CROWN

its size which can show such progress in this line. We have two large fire proof GARAGES, with all up-to-date equipment.

We have a large installation of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the largest number of phones of any town of its size.

This is another indication of prosperity.

An adequate Sewerage System.

A \$50,000 DEPARTMENT STORE, something you do not usually see in

cities of this size.

In other words, see our illustrations. Study them carefully, and then see our town and country. If you put your money in banks, they may fail, if you hide it in a hollow tree, you may forget where the tree is, but a FARM or CITY PROPERTY in a rapidly growing community, cannot well be mislaid.

(Cut out this page and put it in your pocket book.)

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FORT BRAGG, CAL.



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14 to 19 October 14 to 19

AT

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Of California's

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Prepare ye now to journey over the Famous Noyo River Railway, through Redwood forest primeval, adown the brink of gushing, tumbling mountain waters, to the sunny, blue Pacific, its bluffs, its beaches, fertile farms and favored Jewel City.

Six Days Brim Full of Enjoyment

Come and see a Fair unique in this big new north coast kingdom, where Prosperity reigns, and where it rains Prosperity.

Fort Bragg, October, 14-19, '13

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED



HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.



It has been planned and decided to set in the place of honor, in the Rotunda, under the great dome, of the Palace of fine Arts, at the coming exposition of 1915, a monument to the Pioneer Mothers of California.

This statue will not only occupy the place of honor there, to be seen by admiring thousands, but will be a permanent contribution to the art of San Francisco, and the state.

It will be cast in bronze, and at the close of the exposition, will occupy a prominent place in the Civic Center of San Francisco, to give evidence throughout all time, how much we honor the women, living and dead, who have helped to mould the destiny of this great state.

Who gave, during the hardships of the early days, the comfort, and the refining touch to their rough surroundings, and turned the camps of men into the homes of the early Pioneers.

And there passed on the torch of life in woman's most sacred mission and bore and reared the men who fill our places of honor today.

There are things of such value, in this world that they are without price. Such was the service of the Pioneer Mothers of California, in

founding our state's civilization.

For the home is the foundation of our commonwealth, and the common ground where joy and sorrow make the whole world kin.

In contrast to the easy transportation of today, by railroad and auto travel, were the weary miles over unsurveyed roads and trails, and over sea, around the horn or across the Miasma swamps of the Isthmus, to this golden land.

Many died along the way, or in passage, martyrs to their duty to their families. The hardships of that early emigration on women gently bred and delicately nurtured, and such were the large majority who came, can hardly be realized by those living under present environment, and but a few, coming in the early 50s have lived to see the California of today.

The competition of the world has been invited as to the design of this memorial and a valuable prize will be given to the successful competitor. Among those who have the competition and award in charge, are John E. Trask, who is chief of fine arts at the exposition, and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, renowned for her public spirited philanthropy, as well as her great wealth.

The Finance Committee, is also

composed of some of our brightest and best people.

The Native Daughters, at their late Grand Parlor which convened at Tallac, assessed each member 25c and contributed \$2,500.

\$500 has been realized from other sources, such as The Daughters of California Pioneers, The Woman's Auxiliary of the California Society, and the Association of Pioneer Wo-

men who donated \$50. at their regular meeting.

The total amount to be raised is \$25,000.

We believe that the proverbial generosity of the people and the patriotism of every organization and individual, in northern California will make the securing of this sum an easy task.

The statue for which world competition is invited, will occupy the center of the Court of Honor at the Exposition and later be placed in the center of the Civic Center Court. Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn is president of the Association, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, vice president; Mrs. Gailard Stoney, secretary; Mrs. Sanborn is president of Woman's Board of the Panama Pacific Exposition.

The art committee having the competition and award in charge includes John E. Trask, chairman; (he is chief of fine arts at the exposition.) John Galen Howard, George R. Kelham, M. Earl Cumming, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mrs. Wm. Tevis, Dr. Mariana Bertola, Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, Mrs. Paul Goodloe, Mrs. George J. Buckner and Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst.

The finance committee includes Mrs. Genevieve Baker, chairman, Miss Kathryn L. Cole, secretary, Mesdames, Timothy Guy Phelps, Eleanor Martin, Emeline North Whitcomb, Mary P. Pendergast, Laura H. Phelps J. J. Donnelly, H. M. Green, Olive

Bedford Matlock, Luther Wagoner, E. Burke Holladay, Mrs. Allison Watt of Grass Valley, Misses Caroline A. Snook, Alice H. Dougherty, Mr. J. Emmet Hayden, Mr. George C. Sargent.

The Native Daughters subscribed \$2,500 at their Grand Parlor which convened recently at Tallac, they assessed each member of the organization 25 cents each.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Society of California, the Association of Pioneer Women of California and the Daughters of California Pioneers each of these organizations has inaugurated an individual subscription list with nearly \$500.00 realized up to the present time.

The Association of Pioneer Women took up \$50.00 at their social in their log cabin in Golden Gate Park.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst was named as a volunteer to canvas Santa Cruz county.

Mrs. Anna M. Reed of Petaluma is authorized to receive contributions for the fund from every source.

George P. McNear of Petaluma, has donated a gold medal for the first honors for the finest exhibit of products grown on one farm at the apple fair which opens at Sebastopol Sonoma County, on August 18th. Last year there were several competitors and a wonderful show was

made by individual ranchers. The award under this class will be as follows:

Best exhibit of horticulture and agricultural products from one farm:

First prize, gold medal and \$25, quality, quantity and artistic arrangement will be contributed by

George P. McNear.

Second best, one ton of hay, contributed by Sebastopol Berry Growers, Inc.

Third best, \$10.

Fourth best, \$7.50.

Frank A. Brush of Santa Rosa will make a general farm exhibit at the fair and will make a bid for the McNear cup.

Statement of the ownership, management, Circulation, etc., of The Northern Crown published monthly at Petaluma, California, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification,) Washington D. C., and retain the other in the files of the postoffice.

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(If additional space is needed, a sheet of paper may be attached to this form.)

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceeding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

Signed, Anna Morrison Reed.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this Seventh day of July, 1913. (Seal.) F. L. Borden.

(My commission expires January 2, 1917.

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CALIFORNIA
STATE

The NORTHERN CROWN



Per Copy
10 Cents

October, 1913

Per Year
\$1.00

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ANNA MORRISON REED,
Editor and Proprietor
Issued By The Northern Crown Pub. Co.

PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

"Entered as second-class matter, December 7, 1908, at the post office at Petaluma, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879."



A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : :



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Listen--- We know what we are talking about, we know that this will relieve you. If we didn't we wouldn't offer to refund your money if this remedy does not give satisfaction. But it will, and you will be so happy your friends won't know you.

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Apple Annual

Auspices of
Farmers and Apple Growers'
Association

MENDOCINO

Mendocino County, : California

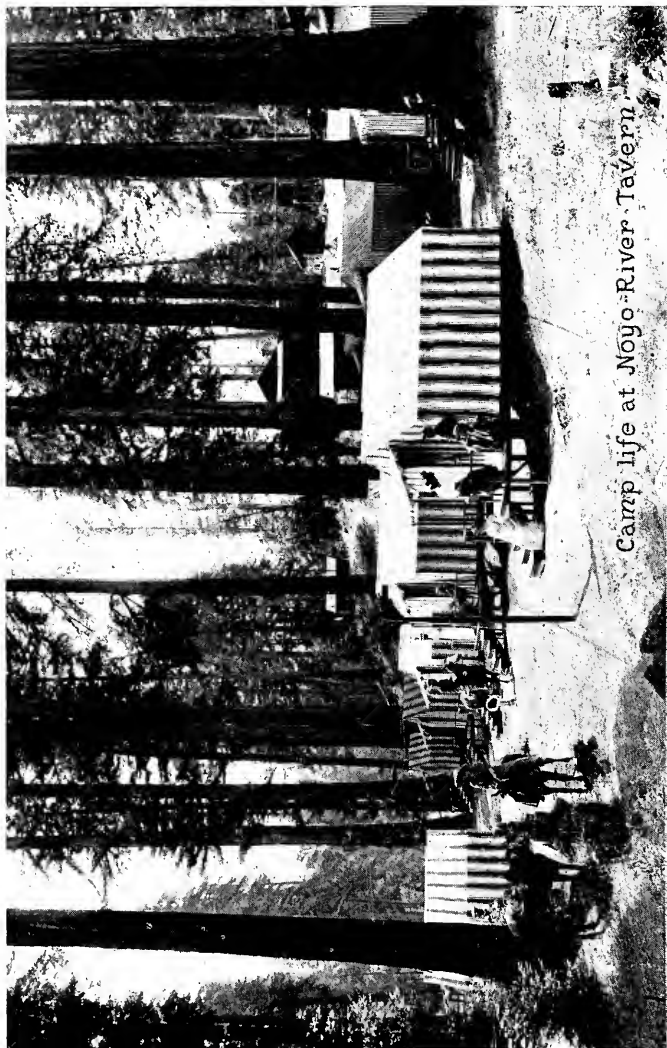
November 18th to 22d, '13

(Inclusive)

John S. Ross, President

Albert Brown, Secretary Joshua Grindle, Treasurer



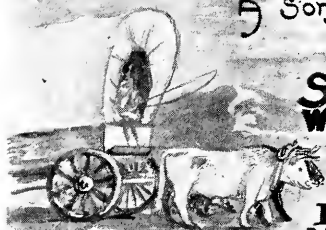




THREE EPOCHS;

Songs of Crossing the Plains.

By W. T. Fitch...



1849

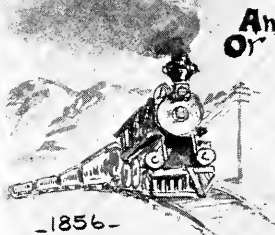
Since days of old when tales of gold
Were borne on the winds from the West,
When the lure drew men on,
From each valley and town,
To a place in the arduous quest;
It was then men were men—
Men of brain and of brawn—
Who recked neither danger nor toil;
Who stood every test of the wide wilderness
As they won to'ard the far Sunset goal.
What dreams had these, and how fulfilled?
Tis told on many a page! [Star]
And the path they blazed, 'neath sun and—
We'll honor age by age.

And wherer they lie—on distant plain
Or mid the City's din, their Graves be milestones
The Western Empire's progress mark,
And Mission Bells their requiem.

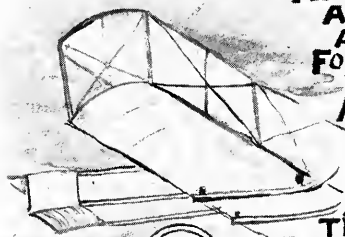
* * * * *
But Progress, with steady pinion,
Seeking ever the West's high weal,
United the Sunrise and Sunset
With shimmering bands of steel.
And ever, by moonlight and sunlight,
From the windows of swift-moving trains
Watching eyes catch the gleam of Lake Donner
Or the Trail as it winds o'er the plains.

* * * * *
And always the watchword is "Onward!"
As ever we turn the filled page,
Aloft in the clouds comes a signal—
A signal to ring down the Age!
For afar in the sky is the Bird-Man
Who watches the "Overland's" toil
As it wins the high pass of the Rockies
With toll of men's lives in its moil.
And he sees in swift vision the future
When safely the throng shall thus fare,
And strains eager eyes to the Westward
Through strata of cloud-laden air.

Below him the Trail through the desert,
And the Passes the Argonauts won
Lay gleaming—the path to the Sunset—
Where the "Golden State" basks in the sun.



1856



1915

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. V.

PETAJUMA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1913.

NO. 8

The Noyo River Apple Land

Reclaimed for the Settler and Investor.

Along the California Western Railroad and Navigation Company's route which follows the course of the Noyo River, hundreds of acres of cut over Redwood Lands are being cleared and planted in apples.

Right now, while development is in its early stages, great possibilities are in store for the man who will locate in this section of the country and work.

Heretofore practically nothing has been known of this wonderful land of opportunity except the glory of its famous redwoods. Climate and soil so necessary to the success of the farmer or orchardist are here and no other place in the world offers greater possibilities or opportunities than the land along the Noyo River.

The ready market at hand for fresh vegetables, fruits, berries, poultry, eggs, etc., which can be very extensively produced by utilizing the land between the rows of trees while they are coming into bearing, make these industries a great source of income and is rapidly bringing homeseekers and investors to the Noyo River lands.

The Noyo River Country.

The Noyo River country in Mendocino County has many superior features. Its scenic attractions of rare beauty, its healthful climate its excellent opportunities for fishing and hunting, its many openings for very profitable investment of capital and personal effort and the great possibilities for the homeseeker or

investor is rapidly proclaiming the knowledge of its wealth and charm to the rest of the world.

Connected with the metropolis of California by both rail and water Noyo River country has prepared itself to receive the homeseeker, pleasure seeker, tourist or investor.

No soil in the world is superior to the soil of the cut-over redwood lands where no irrigation is necessary as the natural rainfall and the many springs and streams of pure mountain water so generously provided by nature assures the agriculturist or orchardist great success.

The days are warm and bright, the nights cool and delightful, the general climate all that can be desired, the productiveness of the soil unsurpassed and the scenery perfect.

Soil.

The superiority of the soil of cut-over redwood lands for the raising of apples, berries and nuts, is an established fact.

The soil is perfectly free from alkali and owing partly to the abundance of water and partly to the effect of ages of fertilization by the forests is of a character of the highest average.

Scientific handling will make this Noyo River land one of the famous apple, berry and nut producing sections of the world.

Other fruits such as pears, peaches, cherries, grapes, etc., can be very extensively cultivated and made to yield great results.

Another feature so beneficial to the wonderful productiveness of the soil of the cut-over redwood lands is the yearly rainfall and thenatural sub-irrigation of the land. Irrigation is unknown and all fears of drought are here dispelled. The Noyo River Apple Company, now clearing and planting hundreds of acres in apples, are at the present time offering various sized orchards at an extremely low figure, but as the

land is rapidly becoming more and more known, very naturally the prices will soon advance and it is now that you should grasp the opportunity to secure some of this wonderful land, which will not only provide a substantial living, but rapidly increase in value and make you independent for life.

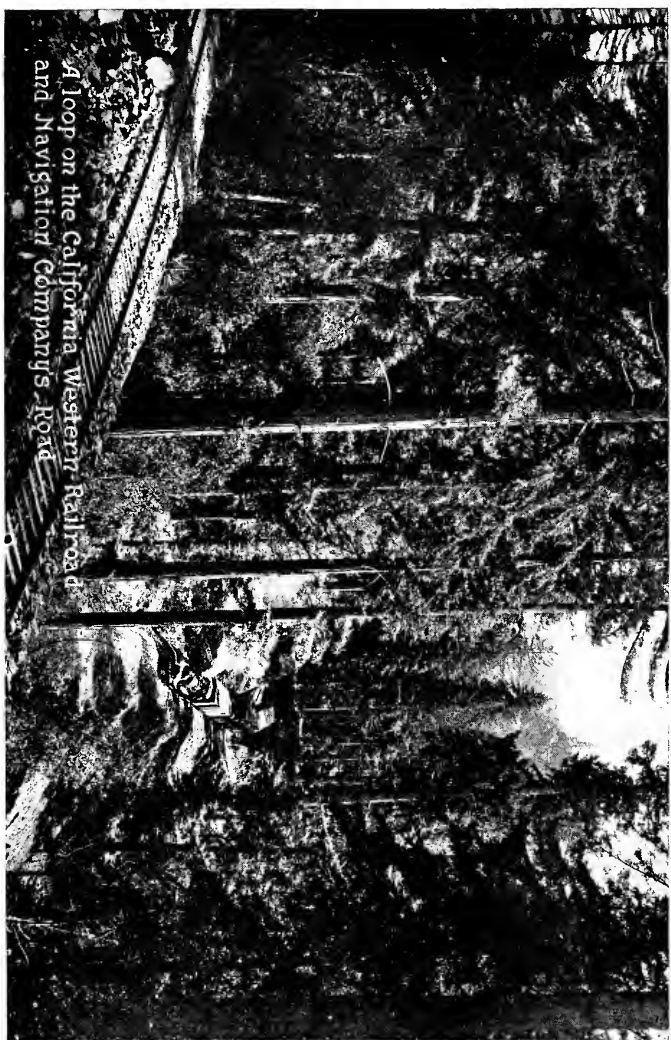
Climate.

Climate is one of the chief causes of prosperity in this section and is very beneficial to the orchardists as the much feared codling moth cannot live, which makes the raising of apples and other fruits very successful. Worms in the fruits are unknown, consequently it is possible to raise fruits of the highest standard and quality which command the markets top-notch prices.

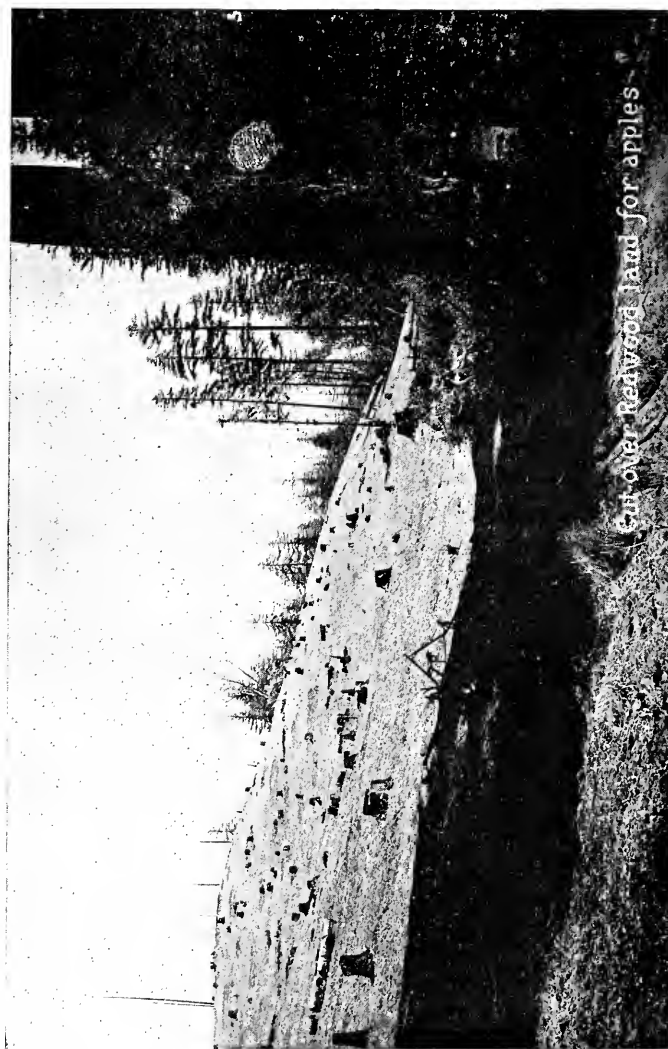
Its climate is one of the big factors in giving Noyo River country a reputation, both as a resort and a fruit raising community. Being very mild, it affords a long growing season. The government figures put the mean temperature at fifty-two to sixty degrees. No excessive heat in the summer, no extreme cold in the winter. The days are warm and bright. The nights cool and delightful and the pure air, spiced and tempered by the redwoods, make this one of the most perfect and delightful climates on the Pacific Coast.

Water.

With a good rainfall of a seasonal average of 50 inches and many, many springs of pure water bubbling from the ground, irrigation is practically unknown. The number of springs and the purity of the water in this section makes the successful raising of fruits and vegetables merely a matter of care. Nature has indeed richly endowed this land with a life giving abundance of water and great opportunities are here for the man who will work and assist nature.



A loop on the California Western Railroad
and Navigation Company's Road



Transportation.

The California Western Railroad and Navigation Company, operating between Fort Bragg on the coast and Willits on the Northwestern Pacific, affords shipping facilities unsurpassed. Not only does this open the way to the outside markets by rail, but also affords the opportunity to ship by water. At Fort Bragg, the terminus of the railroad, connection is made twice each week with the boats of the National Steamship Company. This is also a great advantage to the public for travelling, as those so desiring can make their journeys both by rail and water, thereby combining the pleasures of an ocean voyage in conjunction with a trip over the railroad. The boats of the National Steamship Company leave San Francisco, Army street wharf, for Fort Bragg on Wednesdays and Sundays of each week at 3:00 p. m., and from Fort Bragg for San Francisco on Tuesdays and Fridays at 3:00 p. m., making a one night ride between the two cities. For those desiring to travel all rail, connections are made at Willits with the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, leaving San Francisco at 7:45 a. m., arriving at Willits at 1:45, and leaving for the Noyo River at 2:35 p. m.

The Apple.

Beside the general admirable fruit-growing conditions, the cut-over redwood lands seems to be pre-eminently fitted for the perfection of the apple. The chief characteristics of the product is the freedom from worms, the quality and size and the enormous quantity of the production.

The development of the land for the apple industry is being very rapidly advanced and is attracting world-wide attention. All varieties do well and can be made to yield great results. Within the next few years this region will be among the lead-

ing apple producers of the world.

The Jonathan, Baldwin, Spitzenburg, Wagner, Bellflower and Gravensteins have been selected by experts as the best varieties for growers to concentrate on. The trees are healthy and vigorous; always bear good crops and are of the best quality of all known apples, taking into account all uses to which the apple is put. They are the best drying apples for quality and appearance; handsome, good size, superior quality for dessert or cooking, and especially for the market. The remuneration derived from the apple industry is enormous and here is a region that is the natural home of the apple.

The Grape.

The grape subject is always interesting to anyone at all familiar with this part of California. Their commercial recognition abroad, as well as in our own country, makes the industry a very profitable one.

Based on an average production of three and one half to four tons an acre the cost of growing grapes is between \$6.50 and \$7.00 a ton, while the market value averages from \$20.00 to \$25.00 per ton. The care varies greatly with individual conditions, of course, but here where we have the soil and the climate so admirably suited for the successful raising of fruits, the grape industry is sure to become one of the best sources of income.

The Cherry.

Selecting the right land for cherries is the first step towards success. How excellent Noyo River Land is for cherry growing can best be judged by those who have visited this wonderful land of opportunity. The Royal Anne, as big as an Eastern plum, and having a small pit, is one of the best varieties for which this land is adapted, although the Black Tartarian and the Yellow Buttner

are very popular.

The net profit per acre from full bearing cherry trees assures a very handsome income and many people now realizing the advantages in fruit raising are securing some of the land now being offered by the Noyo River Apple Company, where success is assured.

The Pear.

Success in general with pears is indicated by the statistics from this part of California.

The Bartlett is the favorite variety and can undoubtedly be cultivated to yield from eight to twelve tons to the acre.

Forty-five dollars per ton for No. 1 grade of Bartletts is a very conservative estimate with \$20.00 to \$25.00 per ton for Windfalls. Drying averages from \$6 to \$7 a ton and one ton of green fruit averages about 400 pounds dried. The soil of the cut-over redwood lands now being placed on the market by the Noyo River Apple Company, offers an opportunity for the homeseeker or investor to obtain some of this choice fruit land at an extremely low figure.

The Peach.

The peach will undoubtedly help to maintain the high standard of Noyo River country horticulture. A good yield of peaches in this section of California is from eight to twelve tons to the acre, while the general average is not much below eight. For the last five years the selling price of peaches has ranged between \$20 and \$40 a ton, the average being \$30. Plowing, cultivating, pruning and spraying cost on an average of \$20 an acre, picking about \$2 a ton. This, under ordinary circumstances, means on a conservative estimate of from \$140 to \$160 an acre net.

The fruit lands now being sold by the Noyo River Apple Company are all that can be desired for the peach.

Berries.

The production of berries is rapidly becoming one of the leading divisions of farming and will continue to gain importance. Few parts of the world are equal to the Noyo River country in suitability to the growth of berries, either in separate patches of where planted between the trees of young orchards. Different varieties, notably, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and loganberries can be very extensively produced.

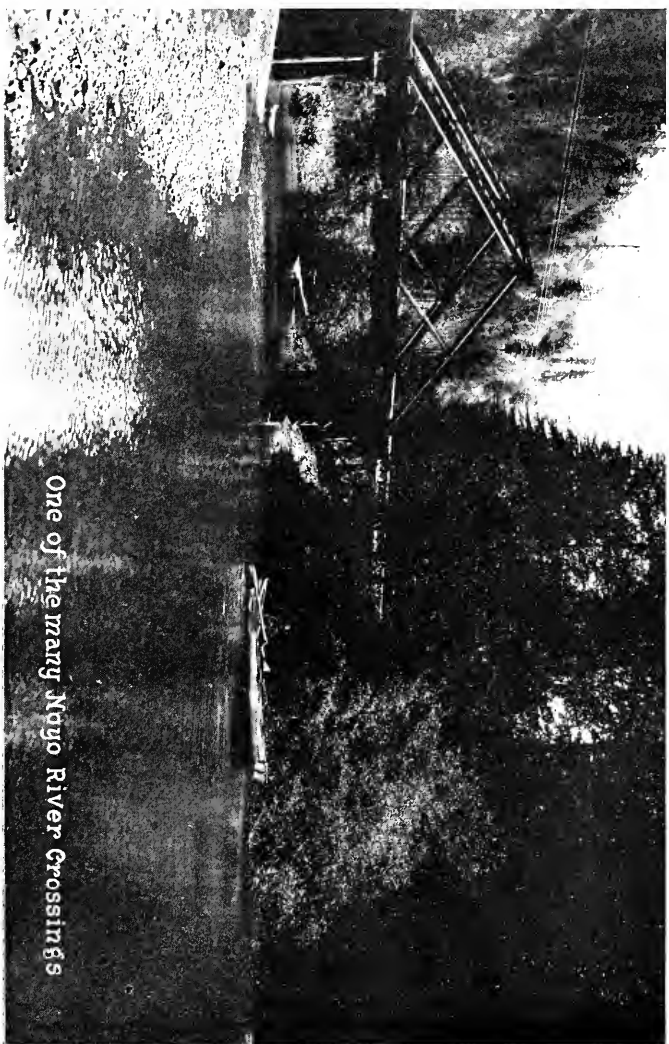
Growing berries between the rows of young trees is not only very profitable, but a benefit to the orchard, for in cultivating the berries you also cultivate the trees and as the vines draw only on the top soil they do not take any sustenance away from the trees. Berries do well on a variety of soils, but here where we have a deep, moist, loamy soil enriched by the effect of ages of fertilization by the forests the berry of perfection in quality, quantity and size can be successfully produced, yielding the grower enormous results.

Nuts.

Nuts, at least almonds and English walnuts, have become one of the most remunerative of California's products.

Growers who have learned the secrets of the culture of nuts know that the almond, for good thrifty growth, prefers a loose, light, warm soil, with natural moisture, all of which has been so generously provided for in the Noyo River lands. The English walnut, like the almond, grows best upon a rich, light, moist, loamy soil, and when provided with all these necessities shown its appreciation by its remarkably rapid growth.

For the successful culture of walnuts it is very desirable to secure soil of retentiveness and depth, with



One of the many Noyo River crossings



Ranch, Noyo River, Near Fort Bragg

moisture, but not excessive moisture especially standing water, for walnuts abhor standing water as well as drought. The topography of the country along the Noyo River is such that the successful cultivation of nuts is assured.

Opportunity.

You can better yourself in the Noyo River Country, whether your line be agricultural, fruit or pleasure, for here is a country teeming with opportunities where there is no irrigation necessary, no scorching hot summers, and where man need add nothing to the productiveness of the soil, nothing to the climate, or to

the scenery—all are perfect—just awaiting the homeseeker or investor to be appreciated and enjoyed.

To those who want homes, who want to work for themselves, who want to provide a future for their children, the Noyo River Country spells "Opportunity."

Information.

Full particulars in regard to the Noyo Apple Lands, and other reclaimed Redwood land, can be obtained by addressing Noyo River Apple Company, Room 1017 Crocker Building, San Francisco, California.

Those wishing information in regard to cut-over Redwood land may secure it by writing Johnston & Berryhill, Fort Bragg, California.

A Red-Gold Etching

By May S. Greenwood

A red-gold sunset in the West,
And red-gold is the broad high-way,
And like a god 'gainst that gold background
Is the knight on his red-gold bay.

The red-gold herd-dogs dash about,
On, o'er the red-gold broad highway
The knight with one last backward glance
On thro' the red-gold rides away.

The amber fades from roads dull-grey,
The twilight drops gauze-purple wings
Over the chirch-spires far away,
Her star gleams over men and things.

A National Problem



Wells Fargo & Company Creates a New Department Which Means Much to the Fruit Industry of California.

No single economic problem that has arisen before the American people in the last quarter of a century has caused more concern than the steady advance during the past decade of the prices of foodstuffs. "Cost of living," has already become a trite phrase, but it stands none the less for a problem fraught with much concern to the householder. And the fact that the problem is world-wide, covering almost every nation of the globe, does not make it simpler to him. Foodstuffs of nearly every sort have increased in cost during the past dozen years, while in the United States, with the notable exception of beef cattle, the production of foodstuffs has not lessened, but, on the contrary, has greatly increased.

As to the reason for the increases in cost of living, the economic doctors disagree. Their reasons and their theories are as manifold as their suggestions for relief. None of these have any place here. It is enough here and now to state that the problem exists and that a great transportation agency—ideally equipped for the handling of perishable food products—is going to use its best energies to help the solution of that problem. The transportation agency is the express, and the particular express that is going to make the effort is the express of Wells Fargo & Company.

This is not the place to recount the history of Wells Fargo & Company. That history, the part that a responsible transportation company took in the building of the West, has been told so many times and so faithfully as to make it of general knowledge. But the day when Wells Fargo & Company took its earliest part in the development of the Western States were not the days of congested cities, nor of the great quantities of foodstuffs being moved from open fields and orchards—sometimes two

or three thousand miles—to the final markets. The company realizes that it is now necessary to bring into being an organization, studying all the phases of the problem and moving in harmony with them. To that end it has enlarged its former Order and Commission department, which came into existence August 1. It will join hands with all forces interested in the research of the cost-of-living question. The question is largely one of the distribution of food products in which the farmer and other producers, the distributor, the consumer and the carrier are mutually interested. All these have a common platform in a desire to seek knowledge as to the solving of the foodstuffs problem, and the knowledge to be gained and applied by this department should work a benefit to all.

Wells Fargo & Company has maintained an Order and Commission department for many years, through which it has performed various public services, such as attending to commission for purchase and sale of goods, the recording of deeds, the payment of taxes, the reclaiming of baggage or other goods of value. The largest function of this department has been the promotion of the growth and production, especially in the West and Southwest, of fruit and vegetable traffic, by first maintaining a corps of trained industrial agents at all seasons of the year to aid the producer in finding suitable location and soil, and, second by assisting in securing markets for his production, and then in providing convenient, speedy and safe transportation. The company has in this respect truly exemplified the principle of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and in that sense, while admittedly benefiting itself, has been a public benefactor as well. Practically all of the immense shipments of vegetables,

berries, melons and other fruits which now move in carloads and train loads had their beginnings in small shipments by express. The express rates and service furnished transportation facilities necessary for the development of a great industry, and which were not otherwise available.

From these beginnings came the refrigerator car, that vehicle of simple complication which makes it possible to bring the fragrance and the delicacy of open lands and shadowy orchards across hot deserts and high mountains to distant hungry cities. It is worthy of recording here and now that the first refrigerator car ever built for passenger train service was built by Wells Fargo & Company, and that it went into service hardly more than a decade ago. To-day the company has a busy commercial fleet of these cars trekking overland and steadily growing with the passing of the years.

The Order, Commission and Food Products department comes as an outgrowth of the former Order and Commission department, an amplification of it, if you please, with broadened opportunity. The organization, which will be connected with the traffic department of the company, will consist of a manager and a group of industrial agents, who will direct the work, which will be performed, in its details, by the agencies and employees of the company across the land.

The aim of the department will be to study the foods product problem from various viewpoints, and to encourage and assist growers and producers by aiding them in finding of suitable markets among dealers and consumers, and in the securing, at minimum cost, of suitable sanitary packages or containers in which to ship. It is a well established fact that one of the greatest obstacles to an increased shipment by farmers and small producers in general, of fruits, vegetables, poultry and the like, has been the lack of availability of satisfactory containers in which to make shipments in small quantities.

Careful inquiry does not indicate a general shortage in the supply of food products; the difficulty seems to be that the system of distribution has not kept pace with the growth of the country, and that it is in many details complicated and ex-

pensive, particularly in the larger cities. In towns a greater quantity and variety of seasonable fruit, vegetables and the like would be consumed if there was an organization having definite information regarding the produce that could be sold and where it could be obtained in producing and distributing sections. It is intended that this department shall gather information that will enable the producer, the distributor, the consumer and the carrier to keep more closely in touch with each other, to the very material benefit of all.

Agents of Wells Fargo & Company will be called upon by the Food Products department for names of growers and shippers of food products from their stations. The department will be anxious to know about the containers or shipping packages now in use—and those required by prospective shippers. The names of dealers, both wholesale and retail, of hotels restaurants and co-operative clubs will be sought by the department. Its facilities will be extended to all interested in food production or consumption—the grower, producer and distributor, as well as the consumer. In this department the consumer who prefers to purchase foodstuffs direct from the producer will find a valuable aid.

For the assistance extended to the producer, distributor and consumer, in bringing them together and in promoting the distribution of foodstuffs, the company will make no charge other than that of its regular express transportation rates, and these are especially moderate upon foodstuffs. Special commodity rates apply to such traffic, the rate on all food products being materially lower than those applicable to shipments of merchandise.

Only a small portion of the public appreciate how reasonable are express charges upon such traffic. These low rates are made especially to meet the needs of the grower, in recognition of the fact that small shipments of perishable commodities must usually move by express service and at a low rate or not at all.

An important function of the new department will be the publication of bulletins in booklet form and at frequent intervals. These will be intended for large distribution and will deal not only with what the department is doing in general, but also

with specific and unusual offers, such as the shipment of individual packages of fruit, vegetables, nuts and the like.

At present there is a tendency toward indiscriminate shipments to points where markets do not exist or have already been supplied. This results in unsatisfactory returns to growers, and to improve on this condition, constant communication will be maintained between the Food Products department and our agents in those districts where produce is raised in considerable quantities. By this means, advice can always be had well in advance of the movement of the crop, as to its probable volume, and the date when it is likely to move. This will enable the company to assist in finding a market and should result in the products being distributed to better advantage.

tage.

Wells Fargo & Company believes that no more fitting time or better medium can come to the express to serve the public in general and be the gainer by such service. In this new field the agents of the company will have enlarged opportunity for getting closer to the residents of their communities by telling them of the department and of what the company is trying to do through this medium to be helpful to the farmer and the producer, as well as to the consumer. It is believed that the response will be hearty and immediate. There is hardly a community across the land to-day that is not interested in these problems from one point of view or another, and any distinctive move toward their solution will not go begging for appreciation.

"My Life is Devoted to Memories of You."

By Anna M. Reed.

I sailed beneath a burning sun,
By coral reefs and isles of balm,
Where orange groves and silvery palm
By faint spice winds were gently fanned,
Until I reached a tropic land.
And with three thousand miles between
The shores whereon two oceans fret,
I bravely said, "I will forget,"
And there beneath the Southern Cross
I crept out in the breathless night;
My heart was breaking, and the stars
Shone dimly on my fevered sight—
Ah! vain is change of time or place;
In heaven itself I see—thy face!



THOMAS ELLIOTT,
Industrial Agent, Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.



When Mrs. Breton Sighed.

A Story

By M. Eldridge Clay

Mrs. Breton was sitting rigidly in her own comfy chair by the dining room window, leaning forward and gazing out over the new green of the prune orchard. She had sat there quite ten minutes by the great clock in the corner that ticked away as calmly as usual in polite indifference to this somewhat unusual behavior on the part of Mrs. Breton. To be idle at nine o'clock in the morning! Really, it might have become too much for the equanimity of even a well-regulated, twentieth century grandfather's clock. But just then Mrs. Breton unbent figuratively (Mrs. B. was exactly five feet-two and weighed one hundred and sixty) and sighed deeply as she leant back and rubbed a moist palm squeakingly on the chair arm. Which latter action goes to prove that nerves had nothing to do with the sigh. Though a widow "thirty past"—quite a lot past—she was bright-eyed and red-cheeked and not at all the kind of a widow that sits sighing by a cold hearth "waiting for an only son, a boy of ten". To be sure, she did have an only son of just that age—but of him later.

But anyway a sigh is such a non-committal thing. You never can tell. It may mean, for instance, a disappointment in love; the success or failure of a cherished scheme; or just nothing at all.

Be it as it may, Mrs. Breton presently drew from the capacious depths of her work apron pocket a letter,

which, judging from its crumpled appearance, had already been thoroughly read, and began going over it slowly as if to make sure it held no point that had been overlooked in previous perusals.

My Dear Mrs. Breton (it ran):

Yours of the sixth at hand. In reply will say that I intend visiting the old place soon to look it over, also to renew old acquaintances in Winton. I shall be pleased to call and see you about the matter.

Very truly yours,

Ezra Miller.

Mrs. Breton let the letter drop into her lap. And, chin in hand, gazed out of the window again with dreamily speculative eyes. Which leaves space for explanations that may or may not have some bearing on the case.

Long before Mrs. Breton was Mrs. Breton, just plump pink-cheeked Minnie Bond, she and Ezra Miller had "kept company." Almost from the time he had carried her dinner bucket that first day at school, till his father had sent him away to business college when he was eighteen. She was two years younger.

Ezra had never come back. But had settled in that indefinite country known to Northern Californians as "below." His parents had rented their ranch and followed.

And then Sam Breton came to work for old Man Bond. Big, easy-going Sam Breton, who, despite his easy-goingness, possessed a wonder-

ful power to make things come his way. The lack of worthy objects being perhaps the reason that power was not brought into play more often. For when he arrived at the Bond ranch his worldly goods consisted of a strong body and a very capable pair of hands that he straightway began making indispensable. So much so, that when old man Bond died, two years later, Minnie was already his wife, and he found himself the proprietor of as fine a ranch as the township boasted. And all might have gone well, had Sam not thought it time to rest from his labor, a procedure that lacked the complete approbation of his wife. And the litteral carrying out of which proved the ultimate undoing of Sam.

But then, how was Sam to know that a limb would fall on his head as he lay in the shade of the big oak tree while the hired man mowed the very tree that Minnie had been urging him to trim of dead limbs before the cattle were turned in on the stubble.

Hence the ranch had been run, for the past eight years, with an energy worthy of complete success. Still Mrs. B., human like, was not quite satisfied

Anyway, she sighed again as she folded her letter and went back to her neglected work.

It was a lazy afternoon. The humid fullness of growing green things filled the air with an infectious heaviness, that seemed to have gotten into the blood of the before casually mentioned Sam Jr. For all his mischief, active at any rate, had deserted him. And he lay on his stomach in the speckled shade of the locust tree in the back yard giving sleepy attention to the book that lay on the grass just beyond his folded arms on which his chin rested.

Even Fritz, the fox terrier, had fallen under the spell as subtle, if less profound, as that of Rip Van

Winkle's "naughty flaggon," and lay stretched a few feet away, dozing between spasms of panting. The result of mighty, but vain, efforts to interest his master in most fascinating antics.

Yes, Sammy was lazy today, and if the truth must be told just a little bit grumpy as well. And that because Ma had company and had told him to take Fritz into the back yard and not bother. Which, to say the least, was inconsiderate of Ma; for he never did bother—much.

And, anyhow, this was rather bum company to make a fuss over. A man that didn't like dogs. He had met Fritz's friendly advances with a poke of his walking stick. At the same time leveling a pair of snappy gray eyes in Sammy's direction in a manner that left no doubt as to their owner's utter disapproval of boys as well as dogs. And Ma had called him Ezra! Someway the name made Sammy feel creepy like water dogs—Sammy wasn't imaginative. He didn't have to be. Sam Taylor had put one of the wet wriggly things down Sammy's back once.

Sammy dismissed the disagreeable subject and turned all his attention to his book.

Though not much given to reading, he had been persuaded by Franky Snider to read this "dandy one." It was very vivid as to illustration, but to Sammy's inexperience, rather vague as to text. Indians were killed and scalped with a bewildering rapidity. Which latter process awakened in Sammy's mind no little curiosity to know just how it was accomplished.

He grasped a handful of his own yellow foretop that curled outward over the edge of his hat brim, and tweaked it right and left. Yes, his scalp moved quite easily. He pulled a little harder and concluded it would take quite a jerk after all.

If it wasn't so hot he would go down in the garden and ask Bonito if he was ever scalped. Come to think of it, Bonito did have a tiny bare spot squarely in the center of his bristling shock of grizzled hair. But, like as not, Bonito wouldn't say a word but "no sabe"—Bonito was a Digger Indian, and like the rest of his tribe, not much given to discussing the past. A peculiarity that threatened, at times to disrupt the friendship of Sammy and Bonito. Had not the wily old diplomat met every crisis with a shaking of his fat sides and that invariable "Huh, huh, me no sabe.,,—No, it wasn't a bit of use to ask Bonito.

Sammy ran his fingers deep in the long grass. Then with sudden inspiration he jerked a handful up by the roots and waved it about his head giving utterance to a subdued whoop that allowed full expression, might have been one of Daring Dick's own. Which outburst roused the somnolent Fritz to a frenzy of activity. He sprang up and darted about aimlessly till he spied Old Blue, the cat, curled up by the corner of the woodshed. And rushed at him like a small cyclone and sent him in a jiffy to the top of the ash barrel. From which point of vantage his usually willing sparring partner looked down on him with bored indifference.

Fritz resourcefully turned his attention to something under the gooseberry bushes on the other side of the fence. He sniffed gingerly between the picktes, then jumped back barking sharply. Sammy rose and went to investigate. He pulled Fritz away and saw—the old yellow hen sitting aggressively upon her latest stolen nest.

Joy of joys! Here was the excuse for which Sammy's subconsciousness had been searching.

He backed quickly from behind the ash barrel, leaving Fritz to renew his attack on Old Blue, and made for the house, throwing wide the screen door in the back hall as he went. And burst into the parlor. Pausing midway between his mother and her astonished guest, anxious to stay possible reprimand, he began breathlessly:

"Oh, ma, I found the old yel—!"

But got no farther with the good news. For right there, as Sammy

afterwards expressed it, there was something doin'. A scramble and scratching through the hall of clawed and padded feet. A blue streak followed closely by a larger white one shot between Sammy's legs. He felt himself rising with dizzying abruptness, up, up! Whence he immediately descended, grabbing out convulsively as he came down sprawling.

Old Blue took the shortest route to the top of the bookcase, which happened to include the shoulders of Ezra. There he quivered and fluffed and growled defiance at his enemy dancing about below and nearly splitting his throat with yelps of satisfaction. Fritz loved to see things lively.

In the confusion, Sammy rose stupidly to a setting posture, ready to add his voice to the uproar. He put up a hand to meet the tears that were imminent, then stiffened with horror at sight of what it held.

"Oh, ma!" he screeched, "I've scalped him! Will he die, ma, will he die?"

And, flinging his bloodless trophy from him, not daring a look at his victim who sat, very red in the face, making nervous dabs with his handkerchief at the shiny spot on the top of his head where but a moment ago had rested glossy black waves, Sammy rolled over on the floor in a perfect agony of contrition.

Mrs. Breton, who had started to her feet in the courses of the melee was somewhat bewildered by sudden comprehension—she had wondered how she had made such a mistake in her memory of Ezra Miller's personal appearance. She had been quite certain that his hair used to be a light brown and as straight as a string—but she recovered sufficiently to restore the somewhat ruffled headpiece to its discomforted owner and remove Sammy to the kitchen, the corners of her mouth twitching as she did so.

When she returned from a brief interview with her son, which left him duly humbled and somewhat reassured, she found Fritz who scorned to preform without an audience, stretched on the front porch, his nose between his paws and one ear perked enquiringly toward the departing guest, who was outside the gate and trudging up the road, insulted dignity bristling in every line of his spare figure.

Mrs. Breton went back into the dining room, sunk limply into the chair by the window and laughed till the tears came to her eyes. As she wiped them away she gazed for a moment thoughtfully out over the prune orchard, then she spoke, addressing the pictured face of a man that looked down from its frame on the wall—a habit she had acquired in the past eight years.

"Well, I guess my chances for making a deal for the old Miller place are rather slim just now."

But Mrs. Breton smiled even as she sighed again.

General Vallejo.

By Alfred J. Puckett.

We speak of him whose worthy praise,
Reminds us of adventurous days

That great events have crowned,
Among the high illustrious names
That our proud country justly claims
His memory is renowned.

As time the storied past unrolls,
Upon our grand historic scrolls

That hero's record stands,
In his eventful life we see
A nobleman of high degree,
A son of Western lands.

A soldier early bearing arms,
His crowning manhood knew the charms

That youth and fortune lent;
The mighty wealth of his domain
Would vie with haughty lords of Spain,
Or dora of proud descent.

When love first made life's morning sweet,
Unto his handsome country seat

He brought his youthful bride,
Famed is the home wherein he dwelt,
The household and the hearth that felt
His virtues' genial tide.

The pomp of the Castillian race,
Showed in his courtly mien and face,

On ranges, rich and fair,
His flocks and herds unnumbered grew,
He lived as royal princes do

A native millionaire.

Well may our native country bless,
The deeds that stamp their firm impress
That keep his memory bright,
Well may she bless what Freedom willed,
What ranks of state he nobly filled
Reflecting honor's light.

He was a man firm souled and proud,
A man whom nature had endowed,
With honest, liberal traits,
A man whose heart was never cold
Though stranger hands soon grasped his
gold,
His princely rich estates.

A long and useful life he passed,
Among exciting changes cast
Till when the frost and rain
Of four and eighty seasons fell,
His spirit, bidding earth farewell,
Had rent life's prison chain.

He sleeps where flowery clusters bloom,
The noisy birds above his tomb,
Are chanting joyous lays,
Where graveyard stones look mutely down,
Upon the old historic town
That saw his brightest days.

Peace to his dust that moulders there,
Peace to his spirit is our prayer,
Respecting his career,
Succeeding millions will retrace,
A grandee of the Spanish race,
A native pioneer.



Statesmanship



Unveiled

By Dr. Hugh K. McClelland.

I am not given to glittering generalities but rather to cold pointed facts, the outgrowth of calm unbiased observation.

I claim the right to speak my sentiments as regards men who assume leadership and delegate unto themselves the responsibility of governmental affairs. As to what England, Germany or any other nation may think as to our national policies is of small concern, or should be, at least, to an average American. There was an Indian chief named, "Young man afraid of his horses," such a sobriquet could consistently be applied to some men I know who take upon themselves a hesitating, vacillating, illtimed method of dealing with bandits and inferior races of men who outrage all the rules of diplomacy, and decency. I am only occasionally given to mirth, however, I have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over little Chinda the "Jap" and his flirtations with Mr. W. and B., one would naturally think that a scare which would cause a man to run three or four thousand miles then have his fears so increased as to cause him to run back over the same distance would cause a collapse and revulsion of feeling to such an extent that the dove of peace would forever seek cover and bury herself in utter seclusion. That little sprinting match occupying the space between the capital and Whitehouse causing undue perspiration on the part of the contestants incited by a mongrel possessing an inimical gall and nerves of steel was an exhibition of courage and statesmanship that this country will long remember. A president of the type of Andrew Jackson would have simply said to

little Chinda, "Go away back and sit down and when I get good and ready I will call for you."

I have before me a personal letter from former Governor O. B. Colquest of Texas, that breathes the spirit of a true American, a man who if given the power would settle the Mexican international strife and bring order and security out of chaos and insecurity.

During my early life on the frontier I took considerable delight in running down murderous Indians. A true saying was "A dead Indian is a good Indian." How happily this applies to those roving bands of cut-throat assassins whose heads are so snapped that the tears drop down their backs. What do those savages know about high sounding words or international courtesies or compliments exchanged between ambassadors possessed of high moral ideals? It is safe to say they know no more about the fundamental laws of government than a "dog knows about the head of his bed."

Shall we as a nation hesitate, quibble, cajole, flatter, drag our national dignity in the dust, simply to test out the policy of one man? The world has a history written and preserved on tablets of stone and emblazoned so that all men may read the rise and fall of governments. When men sought to learn truth and justice and deal out the same to their fellows, their national emblems shone with a luster, not having been besmirched by rapine and murder. The Father of all men and nations permits those who by dint of courage are willing to step to the fore and right wrongs no matter from what source they come or what means are used to correct them.

No nation suffers humiliation or defeat when force is directed against conditions such as exist within the borders of our nearest southern neighbors. It is time pantomime should cease and give place to an aggressive, firm, and decisive action on the part of this government, then other peoples and nations will call us blessed.

It may be true as Mr. Bryan says: "Jesus Christ never carried a sword." If so it is also true that He never claimed to be above the law, neither did He attempt to interfere with the operation of laws set in motion to govern the physical, moral or spiritual well being of man.

The teaching of the Master was that there is no infraction of the law by bandits but they are broken as a reed when they run contrary to that which is wholesome and good and He at all times preached on the side of purity and justice, emanating from the inner spiritual man. Which may I ask, will bring the best and most speedy results, let cut-throats destroy themselves by continuous indulgence in murder, or decapitate them by bringing the higher law into immediate action? If there is a divine purpose and it is mete to live the law why not act and act at once and save to Americans their lives and vested interests.

Edwin Markham's Most Beautiful Poem.

Written to His Own Little Son.

Child heart! Wild heart!

What can I bring you,

What can I sing you,

You who have come from a glory afar,

Called into Time from a secret star?

Fleet one! Sweet one!

Whose was the wild hand

Shaped you in child land,

Framing the flesh with a flash of desire,

Pouring the soul as a fearful fire.

Strong child! Song child!

Who can unravel

All your long travel

Out of the mystery, birth after birth—

Out of the dim worlds deeper than
Earth?

Mad thing! Glad thing!

How shall life tame you?

How will God name you?

All that I know is that you are to me

Wind over water, star on the Sea.

Dear heart! Near heart!

Long is the journey,

Hard is the tourney:

Would I could be by your side when you
fall

Would that my own heart could suffer
it all.

Nature's Hidden Forces.

By Judge C. H. Dillon.

Theoretical observances on the subject matter of Nature's hidden forces, and powers, of electricity—its origin and nativity, derived from solids, liquids and vapors, by friction and association.

The earth approximately a solid, the water, a liquid, the atmosphere a vapor, animating from each of the other two, generated by heat, and condensed by cold, returning to its parent body by percipitation, from condensing stratas, by force of consequences, and conjunction with magnetic attraction. Each emanating from the other two, by compatible influences. The earth comparatively a mote, floating in space, by magnetic influences, and attractions, held in position and controlled by the sun and rotated by that orb.

The earth being held in position, by the north and south, frigid poles.

The above statement of myself, has been concluded upon by theory and observations, and not given as authority, or a guide to others, but as a beginning that other researchers may glean from my reasoning, and perhaps conclude some better synopsis, and benefit to those who linger in confusion, even upon the source of our own existence, in the bewilderment of unknown facts.

Alluding to the Trinity—Earth—Water—Atmosphere—I omitted the sun, moon and stars—male, female and offspring, which are animated nature.

The poised condition of the earth, on account of the oval form, which is a perfect figure, and not a square, or ninety degrees, or a circle, as held in ancient times.

Who knows but the sun is the Patron, the moon the Matron and the Stars the offspring? New stars, are reported by the astronomers, as seen at intervals, in the mist of formation.

The suggestions alluded to have been, by me, contemplated by analytical and synthetical experiments—an assimilation of component parts admissable to the affinity in agreeable assimilation, with out antagon-

ism and related by specific gravity and density in complete union.

The electrical influences upon climatic conditions is clearly indicated in every phase.

In-as-much as the influence of electricity upon the elements of nature's causes, changes in heat and cold to a dry condition, causing paper to dry and crackle.

Tobacco will moisten and yield to stripping during the absence of north wind, and become brittle during electrical influences.

The seasons change, under the influence of electricity to a marked degree.

Hence cyclones, cloudbursts and violent hurricanes are becoming more frequent during the general use of electricity, throughout the entire districts where high voltage and general use of electricity is operated.

Within the last few weeks from Nome to Texas most unusual atmospheric disturbances have taken place at seasons when usually pacific conditions prevail.

Even the rail band of tracks across the continent, is exerting its great power over the humidity of the atmosphere through electrical influences.

We find greater heat and more oppression and a noticable chill more acute, since electricity has come into use.

The heated atmosphere of the lowlands is pressed foward to the vacuum upon the elevated snow clad mountains, seeking a condensation.

The Chinook wind from the tropics following the Japanese current, will press into snow clad regions, and its warmth will melt a two foot fall of snow in from eight to ten hours.

The most noticable feature of electricity is observed by animated nature, when a warm north wind is blowing against the sun's attraction, which is always an unnatural wind, because vapor is repulsed by heat, to a cool vacuum, where it becomes condensed to its natural element.

Even the dew drops on the buds,

"with their sparkling bright eyes,
are wafted to vapor, and passed on-
ward as sighs."

Let us continue to investigate and
report progress.

"The very law that holds a tear,

And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a
sphere,
And guides the planets in their
course."

Woman.

By Anna M. Reed.

In all the history of the world, that
name,
In love and honor, has remained the
same,
A mediatrix she was chosen, when
She interposed between her God and
men,
And in her pure arms held in fond
embrace,
The Infant Savior of our fallen race;
First at the tomb, and last beside
the cross,
No plan of mercy can sustain her
loss;
Like to the dove, who folds her pati-
ent wings,
And mourns her sorrow, yet in ~~the~~
morning sings,
The while her course could reach be-
yond the stars,
She stays her flight in narrow prison
bars,
Far from the world and where its
evils lurk,
She fain would turn to seek some
chosen work,
Yet shrinks not from the ways of
death and sin,
When through their path a loved one
enters in;
She leaves to none, beside her God
confessed,
The wrongs that burn in her defense-
less breast,
To hands that wound she yet will
kiss and cling,
And for the erring her petitions bring
While tears yet fall beneath the
chastening rod,
A current bearing her toward her
God,
And on that tide which bears her
surely on,
Have many sinners to forgiveness
gone,
That but for prayers and tears so
freely given,
Had never passed beyond the gate
of heaven,
Without her, incomplete this wond-
rous plan,
This great creation, and its triumph,
man.

Champ Clark's Gettysburg Speech, July 3, 1913.

From the Congressional Record of July 9, 1913.

"I was only 11 years old when Fort Sumter was fired on, and now my head is blossoming like the almond tree. I will tell you how I regard that awful contest and how the generation to which I belong looks upon it, as one of the most heroic chapters in the annals of mankind. I read English history as a prologue to American history. When I reflect upon the civil wars in England my judgement is with the stern, unfaltering, pious Roundheads, who at Worcester, Marston Moor and Dunbar followed the great Oliver into battle shouting, 'God with us;' but my soul is fired with the recollection of the chivalric deeds of those gallant knights and gentlemen who charged under the silken banner of Prince Rupert in the cause of the Stuart King. Cold must be the heart of that American who is not proud to claim as countrymen the flower of the southern youth who charged up the slippery slopes of Gettysburg with peerless Pickett or those unconquerable men in blue, who through three long and dreadful days held these beetling heights in face of fierce assaults. It was not southern valor or northern valor. It was, thank God, American valor; that valor which caused our Revolutionary fathers to throw their gage of battle in the face of the son of a hundred kings; that valor which animated Washington at Princeton, Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown; that valor which upheld his famished men amid the unspeakable horrors of Valley Forge; that valor which sustained the soldiers who followed Arnold on that cruel winter's march through the woods of Canada and in the Christmas storming of Quebec, where Montgomery fell immortal; that valor which nerved Andrew Jackson and his raw militia on the ever-glorious 8th of January, when they humbled to the very dust the towering pride of that mighty

monarch upon whose domains the sun never sets, and utterly routed the veterans of the Peninsula who had snatched from Napoleon's brow the iron crown of Charlemagne; that valor which at Buena Vista, Cherebusco and Chapultepec filled the world with its renown; that valor which wrote Davy Crockett's name above Leonidas and made the Alamo another shrine for freedom; that valor which begirts this land as with a wall of fire, forbidding all nations of the earth to touch the ark of American liberty lest they die. Callous, indeed, must be the man who cannot find something to admire in the colossal, benignant character of Abraham Lincoln or in the splendid career of Robert E. Lee.

"The soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the south were American freemen all, fighting like heroes for what they considered right. As such I honor them. As such I teach my children to cherish them.

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

O my countrymen, it is an inspiring thing to be an American—a great, a glorious thing.

"When I look into the faces of my children my heart swells with ineffable pride to think that they are citizens of this mighty Republic, one and indivisible, built not for a day but for all time, and destined under God to be the dominating influence of all the centuries yet to be, dominating not by force of arms, not by the mailed hand, but by influencing men everywhere, by the wholesomeness of our example to adopt our theory of government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

"The words of Whittier's Centennial Hymn are as true today as when he wrote them in 1876.

"Our Father's God from out whose

hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet today, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.
"Oh make Thou us, through centuries

long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gifts of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous
law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old."



(Continued from last month.)

MAR. 25.—Started this morning from Bangor. Stalled on the grade near Dick Floyd's place. Got his team and one from Powers and came on to Barnum's on the banks of the Yuba. Took dinner.

The river is terribly swollen by the spring freshets. I never expected to cross it alive as we had to go in a row boat. The ferryman's name is Jonah. We left Stevens and his team at the river, as our goods have to be taken over in small boats. I had a talk with Stevens and paid him. I like him, he was so patient on the trip.

Col. Judson met us on the other side of the river, with a man and wagon to haul the things to the place we are renting. It belongs to Judge Redfield. It is built on the side of a hill, with a garden in terraces. It is three stories high in front, and only one at the back.

We are here tonight all safe and sound, but I am very tired. God help me to do my duty, and make me prosperous.

Dreamland Home, Timbuctoo, March 26, 1869.

MAR. 26.—Have worked hard all day, fixing up the house. The garden here will be beautiful in summer, and there are fruit trees and grape vines all planted in terraces. A stream of pure spring water runs under the house, and down to the creek below, and the basement is just a store room and spring house. A red rose bush covers the back of the house.

I intend to try to buy this place. I shall call it "Dreamland Home."

I hope to lecture here soon, shall commence preparations to do so tomorrow.

Have been busy all day, working to fix up our home here. Have been thinking of some of my Oroville friends. What a good true friend S.

is and also Dr. B. God bless them both and grant that I see them once more.

Expect to speak at this place and Smartsville, tomorrow.

God help me in all that I undertake is my sincere prayer.

MAR. 28.—Lectured at Timbuctoo and Smartsville, afternoon and evening. Was introduced by Col. Judson. Took a collection of \$31.65.

Met John Vineyard for the first time in long months. Also Dr. Plomteaux, and Dr. Bolton. This was the first time I had seen Dr. Plomteaux since I was boarding with the family of Dr. C. S. Haswell, and going to school, as a day scholar at Mrs. Ferry's Seminary in Sacramento. Dr. Plomteaux is still District Deputy for the I. O. G. T.

Shall try to compose some on my new lecture tomorrow.

MAR. 29.—Received two papers today. Did not accomplish much, am tired.

MAR. 30.—Mrs Daugherty and her daughters called today. The Daugherty's were old friends of my people in Dubuque, Iowa, knew my father and mother when they lived there.

This is a clear and beautiful day.

MAR. 31.—Fair today, have been working hard, getting things in shape. Sold an old cupboard.

APRIL, 1.—Received one letter today. Weather clear and bright. Have worked all day. Have been thinking much of my destiny. Hope I shall succeed in my benefit at this place. God knows that I shall strive to deserve success.

APRIL, 2.—Visited Mountain Guard Lodge, I. O. G. T., tonight.

Met and was introduced to Willie Vineyard. Gave a short address for the good of the order. Hope I may have a good attendance at my benefit, on Monday next.

APRIL, 3.—Visited "Dirigo" Lodge

I. O. G. T. Willie and John Vineyard were there. Willie brought me an amusing note from Cousin Clara.

APRIL, 4. Sunday.—Went to Bible class today, at Timbuctoo.

Weather is very fine. Hope it may be so tomorrow. Attended church this evening.

APRIL, 5.—Aunt Mary, the girls and the Vineyard boys came to see us this evening. After supper we all went up to Smartsville where I lectured. My collection was \$19.75. Will Vineyard seems a splendid fellow, the best and brightest of the family.

APRIL, 6.—Nettie and Fannie Daugherty called today. Also Willie Dickenson and Dr. Bolton.

APRIL, 7.—Willie Dickinson called today, with Roswell Durkee. Went to an entertainment at Smartsville this evening, with Nettie and Fannie Daugherty.

There was a dance. I danced with Will Dickenson, Willie Vineyard, John and several others. Received a very interesting letter from Aunt Mary, also her picture, and those of the girls.

APRIL, 8.—Visited the Daughertys.

APRIL, 9.—Was up to Smartsville today. Took lunch with the Colonel and Dr. Bolton. Came home about 2 o'clock, p. m. Found Uncle Ed at Dreamland.

APRIL, 10.—Half sick today. Am not yet rid of the malaria.

APRIL, 11.—John Vineyard called today. Lectured this evening at Timbuctoo, my collection was \$8.37 1-2.

(It will be remembered that in 1869, the 12 1-2 cent pieces were still in circulation. Ed.)

APRIL, 12.—Nettie Daugherty was here all day. I was up to Smartsville to have my teeth filled.

Dr. Bolton walked home with me.

(Continued next month.)

...PEN PASTELS...

By LAURANCE ZENDA

Beloved:—

I'm tired. Lay me on the couch—my heart is tired—I want to rest. The wind outside is cold, but there is warmth within your smile of encouragement—Sit there in the chair where the light of the dying day can fall across your hair. Reach out your dear strong arms as though you wished to comfort me. I am your guest here in the twilight—symbolic of a tired life—a weary little guest in your house by the sea. With your generous caressing thought the room is warm, and safe from the world apart. I am living an hour with you, where the wind outside and the ocean wide, and the sea birds flying far, are all calling to me—I wonder if stealing an hour with you is any more harmful than * * * * * why! you're kneeling by me! I told you to sit in the chair where the light falls on your eyes, but your caressing hands hold my own, your questioning look seems to say, "What makes that skeptical little smile lurk where only happiness should play?" O! my boy of dreams your ways so tender hold me captive. I feel the strength of hope and youth in your finger tips. I love the smile of your mouth. Press your cheek against my own in that first wild eagerness that man can know when a woman steals an hour with him—What creates this harmony within our hearts, and why am I resting here? You're not thinking, I can

see that in your tender eyes, but just giving and giving inspiration to my tired spirit—quite unconsciously, I am sure. I can see before me in the dying light a chariot of thought, and all the golden moments claimed by us are speeding away in the trail of the setting sun, and though we pray, or weep or laugh with joy, they will not delay; so watch them pass in expectant joy. Hold me fast in your arms dream boy, in the night sea of life we are drifting apart—Others will people this room in the after hours, and fairer seem, but this is our hour by the sand and sea, greedily drink its meaning—Your heart is beating wildly—throbbing—in your eyes I see passion dancing fast—fast as the waves of the sea—you want me, want me, all in this hour by the sea. But dream boy, in your house by the sea, our hour is over, and how pale and tear-stained is my face, but the light is gone and you cannot see. Let me tell you softly in a whisper like a sob, my heart is dead, and in thought we will bury it deep in the sand, for I am not here at all. I slipped away in the trailing mist into the shadows that closed the day, far out into the nothingness of everything, and sometimes when you are alone, while the light falls across your face and hair, like a benediction of thought, know that all that is alive in me, is a prayer, and I shall not return.

Laurance.

"It is the love of Christ which has lighted the world; dogmas about Him have only lighted the fires of tyranny and disputation."

The Mother Pioneers

By May S. Greenwood

The noblest theme for Poet's pen,
For every minstrel's tenderest lay,
Should be a song to the Mothers of
men,
The Queens of true nobility.

For history sings no hero's praise,
And chants no saint or martyr's
song,
But to that truth, through all the
days,
It turns—the Mothers strong.

Let us then sing the mothers of men,
With a Nation's pride of years,
They held the fate, of the Golden
State,
The Mother Pioneers.

On through the lonely, barren years,
In the days when hope gleamed far,
And men struggled on toward its
rays,
Then was the mother the guiding
star.


On through the lonely, barren years,
They struggled toward the goal,
The men were the spirit of progress
then,
But the Mothers were its soul.


Let us then sing of the Mothers of
men,
With a Nation's pride of years,
They spoke the fate of the Golden
State,
The Mother Pioneers.



EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

 ONGRESSMAN Kent is home again. He has served the people ably and well. His work at Washington. has been thoroughly progressive, and unquestionably right.

He has an intelligent appreciation and understanding of what his district needs, and how to get it. He is a force in the great councils of the nation.

When the time comes, return him to the office he has dignified. He will go, fitted by his experience, in the fullness of his powers, to stand for the interests of humanity and his constituents, defend their rights, present their demands, and succeed in the future as he has in the past.

THE appointment by Wells Fargo & Co., of Thomas Elliott, as Industrial Agent, of the Order, Commission and Food Products Department, for the entire Pacific Coast, with headquarters at San Francisco, was a wise one.

Mr. Elliott was among the first to promote the idea of establishing the new department, and was exercising it, in a small way, at Oroville, Butte county, twelve years ago.

Mr. Elliott has jurisdiction over the entire Pacific Coast, west of Butte, Ogden and El Paso, and will be assisted by a corps of industrial agents all over the United States.

The Company has in its employ no more capable and reliable man. His tireless energy, and faithful service, have well earned his promotion. We predict for Mr. Elliott success, and added achievement in the work for which he is so well fitted, and congratulate the company for its selection of the right man for the place.

For seven years Mrs. Reed has been writing of northern California in her little periodical, and her descriptive and historical articles have been of interest and value to the section. She was the first to bring to the notice of her readers the possible value of the cut-over redwood lands. Articles bearing upon that subject appearing in her issue of September, 1905, of which 3,000 copies were distributed. — Mendocino Beacon, Mar. 29, 1913.

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the San Francisco District of the California Federation of Woman's Clubs, will be called to order in Santa Rosa, promptly at 9:30 a. m., Wednesday, October 29, 1913, at Odd Fellows Hall, with Mrs. Percy L. Shuman presiding. Delegates and representatives from eleven counties will be in attendance. A program of unusual merit will be presented, and many social functions of interest take place, during the three days session ending October 31. It will be a notable gathering of representative women, and mark an important epoch in the progress of Northern California.

Among the many pleasant social functions of the passing year, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, the last but not the least, was the brilliant reception to Mr. and Mrs., Winston Churchill, which took place on Monday afternoon, October 13, 1913, at the Sequoia Club Building, 1725 Washington street, San Francisco. On that occasion the famed author was presented with a laurel wreath and a loving-cup, and he was presented to those in attendance by Mrs. Lowenberg, the president of the association. Musical numbers were rendered by the Misses Ray del Valle, Ruby Stuart and Ida Von Weick. The accompanists were C. A. Noble, Mrs. Charles Smith and Lois Tucker. Mrs. Lowenberg was assisted in receiving by many distinguished women. The gathering was one long to be remembered in the history of the Woman's Press Association.

Statement of the ownership, management, Circulation, etc., of The Northern Crown published monthly at Petaluma, California, required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Washington D. C., and retain the other in the files of the postoffice.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification.) Editor, Anna Morrison Reed, Petaluma, Cal. Managing Editor, Anna Morrison Reed, Petaluma, Cal. Business Manager, Anna Morrison Reed, Petaluma, Cal. Publisher, Anna Morrison Reed, Petaluma, Cal. Owners: (If a corporation, give

names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.) Anna Morrison Reed. (No Corporation.)

Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities. None.

(If additional space is needed, a sheet of paper may be attached to this form.)

Average number of copies of each

issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceeding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

Signed, Anna Morrison Reed.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this Sixth day of October, 1913.

(Seal.) F. L. Borden.

(My commission expires January

2, 1917.

Mendocino Bank

—OF—

Commerce

MENDOCINO CITY, CAL.

OFFICERS:

JOSHUA GRINDLE.....President

JOHN S. ROSS..... Vice President

J. N. REA.....Cashier

Have You Discovered Fort Bagg?

Article and Photographs by W. T. Fitch, Fort Bragg.

"Facts! said Mr. Gradgrind, 'Let us have facts!'"

Listen: This is "OLD OPPORTUNITY" speaking of FORT BRAGG, and he states that a real, live city (as you may see by our illustrations) with a population of 3,200, and with both Railroad and Steamship communication with the outside world, makes her bow to you once more. Just glance at our chart and get interested at once.

Climate

Rainfall, 36 inches.

Lowest average temperature, 46 degrees.

Highest average, 67 degrees.

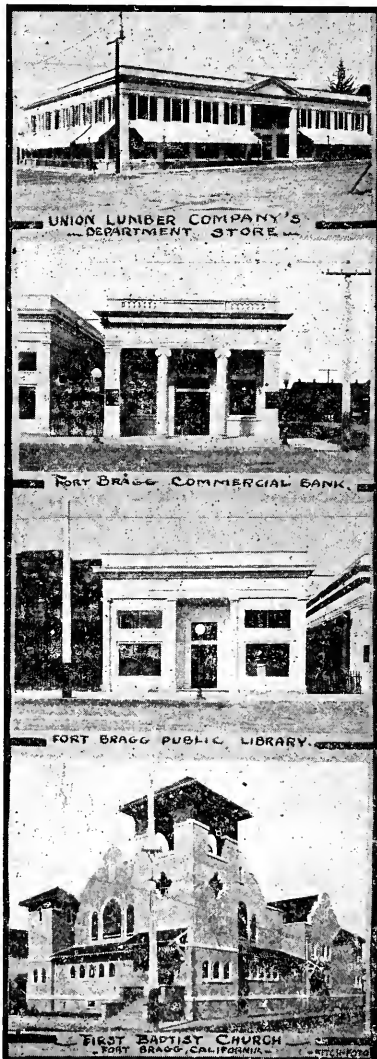
No frost until about December 8, and latest frost about February 4, (average.)

Suffice it further to state that we have only one undertaker, and he has a dreadfully hard time paying his debts.

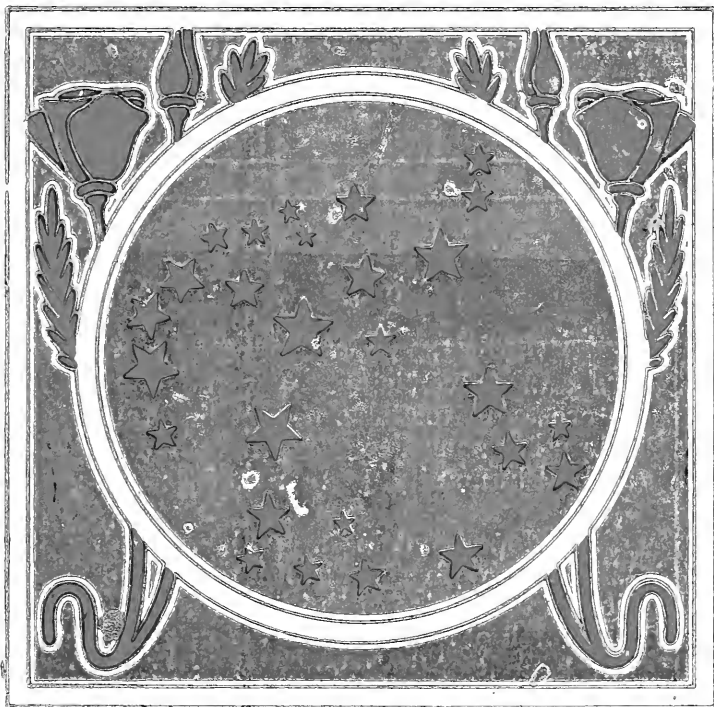
Moral Influences

Nearly all churches are very substantially represented. (See our illustrations for sample.)

Our Clergymen are progressive, and the safe-guarding of the young is a work given much attention.



THE NORTHERN CROWN



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\$1.00

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ANNA MORRISON REED,

Editor and Proprietor

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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

"Entered as second-class matter, December 7, 1908, at the post office at Petaluma, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879."



A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :



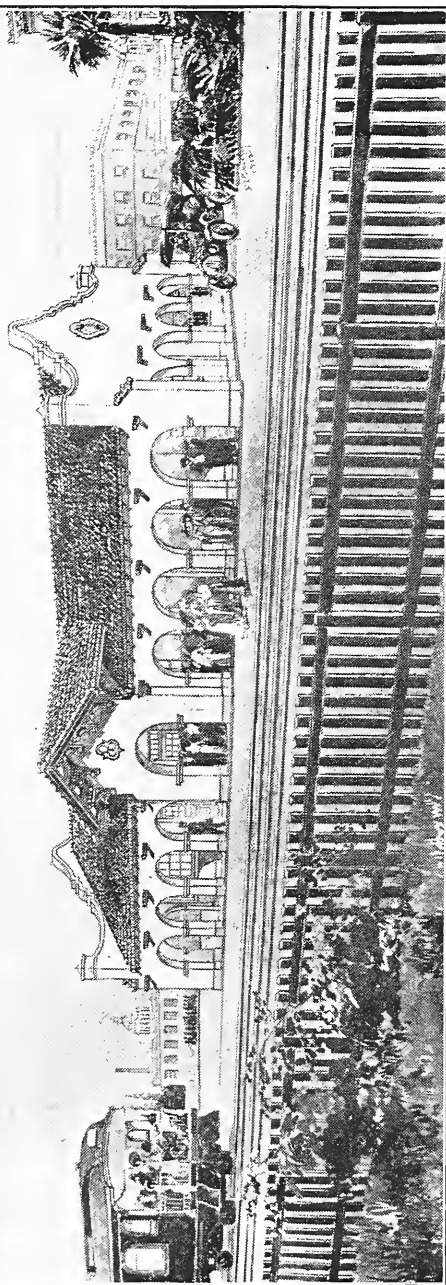
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The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

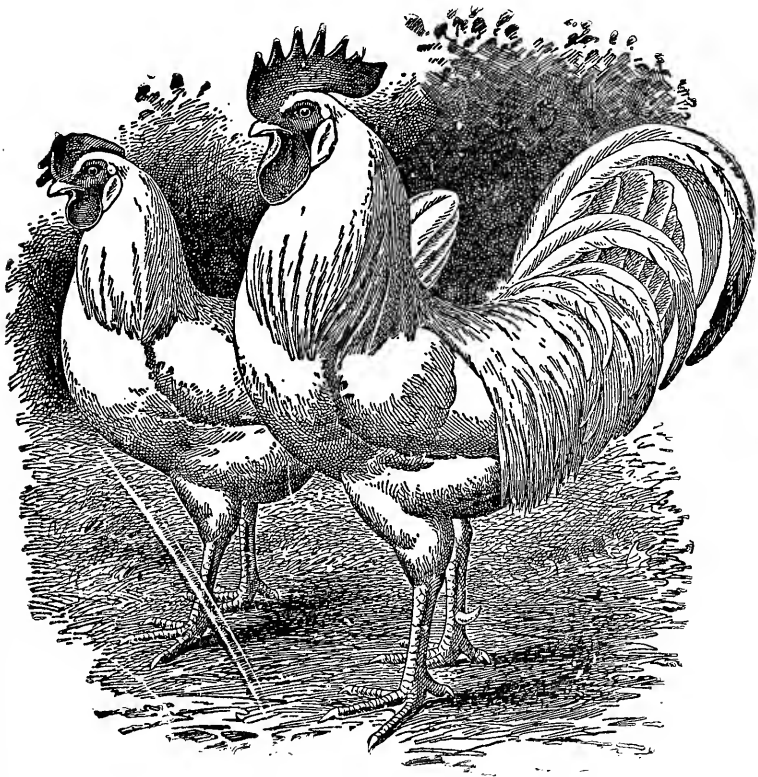
VOL V.

PETALUMA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1913.

NO. 9

. . . The Petaluma Poultry Shows . . .

By Anna M. Reed



"I never start to sing until my eight claws, after clearing a space of weeds and stones, have found the soft, dark turf underneath. Then, placed in direct contact with the good Earth, I sing! And that is already half the mystery of my song, which is not of those songs one sings after composing them, but is receiv-

ed straight from the native soil, like sap! And the same above, all when the sap arises in me—is the hour in which I have genius, in which I can never doubt I have!—is the hour when Dawn falters on the boundaries of the dark sky. Then, filled with the same quivering as the leaves and grasses, thrilled to the very tips of

my wing quills. I feel my self a chosen instrument. I draw my body up until I am a swelling, curving horn. Earth speaks in me as in a conch, and, ceasing to be an ordinary bird, I become the mouthpiece, in some sort official, through which the cry of the Earth escapes toward the sky.”
From “Chanticleer.”

Fairs were the first markets of the world, and their value has ever been recognized by the producer as a medium of exchange, and demonstration.

Through them has been made evident the achievements of man in every art and industry, and their history has been replete with the records of continued progress.

Every triumph of man's ingenuity and genius, has been gathered together in these great “Object Lessons” for the contemplation of the world, and their educational mission and influence has been greater than that of our most profound institutions of learning. We are not all “from Missouri,” but we like to be shown, and a visible demonstration is better than all theories.

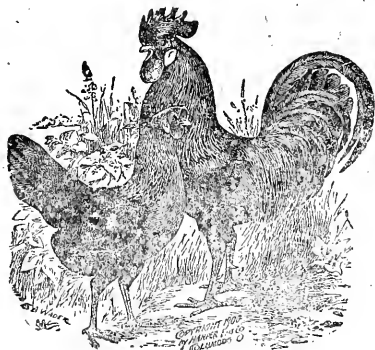
In the history of Petaluma, it's Poultry Shows have been no small factor of its progress.

The first society formed among the Petaluma poultrymen, was in August 1889 and in November the first poultry show was held, at which a great many of the popular breeds were represented, Bramas, Cochins, Langshans and Dorkins were shown in large numbers, but the largest list of entries in any class was of Brown Leghorns. The officers of the organization were, L. C. Byce, President;

A. A. Armstrong, Secretary; C. Nisson, Treasurer. These shows were held for several years in succession and Mr. Byce has a photo made by the old time photographer, J. Q. Reed of all the exhibitors at the show in December 1891 in which are shown faces from San Jose, Santa Clara, San Rafael, Grass Valley, Sacramento, Napa, San Francisco, Stockton, Santa Rosa, Alturas, Quincy and other places. One woman exhibitor is included in the number.

At the close of the show that year a state Poultry Association was formed and the local organization did not continue its shows. These shows were held in the old Agricultural Pavilion at one of which over 2,000 birds were cooped due to the fact that Mr. Byce offered a Gold Medal valued at \$100.00 to the exhibitor entering the largest number of fowls, which was won by E. H. Freeman of Santa Clara.

The Poultry Shows of 1899, '10 and '11 were magnificent displays and our present show of December 11 to 14, inclusive, bids fair to beat all records. The exhibits fill every available foot of the space in the Pavilion and annex, and the prizes are many and valuable. The show is the event of our winter season, and the thing that is making Petaluma famous.



The Cry of the Human

By
S. J. Alexander

We were near to each other a moment
and nearer we were when I saw,

The touch of the Human upon you,
and loved you for stain and for flaw,

We were dear to each other a moment
but now you have grown from me far,

And bright as the lance of the Sun
God, and clean as the light of a star.

The sound of your name has grown
holy; I falter it under my breath.

Can you hearken that cry of the
Human, flung back through the gateways of death?

Though I add to my stature a cubit
though I clasp to my breast for my own

The belt of yon hunter in heaven,
could I reach you to where you have grown?

Though out of the depths I approach
you, and draw down your soul to my touch,

Can I bid it to be you as I knew
you and hold it and love it as such?

Shall I seek you, who held you the
dearest where the lillies blow cold and white,

On margins of motionless waters in
the perfect and passionless light,

Where the hymns rise up heavy like
incense and the harps and the viols are strung?

I want you again as I knew you, with
the earth stain on heart and on tongue.

I want you again as I saw you, when
booted spurred and astride.

You sat with your knee on the pom-

mel, a-flush from the heat of the ride.

You rode through the gates of the
morning, and a breeze of the dawn as you came,

Breathed on life's long smouldering
embers and stirred the wan ashes to flame.

You came as the breaking of day-
light through the branches of blossoming trees,

And the desert of life became vocal
with the voices of birds and of bees.

And the hands of the spring, in their
weaving, had woven you garments of joy,

And your wine of the summer ran over
from the jeweled gold cup of the boy.

Oh, stranger, in Strangeland yonder
new god with old feet of clay
Were dearer the roses that faded
and the love that went out with the day?

Do you weary of harp and of viol and
the droning of passionless tunes,

And the heavy, barbaric splendor,
through the heavy, unchanging noons?

'Tis noon in the courtyards of Hea-
ven unbegot of the kiss of the sun,

And the souls pass up without shad-
ow for the noon and the night are as one.

Oh, boy that I loved in the foretime
engulfed in abysses of light,

Do you shrink from the pitiless splen-
dor, and clutch at the jewel lit bars,

And sigh your soul into the distance
to the best beloved star of the stars?

Do the Scriptures Prove the Trinity?

By W. T. Fitch

(Editor's Note:—The Northern Crown believes in a free press and free speech. For that reason anything of interest to anyone, will find a place in its columns, as an appeal to thinkers. Mr. Fitch is honest in his convictions, and sustains them with great ability.)

1. The idea that God is a being composed of THREE entities, is insisted upon by all so-called Christian bodies.

2. This same idea has not now, and never had, any foundation in the Bible, the authority upon which all these bodies rest their doctrines.

3. The reason that the doctrine still persists is that the thought is ingrained in the race, our forefathers having accepted it as true.

4. Our disproof of the doctrine is rendered easy by two facts; first that no positive statement regarding such a queer combination of Deities is found in the Scriptures, the sole authority, and second, false claims are the only argument brought forward in its support.

5. The only passage which SEEMS to lend support to the idea is I John 5:7, which passage, all scholars will admit should read "For there are three that bear record; the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood, and these three agree in one." Or substantially to that effect. Now, can you possibly make PERSONALITIES of the water and the blood? No, and neither does the Bible do so.

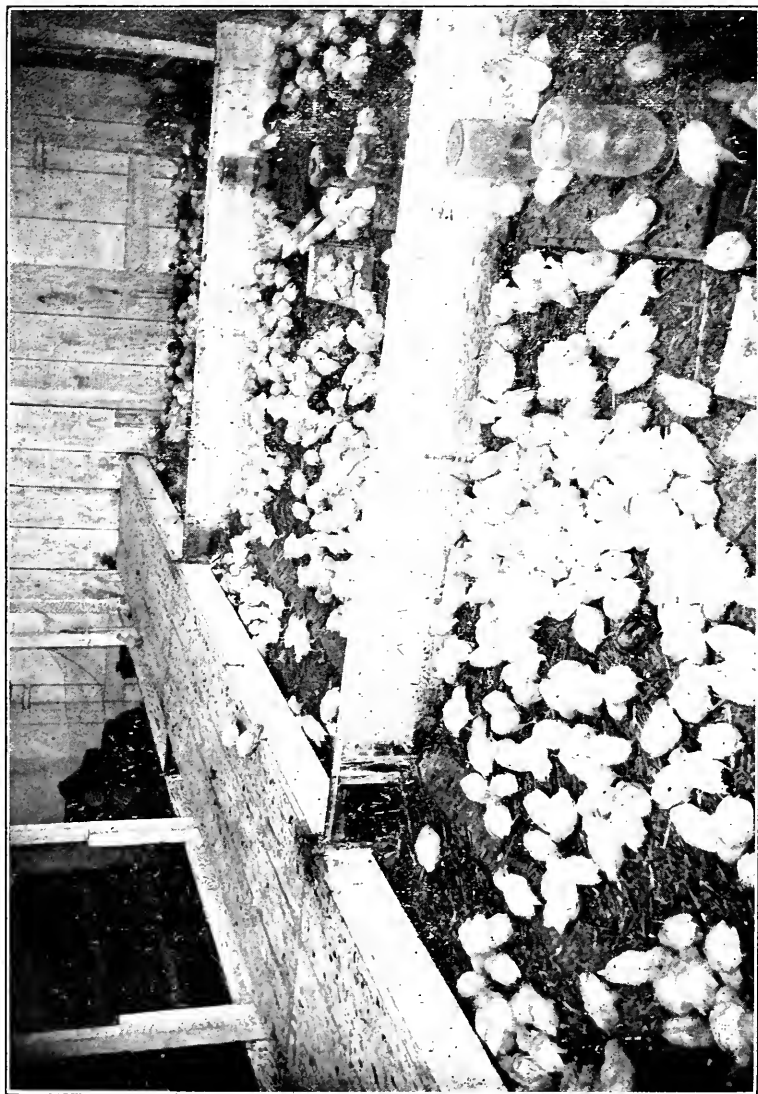
6. Perhaps you, being full of confidence that there MUST BE some way to circumvent the Scriptures and insert the so-called "doctrine"

which makes of Jehovah a monstrosity which is abhorred by the Divine order, which is all harmony; will quote John 10:30, "I and my Father are ONE." Of course you will never admit that there MIGHT be different kinds of oneness, so you will doubtless insist that you have proved your point. My dear friend, you were never farther from it, for I must gently but firmly call your attention to John 17:20-23 in which Jesus prays for his followers, then and down the ages, thus; "That they may be ONE as thou, Father art in me and I in thee. ❖ ❖ ❖ and the glory which thou hast given me, I have given them." Are we then a part of the "Trinity?" Surely no one would so claim, and yet that is the only construction YOU can logically use.

7. Again, you would quote John 14:7-10 "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Again you imagine yourself strewing flowers on the grave of my poor argument, but just a word before you begin. May I call your attention to Exodus 33:20 where Jehovah himself declares, THERE SHALL NO MAN SEE ME AND LIVE." And in John 1:18 Jesus says; "NO MAN HATH SEEN GOD AT ANY TIME." Now, weren't you just a little bit hasty?

8. Another text quoted by so-called "Trinitarians" is Philippians 2:6 "❖ though it is not robbery to be equal with God." This is a wretched and misleading translation, but rather than quarrel with you, we will let it stand. It is certainly a "clincher" isn't it? Of course, the doctrine of the Trinity is well established and





Who Cares For Mother Now? A Day Scene of 1500 Baby Chicks in One of Sutherland's Perfect Brooders
All Well and Doing Well

is accepted everywhere throughout Christendom. The testimony of a poorly informed Galilean, would have very little weight then. He said; "MY FATHER IS GREATER THAN I." (John 14:28.) Your CREED says; "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in Person, EQUAL in Power and Glory." The people who wrote that certainly had "nerve" for that was their sole authority. The correct translation of Phil. 2:6, says that CHRIST did not meditate the USURPING OF THE POWER AND AUTHORITY OF HIS FATHER, WHO WAS GREATER THAN HE.

Christ, his Apostles, and the Churches of that time, did not hold to any such nonsense, for does not the "Chiefest of the Apostles" declare; "To US, there is but ONE God, and (note this,) AND ONE Lord, Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 8:6.) He did not say; To us, there is three Gods in one. He was far wiser in the Scriptures and the teachings of his Master, than that. It is up to you once more, to choose between the teachings of the Bible or the Creeds of the Dark Ages.

9. We here devote a whole paragraph to the question; WHERE IN THE BIBLE DO YOU FIND THE WORD "TRINITY?"

10. One of the main dependencies of the "Trinitarian" is the apparent reference of the Scriptures to the Holy Spirit as a person. The statement is made that the holy spirit is always spoken of in the masculine gender. This is by no means the case, as it is spoken of in ALL GENDERS, and the fact that the personal idea does not harmonize with the scores of directly contradictory passages found all through the Bible, OUGHT to make some of you THINK.

It is to this labyrinth of Scripture references to the "Comforter" Holy Spirit" etc., that the Theologian tak-

es you and at once proceeds to "Lose you" when you take the good advice of the Apostles, to "To prove all things," and "Inquire" as requested by the Prophet. 1 Thess. 5:21, Isa. 21:12.

11. Satan, according to the false reasoning used by the "Trinitarian," is a VERY complex person, for, if we speak of the "Holy Spirit" as a person, then we may with equal propriety speak of some of the parts of Satan, such as the "Spirit of Bondage" "The Spirit of the World" "The Spirit of Fear" "The Spirit of Strife" "The Spirit of Error," "The Spirit of Devastation," "The Spirits of Slumber, of Anti-Christ, etc. Are these PERSONALITIES? All will admit that they are not, so, on the other hand we have the spirit of a sound mind, the spirit of adoption, the spirit of love, and a host of others, all comprised under the head. the HOLY, or God like spirit, or as it is better expressed, animus. The HOLY, animus, stands over against the UN-holy spirit of Satan. Do not imagine for a moment that your small fiat will stand against the word of God.

12. Remember, the matter lies not between your and my OPINION, but between the teachings of the SCRIPTURES, and those of the CREEDS. Let us again quote St. Paul; "❖ ❖ ❖ there is none other God but ONE. For though there be that are CALLED gods, whether in Heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many and lords many) but to US there is but ONE God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and ONE Lord, Jesus Christ, and we BY him. Howbeit, there is not in every man this knowledge ❖ ❖." SURELY NOT. Nothing here about any "Holy Ghosts" is there? And a sharp line is drawn between the Father and the Son, as ALWAYS in the Scriptures.

"God" and "Lord". I am aware that the Theologian will challenge this statement, but he had best do it to his parishioners, not to the writer, for he cannot make good.

13. Paul says: "I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." (Acts 20:27.) And he is silent on this trinity nonsense; where do YOU come in? "Let us not be wise

above what is written." (I Cor. 5:6-7)

But, you ask; CAN ALL THESE THOUSANDS OF MINISTERS AND TEACHERS BE WRONG ABOUT THIS MATTER? The answer is they CAN and ARE, and we challenge all comers.

Our final word is, read and apply, Proverbs 2:1-9.

"Only those who seek find."

My Faith.

By May S. Greenwood

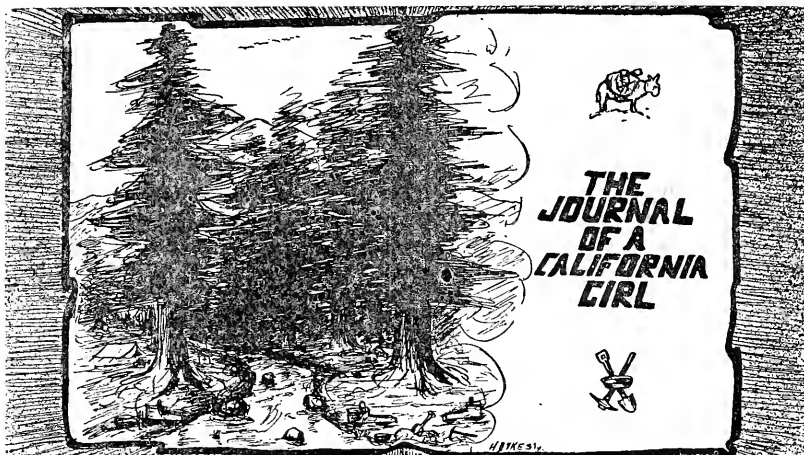
I have such faith in God, my friend,
That when loud tempests roar,
I hear with joy, I do not pray,
"Let there be peace once more!"

I have such faith in God, my friend,
That when my barque doth quail,
In the wild wind, I only sing,
The while I trim the sail.

I have such faith in God, my friend,
That were I cast ashore,
On some lone isle, I'd be at peace,
And love Him but the more.

I have such faith in God, my friend,
That should the breakers sweep,
Me from the deck of my frail craft,
Right peaceful would I sleep.

I have such faith in God, my friend,
Each hour brings joys to see;
Each changing sea I'll venture on,
Since God is near to me.



(Continued from last month.)

Dreamland Home, Timbuctoo, 1869.

APRIL, 13.—Was up to Smartsville this afternoon. Received ever so many papers and two letters. Dr. B., seems a good man. He has had a lot of trouble. I am grateful for his friendship, it must be sincere, as he certainly could have no interested motives.

APRIL, 14.—Col. Judson left for Nevada today, and Uncle Ed went to Marysville to see the Wilcoxens, who are friends of his. I was up to Smartsville having more teeth fixed. Will probably go up to see the Vineyards tomorrow.

Dr. B., seems a sincere friend. May he meet with pleasure and prosperity for the rest of his life. He deserves it.

APRIL, 15.—Dr. B., drove me down to see the Vineyards. Had a nice visit with Aunt Mary.

APRIL, 16.—Have written all day. My lecture for my benefit at Oroville is finished. The weather is rainy and cold. Health of the family is improving

Received a letter from Fuller.

APRIL, 17.—My brother Silvester joined Dirigo Lodge No. 205, I. O. G. T., tonight.

Dr. Bolton came home with us.

APRIL 18.—Been half sick all day. Went walking with mother. Dr. Bolton and little Amy this afternoon.

Attended church with Dr. B., in the evening.

APRIL, 19.—Had a severe chill. Shook from 11 a. m., until 1 p. m. Received two papers and one letter.

APRIL, 20.—Received two letters. Mother is very poorly. She had a lot of teeth pulled, and the suffering has made her sick.

APRIL, 21.—Had a chill last night. Mrs. Henry Gratiot called today. She knew my mother in the East. Dr. Bolton came in this evening to see how mother was feeling. He used some kind of a freezing process in taking out her teeth, and her mouth is very sore.

APRIL, 22.—Was up to Smartsville today. Dr. Bolton walked home with me. He stayed all the evening. He seems to take an interest in us all. Tomorrow I start for Oroville, to lecture there. Mrs. Geo. H. Crossette has invited me to stay with them.

APRIL, 23.—Came on the stage from Timbuctoo to Marysville, and by train to Oroville. Met my old friend Mrs. Jim Bryden, at the Western House, in Marysville, also Mrs. Nath Woods, the first time I have seen her since she was married. She

seemed awfully glad to see me.

Here I am with the Crossetts, in their pleasant home. I will rest tomorrow, and lecture on Sunday evening.

APRIL, 24.—Been half sick all day. Many old friends have called. Received one letter.

APRIL, 25. Sunday.—Lectured in the Court House tonight, to a fine audience. Took up a good collection, \$28.00. Shall start home tomorrow.

APRIL, 26,—Came down to Marysville today. Mr. Ury was on the train. He asked me to attend the Odd Fellows celebration and ball, which takes place today, and this evening. I met Will Harkey at the ball. It made me think of Andy, poor fellow, he used to enjoy life so much on such occasion. Will Harkey and he were partners in a ranch property, but I have never heard anything about it, since Andy's death.

APRIL, 27.—Came home from Marysville to Timbuctoo today.

The creek in front of the house was so high, from the rains, that I had to wade it. I lost my copy of the "Golden Era," in the water. There was nothing except two papers in the mail.

Dr. B., called and spent the evening with us.

APRIL, 28.—Dr. B., took me driving to Vineyards, stayed the most of the day. He bid me good bye tonight, and expects to go to "Rough

and Ready" tomorrow.

APRIL, 29.—I was surprised to see Dr. B., again. He came down once more this morning, but has now started for "Rough and Ready."

Carrie Linscot and her brother called tonight. Received three letters, two papers and one magazine.

APRIL, 30.—Attended lodge this evening. Willie Vineyard called for me, and I went with him.

MAY, 1.—Went to a picnic in a beautiful grove, below town near the banks of the Yuba river. Mr. Lawson took Amy and I down to the grounds in a nice two horse buggy.

Met Willie Vineyard there, and we strolled away after flowers. Had a sweet, pleasant day, amid congenial surroundings. In the afternoon Mr. Lawson took us home, and Will called in the evening and took me to lodge at Smartsville.

MAY, 2.—Attended Bible class this morning. Fannie Daugherty here, will stay all night.

MAY, 3.—Fannie, Mother and I went over the river today, to see Mrs. Barnum. This evening Miss Oldfield sent Mr. Lawson after me. We had a nice time. Hester leaves tomorrow. Received two letters and two papers.

MAY, 4.—Nettie and Fannie were here all day. I had to go to town three times today. Received four papers and a letter.

(Continued next month.)

"The great religious reformation was an attempt to do away with the machinery between man and his God. The modern reformation of the United States is an attempt to eliminate the parasitic middleman from between the voter and his candidate or his laws."—William Kent, in address on "Democracy and Efficiency."

Christmas



BY ANNA M. REED

When 'neath the stars of Bethlehem,
The angels sang: "Good will to men,"
And "Peace on Earth," a promise
gave,

Since man was ransomed from the
grave,
All earth, with sweet foreboding,
smiled,

Because was born a homeless child.
A million spires point to the sky
Where He transfigured, took his flight,
Toward that great unsleeping Eye,
Watching o'er death, and sin, and
night,

For nineteen hundred years has been
His triumph most devoutly sung,
O'er death, and sin, and suffering,
In every clime—in every tongue.
Yet, while the organ grandly swells

Within our great cathedral walls,
Chime answering chime of silvery
bells;

Upon the air of Christmas falls.
Fair women, decked in silk and lace,
Go warm and blest to softly pray,
And hasten to each sacred place
That gladly welcomes Christmas day.
Oh, Prince of Peace, who lived and
died!

Oh, why upon this holy morn,
When sounds and scenes of reverence
tell.

This was the day that Thou wert
born,

As from these temples of our pride
The happy worshipers have filed,
Why, cold and hungry, just outside,
Do we still find the homeless child?



Impressions of Ukiah

By
HUGH K. McCLELLAND

I have been requested by the Editor of the Northern Crown Magazine to give my impressions of Ukiah City and the Ukiah Valley.

As a prelude to what I have to say, Ukiah City is situated on the line of the Northwestern Railway, one hundred and ten miles north of San Francisco.

At the base of Coyote Peak nestles in magnificent setting a city that has a charm that enthralls the visitor. The personal greeting and hospitality one receives upon entering Ukiah is most cordial. Perhaps no feature is more potent than the democracy and feeling of good will manifested towards those who chance to enter her portals. Another distinctive quality is the faith and ideals growing out of the early pioneers who came to this favored valley when the Coyote and Red man were the undisputed inhabitants. When we think of the positive personal operative religious faith of the early pioneers who came largely from the Southern States, the present devotion to high ideals is apparent. Those were men and women of strong intellect and warm hearts, and they were the invaders whose early lives have indelibly stamped much of the good one encounters at this late day. One great purpose has been regnant since the occupation of Ukiah Valley by the pioneers, and that was to establish on a broad and enduring basis the Christ teachings as received in childhood by the founders of schools and churches of which many abound in town and valley. Only the bravest could stand the stress of crossing the plains and had they not been buttressed by those sterling qualities so exemplified by souls of the strongest moral fibre Ukiah would not be what it is today, the home of ethical and religious culture. Social and sex purity are normal and unquestioned. I am bold to state that in no section of America are baby-

hood, childhood and youth so highly revered and honored, and also filial instincts so consciously manifest. With religious convictions deep and controlling, the schoolhouse is held in sacred esteem as a means to carry over and on to future generations the central purpose of the fathers and mothers long since dead. Go where you will, you will find no poverty, while wealth abounds in practical abundance.

Homes are full of comfort and luxuries, art, music and literature are the environments of all. Ukiah Valley is a rich land of great possibilities. Its richest possession is hops, were the Adam of the race to walk the macadamized roads, leading in all directions would he not say to all detractors, "Surely this is the land of milk and honey, and have they not out of the lion's mouth plucked the honeycomb of sweet content and honest life."

The richness of the bottom land skirting Russian River has attracted men of wealth, who prefer a certainty rather than a gamble in mines. The cultivation of hops in Ukiah Valley is recognized as the most thoroughly organized system anywhere to be found. I am led to believe as I see the beautiful farm houses, the people, their efforts to do something, their efforts to make one large, magnificent, thriving, energetic, productive community that the spirit of progress is awakened.

The valley surrounded by undulating hills and mountains is one of the beauty spots of the earth. The one thing which has impressed me outside of the charming hospitality of the people is the entire lack of understanding which people outside of California have of this beautiful valley. The warm manner in which the Ukians have entertained me is an experience I love to dwell upon. They have reduced hospitality to a superlatively fine art.



The Mothers of Our Country.

By Alfred J. Puckett

Why be silent sires and brothers?
Why o'erlook the brave careers,
Of the true heroic mothers,
Of our country's pioneers?

Strange their hardships and privations,

Finds no place on blazoned scrolls,
Through the honored worthy stations
That have tested human souls.

In few volumes is the story,
Of their thrilling border life,
When the infant West was gory,
With the Indians scalping knife.

They were strong in their devotion,
To their faith in God above,
In their bosoms swelled an ocean,
Of true tenderness and love.

They but lived for life's high duty,
Sharing no delusive dreams,
'Twas their virtue, hope and beauty,
Filled the land with glorious dreams.

Truely do the nations wonder,
How those calm but fearless hearts
Faced the battle's roaring thunder,
And promoted peaceful arts.

They have perished with the legions,
Of their sterner, stronger mates,
But they blest earth's fairest regions
With the birth of noblest states.

Aye! the land those generations,
Lived to cherish and defend,
Is the model to which nations,
Slowly but securely tend.

They have perished but remaining,
Yet in their example high,
In their brave descendants reigning,
With a force that will not die.


Let the Old World boast in telling,
Of the splendors it supports,
Of its queenly ladies dwelling,
In its castles and its courts.


We the lovers and the patrons,
Of the New World's rich renown,
Need not envy maids nor matrons,
Of the Old World's brightest crown.

For no land has yet had others,
Of the fair sex whose careers,
Have surpassed the noble mothers,
Of our country's pioneers.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

 ONGRESSMAN WILLIAM KENT recently addressed the “Civic Study Club” of Santa Rosa on “Men and Affairs at Washington.” The address was timely and full of good common sense.

We wish there were more men in the councils of the Nation, who had the practical, just views expressed by Mr. Kent. An application of such ideas as his would do away with much of the delay in passing laws, and create rules of procedure, that would make it impossible to drag legislative matters, through long delays.

Mr. Kent enjoys the unique distinction, of being a man without a party, yet stronger than any party. in his position before the people. They will return him to congress.

GREETING

“PAST PRESIDENTS”

Given by Mrs. Anna M. Reed Representing Mrs. I. Lowenberg,
Wednesday Morning, October 29, 1913 Before the
District Federation of Women's Clubs at Santa Rosa

Madam President and members of chance, I am here, this morning, to the Federation: bring you the greetings of the Past

This is a world of brief greetings Presidents of the District Federation, and farewells, and so by a happy to which I would add the greetings

of the Past Presidents of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, and especially those of our President Mrs. Lowenberg, who is your first and our last Past President, and whom I have the honor and pleasure of representing, by her selection and courtesy, before this representative gathering of women. To be identified in any way, with the Federation of woman's Clubs is an honor, not lightly to be regarded, especially by those who, like myself, have been in touch with the Pioneer organization of the club movement in America. I had the great privilege of being in Chicago as State Commissioner to the World's Fair, during the year of the first Biennial, which was held there in May, 1892.

May 18, 1893, was the day of the Council meeting where thirty-one states, and nearly as many clubs with a membership of fully 20,000 women were represented by delegates and other members.

It is not necessary to remind you of the almost phenomenal growth of the General Federation, which has now passed its majority, and reached in numbers, the million mark.

But at that Council meeting of the Clubs, in 1893, a more notable gathering of women than had ever, or will ever, come together, assembled to present a material exhibit, that was the first of its kind in club history.

There were pictures of Club officers, club houses, club emblems and club flowers, and the "year books" that were of especial interest. There were present there Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the two greatest women of Massachusetts, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance of California, who has ever been recognized as the "Mother of Clubs," Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone of Michigan, pioneer in every work for the advancement of women, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, the greatest kindergarten worker of the Pacific Coast, and one of the charter members of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, and hundreds of others, whose names have been inseparably associated with the onward march of civilization.

It would take more time, Madam President, than you have graciously allotted me, to enumerate the excellent work, and qualities of the gifted women who make up the distinguished list of your eight Past Presidents

and it would be an injustice to particularize unless I could refer at length to each. They have been equal to their tasks, through all the changing years since in 1902 when a few earnest women represented the San Francisco District, that now numbers seventy-eight Clubs, and nearly six thousand women, and have held the chief executive position of the organization, each with her own peculiar grace and dignity.

Gentle, capable and fearless, they have made this Association of women a landmark on the "Queen's Highway" of moral and mental progress. Their tact and judgment have made your organization a unit in harmony and intention, in the great uplift toward better things. And through them and their administrations, we live more fully in the vision that will only be realized in ultimate time.

That realization we shall not see. It will come after years of achievement in the political, civic, moral and intellectual revolution that began with the movement of the Women's Clubs of America, and in which wonderful results are chronicled, day after day.

But still beyond all that is already gained, is the greater achievement. The result toward which this sane, united, resistless force of woman's influence is bearing humanity.

When we, who have been pioneers in the club history of women, have finished our work, and long passed into the Great Silence, then the woman who is "to be," will have come into her own, freed from prejudice and unhampered by injustice. Beautiful in body, keen of intellect, kind of heart, she will reign in a regenerated world, the mother of men who shall deserve the name.

Report of The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association Given before the District Federation of Women's Clubs at Santa Rosa, on Thursday Morning, Oct. 30, by Anna M. Reed, Representing Mrs. I. Lowenberg

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association was founded in October 1890, and may be numbered among the Pioneer Club organizations of this coast.

Its motto is: "Superior to adversity, equal to prosperity," its colors, white and gold, its emblem is our state flower, the poppy, with its "cup of gold." The association is affiliated with the "London Society of Women Journalists," the International League of Press Clubs, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the California State Federation. Its founder was Emilie Tracy Parkhurst, daughter of the late pioneer educator John Swett. Her forethought brought the women writers and journalists of California together, and organized them into a working body, along the lines of literature and journalism.

Fragile, and with a mentality almost spiritual, she could not stay to see the later perfection of the work she loved and planned so well.

But in the exercise, and fulfillment of woman's highest and holiest mission, she went down into the "valley of the shadow," and passed the torch of life to the hands of her baby daughter, and faded like a flower, from a world that at best, is cruel to its loveliest and tenderest.

Through the same door, where entered the twin spirits of life and death, one went out again, across its threshold, and not alone. Her loss was irreparable, but those who believe in Guardian angels, feel that the association which she founded, has been consecrated to the higher things by her life, and sanctified by her death, and memory. Many gifted women, living and dead, have from time to time presided over the destiny of the Association. But none have ruled with a safer, saner hand than our present beloved and gracious President, Mrs. Lowenberg.

Her rare tact and judgement have accomplished much, and helped us through many a crisis, social, financial and otherwise, and her grace and dignity added much to the charm of our social functions.

During the past years we have entertained many people of note, among them Gertrude Atherton, John D. Barry, Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. Pheobe Hearst, John Brockway Metcalf, last year the noted artist Bertha Klumke, the friend of the celebrated Rosa Bonheur, entertained the association with an illustrated lecture, and very recently a brilliant reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

Our annual event is our "Breakfast," our first enjoyed so many years

ago by courtesy of Adolph Sutro, at Sutro Heights, our last mentioned in our year book of 1912, at the Fairmont Hotel, followed by another in honor of the officers and visiting press women of the General Federation, at the Cliff House, on June 25, 1912.

We number in our Association about one hundred and fifty members, with eight living life members. Any woman, a resident of the Pacific Coast, who is professionally engaged in journalistic work, or an illustrator for the public press, is eligible for membership.

We meet the second and fourth Mondays of each month, except June, July and August. During the past year, many topics and books have been discussed, and an excellent magazine issued, and the year has been one of the most satisfactory in our club history.

Our growth is slow but substantial, and the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association of California has gained an enviable place in the literary annals of our time, and is a force and an inspiration in the world of letters.

Report by Anna M. Reed, who Represented Mrs. I. Lowenberg, President of the P. C. W's. Press Association, at the Twelfth Annual Convention, Federation of Women's Clubs, Read by Mrs. I. Lowenberg before the Association Monday, Nov. 24, 1913

Through a way garlanded with roses, heliotrope and numberless other green, growing, blossoming things, under the drooping boughs of a Giant Cedar of Lebanon," such as the prophets of old extolled, and longed for, into the homelike precincts of the old Riley mansion, now the home of Odd Fellowship at Santa Rosa, on Wednesday morning, October 29, went more than two hundred earnest, capable women from all sections of our state, to assemble the Convention of the Twelfth Annual gathering, of the San Francisco District Federation of Women's Clubs.

The keynote of the very first day

was unity, to which through all the session, was added from hour to hour, some refrain of perfected thought and feeling, until at last it closed, with the harmonious and unanimous election of the officers for the coming year, that for expedition, and lack of discussion or comment, broke all records.

The standard of the papers presented during the convention was very high.

Those deserving especial mention were the Report of State Chairman on Music, Mrs. John G. Jury. Her paper was poetical, logical and a classic in the treatment of her subject.

The address "A Force in American Literature," by Dr. Luella Clay Carson, President of Mills College, was one of the greatest tributes ever paid to Emerson, beside being the most comprehensive and complete review of literature and literary education ever presented to a California audience, and an inspiration to the scholar and the thinker.

"The Exceptional Child," by Mrs. Henry Hicks, as an expose of the hideous physical realities that hamper the present generation, was a stupendous effort along the line of human relief and improvement.

Many other papers and reports were gems of thought and suggestion, and inspiration, but time will not permit an extended review.

Several noted gentlemen of private and public worth, addressed the convention on various topics.

Among them, Assemblyman Slater of Sonoma, with greetings from the Mayor of Santa Rosa, Mr. Rinner, President of the Chamber of Commerce, who saw that every hospitable intention of that body was carried out to the letter.

District Attorney Lee who spoke at length upon "Our Responsibilities to the Immigrant Citizen," Mr. F. E. Olmsted on "Fire Protection for Our Forests," and last but not least, an address, "Dawn of Tomorrow," by Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge, which for broad American principle and patriotism, has not been excelled.

We never realized so thoroughly before how worthy a brother of a distinguished sister he is; and Clara Shortridge Foltz should be very proud of him—even if he is a boy.

The social feature of Wednesday

afternoon was "Folk Dancing," by the Santa Rosa school children, in the picturesque gardens of the old mansion, and tea served in the hall and grounds.

To the seductive strains of open-air music, the children in quaint costumes, and with fairy-like grace and freedom, in the native dances of many lands, wound in and out among the blooming shrubbery, and brilliant flowers. A picture of youth and innocence, in an appropriate framing never to be forgotten by those who were there.

Wednesday evening was set apart for a reception to Luther Burbank, who faced a brilliant throng of admiring women for several hours.

His poise and self-possession were not all Californian, it was certainly the inherited moral courage of New England, that saved him from panic on this occasion. But he bore himself bravely, even to the last handshake and last word of praise.

The local Chamber of Commerce was especially gracious, sending baskets of fruit and flowers to the delegates, and adding to their hospitality an auto ride to all points of interest around Santa Rosa.

During, and after the hours devoted to the auto trip, tea was served by the ladies of the "Saturday Afternoon Club," at their artistic and commodious club house, where on Thursday evening the Federation was entertained with a Shakesperian burlesque ably presented by local talent, and too laughable to fully mention here.

The election of officers was the event of Friday morning. The change in the personelle of the list, consuming about five minutes, the election being a masterpiece of expedition and harmony, in the history of elective conventions.

The following are officers of the Federation for the coming year:

President, Mrs. Percy S. King, Napa; Vice-President, Mrs. James S. Sweet, Santa Rosa; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Janet Maclay, Napa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. F. Croset, San Francisco; Treasurer, Mrs. H. Daingerfield, Pacific Grove; Auditor, Mrs. Alice C. King, Santa Cruz; Chairman Nomination Committee, Mrs. F. Bostwick, San Francisco;

Chairman Resolution Committee,
 Mrs. A. P. Black, San Francisco;
 Chairman Credentials Committee,
 Mrs. A. P. Anderson, Palo Alto.

After the business order was completed for Friday afternoon a throng of children filed into the convention

hall, and filled the aisles with sweet presence, and with sweet voices sang "America," that magical word of song that is the "Open Sesame" for Faith and Love and honest effort, in this favored land, where "The past has its lesson, the present its duty, the future its hope."

The Paris Cafe of Petaluma has justified its name, by following along the lines of the decorations of the popular eating places of that artistic City. And they, as well as the dishes served, have the true Parisian flavor.

The work of decoration, was designed and finished by Prof. E. Urbane, a distinguished artist, who has

visited many lands, with success in his chosen calling. A Belgian by birth Prof. Urbane is a citizen of the world, in the wide scope and application of his genius.

Visitors at the poultry show at Petaluma would do well to visit both the Cafe and his studio as points of interest.

The cut of the beautiful Leghorn chickens, used on the first reading

page, were presented by the courtesy of the "Petaluma Poultry Journal."

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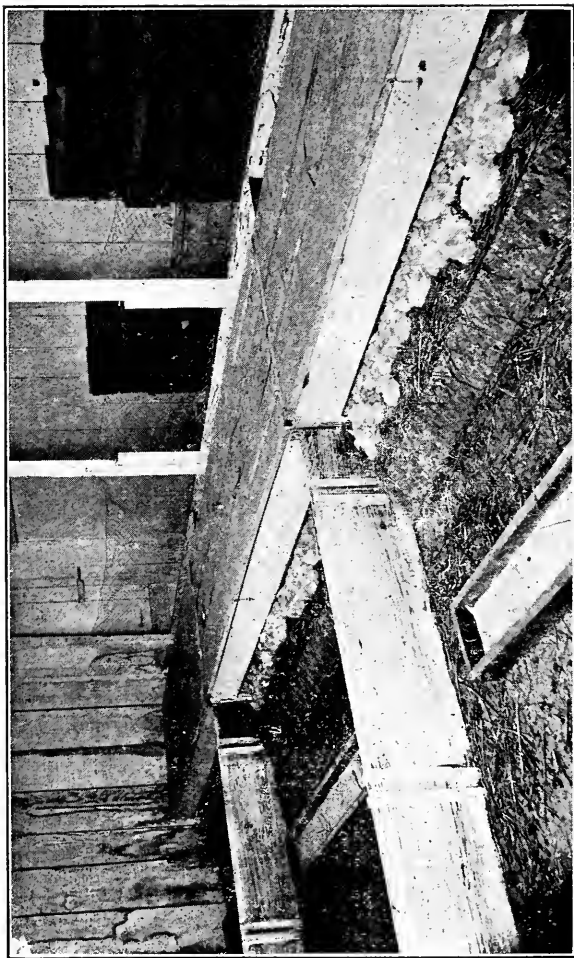
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ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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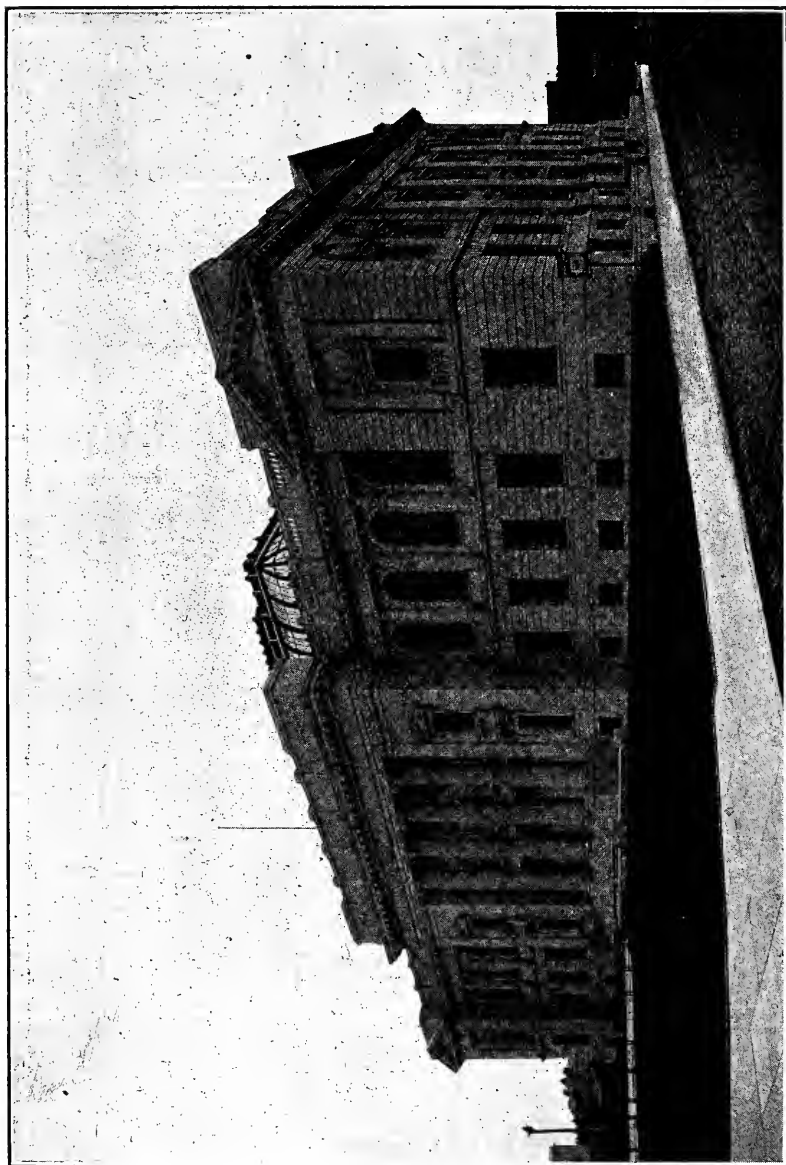


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NO. 10

Annual Address

Delivered Before the State Agricultural Society of California
at Sacramento, September 14, 1893

By Anna M. Reed

(There has been so many requests for a copy of this address, the only one given by a woman, before the State Agricultural Society of California that we have decided to publish it in the NORTHERN CROWN. On the evening of the address, Gov. H. H. Markham, with his staff and their ladies, were present on the stand, and the speaker was introduced by Hon. John Boggs of Colusa the President of the State Agricultural Society.—Editor.)

Mr. President, Directors of the State Board of Agriculture, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are told that when the Father of All completed His grand work of creation, He placed man in a garden—in the situation that must have been the most blessed, best, and natural one for humanity. And that is why, I think, that around orchard and field, in blossom time, in fruitage and harvest, in promise and perfection, there lingers yet something of paradise. And why, among those who sow and reap, and follow the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, we find the nearest approach to independence and contentment met with upon earth.

When banished from the garden, where sprang, spontaneous to the wants of man, the fairest and best of earth's productions, our first parents received not only the sentence for their disobedience, but also the first lesson for their future guidance through the

cruel path that must now lead up to redemption, and they were sent forth "to till the ground" that henceforth would yield for them not only herb, and fruit, and grain, but thorns and thistles also. The forbidden tree did indeed bear bitter fruit. And century after century have the descendants of Adam solved, in the sweat of their brows, problem after problem of labor; finding out, by patient toil, some of the Creator's first thoughts for our ease and prosperity, thoughts that would have been no mystery to man had not the gates of Eden closed forever behind him; working upward out of darkness, fulfilling year after year, in tears of affliction and severest toil, the plans of which we know not yet the consummation.

It is not strange, then, that in the hearts of men there should linger a longing for the peace and plenty of that lost Eden, nor that many of the

profound minds of every age have turned to agricultural pursuits as the best means of securing domestic contentment and national prosperity. Thousands of instances give testimony to the fact that the benefactors and philanthropists of every time not only chose such mode of life themselves, but pointed to such pursuits for the solving of vexed questions, to hush dissensions and to heal the ravages of war. Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, an honest man, and just and one of the best minds before the Christian era, cultivated a farm of a few acres on the banks of the Tiber. He was called from his labors by a message from the Senate of Rome, pronouncing him dictator. Wiping the sweat and dust of toil from his brow, he donned the robe of state, and entered upon his new duties. Having adjusted, wisely and well, the troubles of his countrymen, he returned to his farm, perceiving its peaceful independence to the confusion of public affairs and the responsibilities of government, even when he held the first place in their administration.

Cato the Censor, in his younger days applied himself to agriculture, and wrote a book concerning country affairs, giving rules and recipes for the raising and preserving of fruits.

Our own Washington, after serving his country as soldier, and statesman, and chief executive, gave up the pursuits of ambition, and retired to his estate, to live a life of peaceful seclusion, the beauty and harmony of which has not been excelled.

Henry W. Grady touched the keynote of the present prosperity and peace of a restored South, when he pictured thus the return of the vanquished army, and the mode of life taken up by our conquered people immediately after the late war: "Rugged, half starved, heavy hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, and turning their faces southward from Appomattox in April, 1865, when they reached the homes that they had left so prosperous and beautiful four years before, what did they find? Houses in ruin; farms devastated; slaves free; stock killed; barns empty; trade destroyed; money worthless; a social system, feudal in magnificence swept away; a people without law or legal status, crushed by

defeat; their very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material or training. They were confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—one, the establishment of an industrial, social and political status for a vast body of liberated slaves. What did they do, these conquered men in gray? Surely God, who punished and stripped them of their prosperity and inspired them in their adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. These vanquished soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow. Horses that had charged federal guns, marched before the plow. And fields that ran red with human blood in April, were green with harvest in June."

Only American manhood could have been equal to this unaccustomed and seemingly hopeless work, which has developed the resources of the South, and healed, indeed, the scars of battle in a land where "the sun shines as brightly over smiling fields today, and the moon as softly over garnered crops, as they did before the war." And only such pursuits could prove in the general summing up, the free negro counted more than he did as a slave, when it was learned that the four hundred million dollars annually received for the cotton crop would make the whole south rich, when the supplies which produced that crop were all home raised. Agriculture and its kindred pursuits solved this great problem for America, and gave us the greatest triumph of American intelligence and principle. Gladstone, the statesman, said that no other people on the face of the globe were capable of such an act: the disbanding of a great army of men, who in one day turned from the confusion of war to the avocations of peace. And today, he offers as the solving of one of the great national problems—the Irish question—the owning and cultivating of the soil by the people. The pursuits of agriculture are time-honored. They are legitimate. They have received the sanction of Divine Law, and are commended by the best human intelligence.

Fairs, that were the first markets of the world, have ever been an important adjunct to agriculture. They also have an educational value be-

yond any other factor which marks the advancement of humanity. And in great fairs, from time to time, has been chronicled the progress of the nations. Under such conditions as have existed, and do exist, in California, an annual exhibition of the products of our soil and climate has an instructive value beyond that which is known in any other country. The County, District and State Fairs are of incalculable benefit in the struggle for mastery in the new science of California agriculture; for the art of agriculture as it is practiced in California is peculiar and not like that developed by experience among the Anglo-Saxon races in other countries. Realizing their importance in this respect, our fairs should be kept up to a standard of excellence compatible with their true motive.

There is now in session in another portion of our commonwealth, an exposition that has given to the world the great object lesson of the nineteenth century. Humanity is so constituted that it must be brought within sight and touch of things and conditions in order to realize their existence. This has been the case in this great fair, whose educational influence will be more effective than years of theoretical instruction in all classes of existing schools. For the first time in our history the world has seen us as we are, and realized the progress made possible by the conditions of a free people, brought there before the contemplation of multitudes of intelligent minds. In art, invention, science, and all kindred things, our progress in America during the last half of the present century is without a parallel, and especially that part of it since the inauguration of the first World's Fair. Through a wilderness teeming with only savage and animal life has spread a nation representing the highest type of intelligent and enlightened manhood and womanhood yet known—a mighty people, rich in ability and material wealth; gifted with talent, and a broad sympathy, for humanity, which is a treasure beyond all silver and gold, and greater even than genius. From a few hundred our population has grown to seventy millions; with six lines of transcontinental railways to carry people and merchandise to and from over this vast territory; with tele-

graph wire enough in operation to girdle the earth forty-five times; submarine cables and electrical apparatus of new and wonderful invention to transmit intelligence, and social and commercial messages, with lightening-like rapidity to all points within and adjacent to our great country. More than half the miles of railroad in existence are in the United States. Their annual earnings exceed that of all the ships in the world, exclusive of the earnings of our own ships. As was recently said by Mr. Joseph Clarke, one of Mendocino County's successful farmers and stock raisers, and a representative citizen of this great republic, to whom I am indebted for the statistics given here: "We have wealth enough in America today to buy all Europe and have spending money left. Resources, developed and undeveloped, sufficient to insure prosperity to ages yet unborn." Now, the result of all this wonderful prosperity, made possible by the conditions of our government and by our surroundings, has been placed for the contemplation of the world, in this mammoth exposition, where is gathered the choicest treasures culled from labor, art, skill, science, invention, and literature, for competitive display and comparison, upon all of which will be passed impartial judgment for the first time in the world's history, untrammelled by sex or condition. We, as a people, commemorate in the Chicago fair the greatest event in all history—the discovery and founding of a new world, and the opening up of new vistas of hope, and mental, physical, social, and political possibilities for all humanity. No greater event could be more fittingly celebrated, held in a city that in itself is an evidence of our almost phenomenal growth. And we Californians propose to transplant this grand triumph of American enterprise to our own doors, and perpetuate it in our great Midwinter Fair. We have wealth and enterprise enough here to make it a success in every particular. Every citizen should feel a patriotic pride in our State, and resolve to make this fair worthy of California, and that the poor man shall not have to pay for it. The true greatness of a country does not exist in its material products, its fruit and oil and wine, its live stock, its minerals and vegetables. The PEOPLE are

its GREATEST product. These represent the highest development of intelligence and profound sympathy for humanity. We do not need alone, in this great undertaking, the testimony of the wonderful capabilities of our soil and climate. But in its inauguration, its management and completion, we need the evidence of something better: the noble manhood and womanhood that has been developed in our wonderful surroundings. Notwithstanding the furious race for wealth in this material age, it will not be the lives of the Kings of Coin, whose restless and often unhappy footsteps fret the streets of our great commercial marts in the remorseless strife for gold, that will pass into the chronicles of time, save where their great wealth has been consecrated and contributed to the development and perpetuation of spiritual and mental things. Realizing this, pride in the fair land that is our pleasant abiding place should stimulate the people of California to a united and harmonious action, which, overcoming all difficulties, shall reach to a result that will pass into history; that the exalted prophecy expressed by the Hon. M. M. Estee, at the opening of the Mechanics' Fair in 1887, shall be verified: "It was once said, 'all roads lead to Rome.' It will be said in the future that all roads lead to California. No man will feel that he has travelled unless he has visited this fair land. The artist will find here new and original studies to inspire his genius; art will gather more striking examples for illustration; and amid all the great advantages of climate, soil, and scenery, wealth will accumulate, man will grow powerful in body, strong in mind, patriotic in sentiment, and obedient to God."

Beyond all other agents for our advancement, in educational value and as a medium of advertisement to induce the immigration of means and taste needed to develop our boundless resources, inaugurating the era of our greatest prosperity, will stand this great Midwinter Fair. As to our action as a people in this regard, let us remember that its results will reach far beyond all selfish consideration, in its widespread benefits to our State. But from a selfish standpoint it will return, in time, tenfold, to California, every dollar in-

vested. No public spirited or unselfish action has ever been taken by an individual, or a body of individuals in vain. Even the most skeptical must admit that the memory and example of one who suffered and died more than eighteen hundred years ago—the one perfect human character that the world has known—influencing selfish humanity by His great unselfishness, is civilizing and enlightening us still, and that we owe to Him, and the laws and customs that are the outgrowth of His teachings, all that makes life worth living today. Columbus whose unselfish effort and ambition, and final discovery, led to the creation of this great people, suffered many hardships and great abuse, but finally in His name, and aided by the sympathy of a woman, he found this wonderful new world. Had the scope of his intellect been more limited, his though not so profound, and his action less determined, he might have joined his more selfish interests for good and all, with his private kinsman, with whom he was associated for a time, and lived and died a cowardly robber, and as such have long since sunk into deserved oblivion, or lived only in the memory of his evil deeds. But though he died in poverty and neglect, and in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery, behold the result of his generous and unfaltering course: A new world richer than the fabled "Ind"—a government that holds the destiny of the human race in the hollow of its hand. And now, after four hundred years; after centuries of rest in the passive grave; after flesh and bone and throbbing heart and restless brain have been resolved to dust and nothingness, he lives, and the Phoenix of his memory rises from the senseless ashes, in this mammoth exposition, to bear upon its wings the reflected light of a civilization of which he never even dreamed. And ignorance, and prejudice, and injustice shall fade like phantoms, never to return, before that holy and penetrating light. It will be far reaching as the earth is round. Let us meet it here and welcome and secure our portion of its priceless benediction, in this proposed international exposition. Let us be glad that we were not born sooner, and that we have had the privilege of living

to witness the triumph of these great peaceful gatherings of the representative people of the world, to compare their achievements, in a country that, less than thirty years ago, was convulsed by a civil war, and predicted, by its enemies, to be a government drifting toward disintegration. I thank you.

—From the Report of the State Agricultural Society, 1893.



Between The Days

Between the days, the weary days,
 He drops the darkness and the dews;
 O'er tired eyes His hands He lays,
 And strength and hope and life renews—
 Thank God for rest between the days!

Else, who could bear the battle stress,
 Or who withstand the tempest's shocks?
 Who tread the weary wilderness
 Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
 Came not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches, and the plain
 Stretches before us parched with heat;
 But bye-and-bye, the fierce beams wane;
 And lo, the nightfall, cool and sweet,
 With dews to bathe our aching feet!

For He "remembereth our frame";
 And for this good I render praise;
 O, tender Master, slow to blame
 The falterer on life's stormy ways,
 Abide with us between the days!

---Sacred Heart Review.



An Open Letter



By Theodore E. Piesner

Sanfrancisco, Cal.

Mr. Clarence F. Lea, District Attorney, Sonoma County,

Dear Sir:—

Truly the mills of the gods do grind very slowly, but they get around just the same, even though neglectful servants of the people try to keep them from revolving, or, perhaps, I should say, by not doing a little to help them, prevent them from turning faster.

It was with great pleasure, therefore, that I read the notice in the Examiner, that, AT LAST, a law was passed by the Sonoma County Supervisors imposing a penalty upon anyone who "buys and sells any animal that has an infectious or contagious disease, or the flesh thereof, for food for man, beast or fowl."

We know that it has always been held by the authorities of Sonoma and Marin Counties that all animals were thoroughly inspected, and that no diseased animals were being used for food for chickens, this, then is a confession that they now admit that such was the case, and that diseased animals had been and were being continually used, notwithstanding all complaints to the officials (yourself included who informed me that you had tried to have it stopped without success.)

The question arises: is this law going to be strictly enforced, or is it merely a blind? It would be a simple matter to continue the reprehensible custom, by claiming as before, that the animals that were being used were "only old and wornout," It is a fact, nevertheless, that not even the very best pathologist, human or veterinarian, is totally unable to say, positively and definitely, that an animal is or is not diseased, by a superficial examination. Nothing less than a post mortem and a microscopical one at that, examination, can decide the question. Then, the examination given by the so-called "Inspectors," was and is only a farce.

I have never failed to call the at-

tention of everyone whom I met with who had any position in the medical world to the criminal conditions that have existed right under the eyes of the officials of Sonoma County for years without count. Dr. Wiley was the last, and I rather believe I have been instrumental, in some degree, in getting the damnable practice moderated, I am not going to say "stopped," for it is going to keep on for some time longer, notwithstanding the ordinance just made. Technicalities always have been and always will be, a hole by which wrong doers escape with impunity.

I understand why officials of Sonoma County, do not push a matter that would cause them to lose their bread and butter.

Merchants who condemn the vicious doing also feared to say a word aloud, even though they claimed that they did not eat any eggs except those they produce, or which came from the yards of friends; newspapers feared losing subscribers if they even so much as mentioned the subject; no poultry journal, either, would publish an article containing a word about it; ALL feared the wrath of the people who were sickening—and probably causing the death of many—men, women and children who used the diseased food, both poultry and eggs

It is a proven fact, beyond any dispute, that even if the bacteria is killed in cooking, the excreta from the germs are injurious to the consumer of the flesh containing it. But, as eggs are often eaten raw in egg noggs and other ways, the bacteria and bacilli are virile, and as guinea pigs, which had the whites of eggs, coming from hens having tuberculosis, injected into them, became consumptives and died, is stands to reason that the human beings that consume the raw eggs from tuberculous hens also, to a certain extent, become tuberculous, and perhaps die.

If any further proofs are desired or authorities wanted, I am able to produce all the evidence necessary.

Letters

By Lawrence Zenda

Beloved:—

Through all this mental and physical strife, the confusion of days, after having known the greatest degree of suffering there is very little encouragement to be found, except through the unselfishness of some one, who reaches out, taking your hands tenderly in their pressure, giving love and sympathy at a time when the struggle seems beyond endurance. When mind and body grow prematurely old and faint, trying to remain true to one purpose or principle worthy of life's efforts.

This may come through a little child—this needed sympathy, or it may come from a true man or tender woman, but life without such encouragement is a hopeless thing for us all.

God, the creative power, is so magnificently wonderful in all his expressions of life—Spring after spring blooms and dies at His command of perfection—heart upon heart throbs and breaks for Him—soul upon soul struggles and reaches Him, working out His great definition of immortality.

Lawrence.

Beloved:—

A little phantom dream ship driven out of its harbor of rest, sailed with its load of sacred thoughts into the sea of memory. These were blended thoughts, and wonderful were they—tender, caressing, creative thoughts, the heart and the soul of me. Nothing can bring them back, for they have sailed on this fugitive dream ship that shall forever drift until a harbor is found in the great unknown, then the light of God's understanding will bring them home.

Lawrence.

Beloved:—

If kindness is dominant in mankind, the helpless are strengthened, the pain inflicted relieved—the hopeless encouraged, the perfected inspired. All this expression is Christ-like, giving evidence of the greatest nobility of character. Nothing is accomplished by criticism or ridicule. Concentrated kindness is the sunlight that creates, encouragement the soul food, cruelty the darkness.

Lawrence.

Beloved:—

A soul all crucified bravely met God with the memory of earth's beauty, of flower and song, sun and shadow—the cruelty of birth and death, and calmly seemed to say, even in the face of perfection, why burden me, Father? I have known life's mysteries and recognized Thy infinite power. Must I bear the burden of immortality?

Lawrence.

Beloved:—

God, in Your infinite mercy, creative power—fill this sad old world with new hope and courage. Dry our tear stained faces with Your Wonderful sunlight of compassion, pouring your benediction of mercy over our bowed heads until renewed, wearing an immortal smile, we look into Your face with better understanding.

Lawrence.

A New Year Reverie.

By D. W. Ravenscroft

The lamps are out, and the halls are dumb;
The echoes have answered their last refrain;
I sit where flitting fancies come,
By the dying embers—alone again.

The last of the butterfly throng has gone,
The night wind whispers about the eaves,
And memories gather, one on one,
With the past unfolding its rapid leaves.

Out of the flickering flames there grew
The shadowy forms of the long ago,
As the pangs of passion shot through and
through,
Backward and forward—to and fro.

And out of the figured firelight's gleam,
One dear form rises with troubled eyes;
The central star of a twilight dream,
When Youth's whole world was a glad surprise.

O, vision sweet, from the ruddy coals,
With lips half lisping and eyes cast down;
The richest raiment of blended souls
Is the tangled hair of your golden crown.

We tripped through the stately minuet
To the viol and harpsichord's blended tune,
I see you and hear it even yet,
Like the droning bee to the rose of June.

We two swung in the dreamy dance
Like summer leaves in the glinting shine,
And the tender chords of an old romance
Stir life again in this heart of mine.

Two laughing eyes looked up at me,
And a cheery smile was my meed so sweet,
As we threaded the measures ceaselessly,
In rhythmic time with our willing feet.

While under the Christmas mistletoe,
With her head half resting upon my breast,
I whispered words in the long ago,
To answers that filled me with sweet unrest.

And after the ending dance was done
And the music had melted in good-by bars,
With the hearts of youth in unison,
We strolled toward home 'neath the marching
stars.

But into the life of the two there came,
The shadow of double and dusky eyes,
That set her heart in a mystic flame,
Like an evil spirit from Paradise

And the two of us drifted so far apart—
She to the world with its wicked wiles,
And I—to myself, with an empty heart,
Half hardened against all women's smiles.

And after a time again appeared,
Two eyes all shadowed and lips all thin,
And a plea of longing, so pained, so near;
But I could not and would not let her in.

Her fingers trembled upon the strings
Of a rifted lute that was out of tune,
And its discords babbled of many things
That harrowed my heart too soon—too soon.

When next again her form I knew
It was dank from the river lilies' bed,
With its wealth of yellow bloom; and so
They placed a stone at her feet and head.

And the ash grows grey and trembles anon
Like the dust of ages by breezes blown,
And the shade of a grinning skeleton.
Mocks from the hearth at me—alone.

The fitful draughts up the chimney sweep,
The ashes crumble to dust. I sigh
And closer drawing my wraps I creep
Out where the midnight moon is high.





Continued From Last Issue

Timbuctoo, Yuba Co., May 5, 1869
Lectured at Timbuctoo. Dr. Bolton came down from Rough and Ready. My collection was \$8.50.

May, 6. Dr. B., called today. I received several letters.

Dr Bolton called again today.

Willie Vineyard took me to lodge this evening. Dr. B— walked down as far as the church with us. Tonight I met Judge Redfield for the first time. Was introduced to him at lodge.

May 8. Judge Redfield called today. I attended lodge at Timbuctoo this evening.

May 9. Will Vineyard called and the boys went home with him

May 10. Came to Grass Valley today by stage. At Rough and Ready Dr. Bolton boarded the stage and rode into the valley with us.

May, 11. Dr. B— called today and invited me to go driving. We had a pleasant trip.

May, 12. Had my picture taken today for Mary Anderson.

I am staying with Mary. Her husband is in business here. She was my nurse when I was a little child in Iowa.

Dr. B—and I walked down to the grave yard here today. In the evening Mary, Dr. B— and I attended the Strawberry Festival at Hamilton Hall and met Alice Ridge, daughter of the poet, John R. Ridge, (Yellow Bird.)

I enjoyed the programme, they sang my old favorite, "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest." It brought back

old thoughts and memories.

May, 13. Visited the convent of Mercy here today.

What a quiet, peaceful life the sisters seem to have.

If it was not for my duty to my people, I think I would like to be a sister.

May, 14. Called on several of my friends today.

Wrote, and sent my picture home to mother's people in the States.

May, 15. Went to see Verdie Smith today, she used to be Verdie Vineyard. She was such a pretty girl, but she has lost all her bloom, I would have hardly known her. I was introduced to Mr. Shoemaker of the "Grass Valley Union," today. He is a kind and lovely gentleman, and will have my lecture tomorrow night reported for the paper.

I dreamed a beautiful sweet dream last night, think I will do well here.

May, 16. Lectured at Hamilton Hall. My collection was \$26.75. That was very good, and my audience was very enthusiastic.

May, 17. Called on Mrs. James today, a lady who knew my people in the east, when my father was a merchant at "Blue River" Wisconsin. She made me very welcome. There was a nice notice in the "Grass Valley Union," about me, and my lecture. I will copy it here and also paste it in my scrap book.

"A BRAVE GIRL.

Anna M. Morrison is a brave and

a good girl.

She has made her way in the world in spite of every disadvantage, and in the face of the want of educational advantages.

She was raised in Butte County, and was educated at a public school, which she could not attend regularly because her care of a sick Father, and mother, and of her younger brothers and sister, required her presence at home.

She went to school for a short time at Sacramento, but was compelled to leave that place to give attention to the family at home. She studied however, and prepared herself for usefulness and with the aim of assisting her parents and the younger children.

She lectured and was moderately successful at first, and is now very successful. Her labors have enabled her to place the family at a comfortable home in Yuba County.

She has written much for the papers, and has attracted the attention and praise of many of the literary men of the Coast.

Anna M. Morrison is a name of which California will one day be proud, for she has ability, energy, high purpose and purity of mind and heart which will win success.

Think of a young girl raised in the foot hills, with limited opportunities, supporting a large family by her tongue and pen, and not only supporting such a family, but placing it in a comfortable home!

She deserves encouragement.

She proposes to go farther, and to acquire means which will enable her to study at the State University.

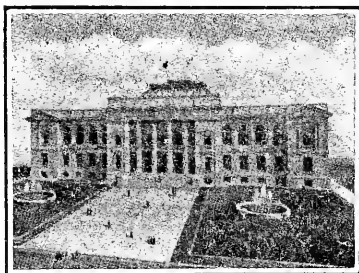
For this purpose she is still lecturing.

She is not what may be called, "strong minded" but is an opposite on the suffrage question.

She will lecture at Hamilton Hall commencing at half past seven o'clock. The lecture will be free and all are invited. After the lecture a collection will be taken up.

Our citizens will have an opportunity of hearing a good lecture, and of helping a young lady who has nobly helped herself.

—"Grass Valley Union."



The Rose of Monterey

By Alfred J. Puckett

Ynociente Avila, the subject of the following lines, was born in Monterey, California in 1816. She was descended from a distinguished family of the best blood of Spain. She was possessed of great wealth and beauty and was famous for her hospitality and charity to the poor. The town of Avila, Cal., where she died in 1886, was founded by her people, and derived its name from them. The history of her life is inseparably interwoven with the history of the eventful days of Spanish and Mexican rule in the Eden of the Pacific, and she justly occupies an honored place among the early Native Pioneer Mothers of California.

We saw a maid whose radiant eyes,
Adorned her charms' display,
Full in the glow of summer skies,
The skies of Monterey.

The soft winds waved her shining hair,
The wild flowers swept her feet,
She warbled, with exquisite air,
A love song pure and sweet.

A queen was she with all that youth
And beauty could confer,
No language could e'er draw with truth,
The homage paid to her.

Proud rival suitors sought her hand,
Proud dons of wealth and arms,
The might and valor of the land,
Were smitten with her charms.

Not long the wings of time soared on,
New wonders to disclose,
Before an ardent heart had won
That sweet Castilian Rose.

A new world's happiness and light,
Poured radiance from above,
She made home's altar truly bright,
With purity and love.

The power of wealth, to greatness grown,
She wielded to upraise,
The seeds of kindness, freely sown,
Bore laurels to her praise.

God gave her many glorious years,
Her life work to fulfill,
No woman reigned in truer spheres,
Of duty and good will.

Age stole the radiance from her face,
 And changed her queenly tread,
 Death claimed her in his cold embrace,
 But not the light she spread.

Her grave is by the rush and roar,
 Of ocean's heaving swell,
 Where, on their happy native shore,
 Her proud descendants dwell.

What though unnumbered homes have sprung
 With lords and matrons great,
 Her life is unexcelled among
 The mothers of our State.

No matter what the years conceal,
 Bright records shall portray,
 That noble daughter of Castile,
 The Rose of Monterey.

"En Perspective"

By May S. Greenwood

The skies change every moment now,
 To lovelier hues and shades of blue,
 The light and shadows instant change,
 With autumn sunshine sifted through.

In every breath of autumn air,
 A thousand voices chant a song,
 The brook an autumn melody,
 Of thought is as it runs along.

The world decked in a thousand shades,
 Of amber, scarlet, brown and gold,
 And darker are the shadowed vales,
 As skies are turning grey and cold.

I cannot sing—I may not weep,
 While wandering down these autumn ways,
 Because my heart is with you dear,
 And those lost golden summer days.

Holy Ground

By N. HOWELL ARNOLD

Stand back, Mr. Fitch! You are stepping on holy ground with your shoes on your feet, and they are befilted with mud from the ground that was cursed for man's sake. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Ye must be born again," born of the spirit, before you have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand the teachings of God's holy word." God's spiritual people know that there are three parts or offices of the one great God.

As Jehovah he leads them about and instructs them. He is holy and just, and no man can look upon him and live. Christ Jesus the Savior of men, a part of himself, (or himself,) as the Savior said: "He that hath seen

me hath seen the father," came to this earth "clothed in the likeness of sinful flesh," and in such likeness men could look upon him. He associated with sinners. He came to redeem them, "to save his people from their sins."

The law says: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." And He hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." This is God the son. Before his crucifixion he promised to send the "comforter" to be with his disciples, and an army that "no man can number" of witnesses can testify that the "comforter" the holy spirit of God, has come to them

and upheld them in the deep and fiery trials, which all of "his people" the redeemed must pass through in this life. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." It is all necessary for the trial of their faith. I could write more, but think I have written enough to prove that the Lord's people, the "little ones" to whom he has given faith, with which to see these things, know that they are taught in the Bible and are true, but the world cannot receive them, not having eyes to see, ears to hear, or a heart to understand, I would respectfully suggest that Mr. Fitch, before venturing on Holy ground, remove his earth soiled shoes, but he will be powerless to do so, unless commanded to do so by the great "Three One."

The Writing on the Wall

BY Hugh K. McCLELLAND

Creed, ceremony, and dogma will pass out in the unfolding future, but truth will hold steadfast as the polar star.

Yesterday we knew a man who had attained the zenith of earthly adulation. The multitude were caught in the swirl of eloquence and sophistry. They idealized their hero as a man of wisdom. His words to them were as manna. Today their idol is shattered and the man is commonplace. Evolution has been at work. Man's inner conscience has caught a ray of light and that light has revealed a truth and all else pales in the presence of the new discovery. God incarnated in the Christ is made manifest and man is lifted up and becomes an initiate in the great brotherhood of man. The ideals that have grown up and fostered through carnality no longer chain and enthrall the soul. The early religious teachings of the Hindu Mahatmas' was incarnation.

Penalties for carma (sin) not having been expiated during one objective life would surely follow in a subsequent one. This was used as a whip over slaves that they might give more freely of the fruits of their labor.

Phallic and Ionic worship grew and prospered in an age that was no less grounded and had its basic and selfish material aspect in the heart of the slave-master and captains of industry in an age not far removed from man's ascent into the domain of reason. Hermes rose, as it were, out of an age of superstition and held up to the inquiring mind of man freedom of thought, liberty of action, and equality, as a part of man's rightful heritage. The thunderings on Mount Sinai penetrated the centralia of the soul and lifted man above the material into the spiritual. Socialism in its broadest aspect was proclaimed in Palestine as the only liberator of men then in chains and bondage. Men were led by selfishness out and away from the high ideals as then taught by the Christ and established a system the fruits of which has enslaved untold millions, Krishna, Christ, Luther, Lincoln, and all the great reformers of ages past found the same inborn selfishness at the base of all oppression.

The Socialist propaganda will fail in its general application in this age of greed unless brought about by armed conflict. The upward lift and

trend of evolution is the awakening of the conscience that men and women may assimilate the highest and best as taught by a faultless social compact as set forth in spiritual ideals. Some leader of dauntless courage must overturn the tables of the money changers and establish on a rock, not creed and ceremony, but brotherly love, an attribute of God eternal.

At this very hour the prostituted and enslaved of every land are praying on bended knee for the second Moses to lead them to life and liberty and freedom, and give them an equal chance in the great drama of life. In this cycle of the twentieth century complications growing out of economic and intellectual development call for a leader whose brain can grasp problems commensurate

with the advancing teeming millions of earth. The unknowable recedes and opens up to man, heights and depths that never can be attained. Yet a discerning mind can encompass through analyzation of the past and a clear prophetic vision of the future that which meets the needs of the struggling men and women of the age in which we live. No great reform ever comes without a leader of colossal courage. When the book of the future is opened, when the bickerings and hatreds and animosities have passed with the smoke of battle engendered through earthly contentions, one personality will be impressed on its pages and held sacred by future generations and that man will be Hon. Champ Clarke, the greatest statesman of them all.

James D. Phelan Announces Himself For United States Senator

I am a candidate for United States Senator from California.

My conclusion to be such candidate was reached after consultation with not only party friends and well wishers, but also non-partisan advisers throughout the state.

I believe that I can render service to my State in Washington.

California is conspicuous in the world's affairs, especially since the construction of the Panama Canal. Questions affecting human rights, Oriental immigration, foreign and interstate commerce, public lands, water conservation and control, internal improvement and many others press for solution. A vast commonwealth is in the making. Much depends upon the zeal and devotion of California's representatives. Semi-officially I have been frequently in Washington, sometimes commissioned by Governors of the State or by Mayors of San Francisco, on such matters as the exclusion of coolie immigration and the acquisition of a municipal water supply for San Francisco so I feel that I am not unfamiliar

with public business in Washington and the needs of our people at home.


Woodrow Wilson has asked his countrymen for support. In his inaugural address he said: "I call all honest, all patriotic, forward-looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them if they will counsel and sustain me." I believe that the interest and duty of the people of this State is to rally to the side of the President and help his great purpose to make this government free and the business of the country free, to the end that happiness and prosperity may be, as far as possible the portion of all.

Public service has been my ambition. I will be proud to have greater opportunity. Convinced that a man in harmony with the Administration can most benefit California at this time, I respectfully ask the men and women of my State to support my candidacy for United States Senator at the first popular election under the new law.

James D. Phelan.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

For United States Senator
Samuel M. Shortridge

For Congress--First Congressional District
William Kent

It is gratifying to note that prominent Democrats and Democratic newspapers have endorsed the position of THE STAR that William Kent should not only be re-elected but that democrats of the First Congressional District should either give him the Democratic nomination, or else should refuse to nominate any one in opposition to him.

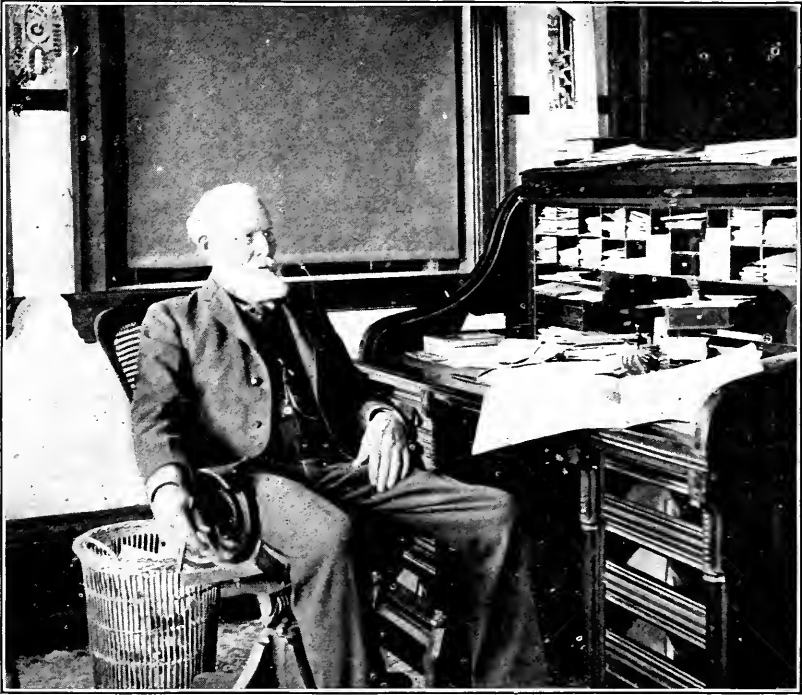
Representative Kent has stood by and with President Wilson and with the Democrats in Congress. He has stood for what is right, and has not asked for reward. California Democrats should uphold him, regardless of his political label or lack of political label. The Democrats of the First District should so act as to encourage men like Kent, of whom we shall never have enough. It may be said without fear of contradiction that he is respected and admired by the President and every man in the Cabinet. He has earned re-election.—*S. F. Star.*

“Ashes--Only Ashes”

EDWARD WARREN KING

Aged 82 Years 6 Months and 27 Days

Entered Into Spirit Life January 11, 1914



The frail garment that clothed the soul of Edward Warren King, has faded, and perished in the hand of time, that must vanquish all mortality, and is “Ashes—Only Ashes.” But he lives in the the heart of remembrance, as kind and devoted husband and father, faithful neighbor, loyal friend, and humane and skillful physician.

Few lives have rounded to such a perfect close. To within 18 months of his death, his days were full to the uttermost of duties well performed. But after retirement from his more active work as superintendent of the Ukiah State Hospital he lived long enough to formulate his philosophy of life, in which likely he has done humanity his greatest service.

WHERE IS THE STRANGER'S PLATE? In the Colonial days of our country's history, it was the custom to lay at every table the "stranger's plate."

The name "America" stood for all that was hospitable and the stranger was welcome at our gates. In what contrast are our unjust immigration laws of today, and in what glaring contrast the brutal and disgraceful treatment by this reputed hospitable state, of the unemployed, who came as a result of the exaggerated statements of our "Paid Boosters" whose insane greed to create paid positions for themselves is bidding fair to make our state a laughing stock in 1915, as a result of this gross misrepresentation.

We as a state through our grafting boosters have induced an influx of people, who hoped to better their condition in this land of plenty, where an increased demand for labor had been announced as a condition, following the preparations for our Great Exposition.

California was responsible for the influx of these unemployed. Our great, hospitable, wealthy state met them with pick handles, and turned the hose on them.

It is neither brain, nor brawn that is welcome in California—it is just money. None are welcome unless they come with cash. When the sheriff and police drove the army of unemployed across the river from Sacramento into Yolo County, men were beaten and driven like a band of hogs. Injury was added to insult and humiliation, and their few belongings were heaped in a pile and burned. A blot has been left upon the fair Escentcheon of California, never to be erased by human agency.

J. Q. White hereby announces himself as a candidate for the JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT of Mendocino County, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday, August 25, 1914.

Hale McCown, Junior announces himself as a candidate for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY of Mendocino county, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday August 25, 1914.

Candidate's Number

The NORTHERN CROWN



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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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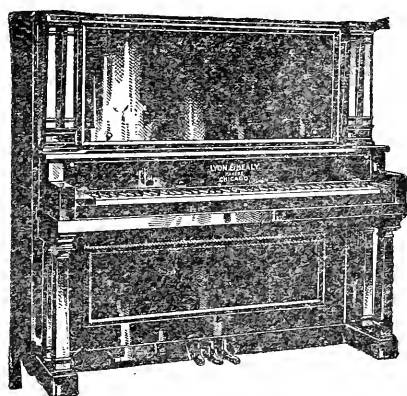
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H. L. TRIPP

Primaries August 25 1914

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Judge G. T. Harlow

of Petaluma Township

Primary Election August 25, 1914



FOR AUDITOR

CHARLES A. POOL

INCUMBENT

Primary Election August 25, 1914



Bear Flag Monument Dedicated at Sonoma,
Sonoma Co., Cal., June 14, 1914

See Article on "Bear Flag" Monument, By Lewis F. Byington.
This issue.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL V.

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE 1914.

NO. 11

"The Newer Patriotism"

By Margaret E. More

The most precious thing in the world is life; just to breathe the wind on the hill, to face the golden light of dawn, to hear the song of the bird, to be able to do this, to have life—that is the most precious thing in the world. The religionist will tell you this is not true. He will maintain that it is the spirit that is beyond value, the divine afflatus; and in the beginning was the Word. The idealist will tell you this is not true. He will name a host of things for which life must be sacrificed, such as duty, honor, religion and all manner of ideals. And the world has listened to them and believed what they said. From the day on which Able's burnt offering was accepted, sacrifice has been the fine test of belief; it has been the great tribute of worship; it has been the unimpeachable stamp of loyalty. Religion and state in all ages, in all lands, have raised their emblazoned banners whereon it was written, "Die for me!" Mankind in his upward grouping has been lured to death on the battlefield, on the rack "by hope of some diviner drink to fill the cup—when crumbled into dust." Down the long weary road up which man has toiled, at every milestone of progress there stands an altar erected to some ideal—and the altar is ever red with human blood. Sacrifice and death for one's ideal has always been the call,

and humanity has poured out the precious life stream in answer to it—and only evolution has known at what terrific cost.

But change is eternal, and all this must end. The most precious thing in the world is life, and I say to you today, though numberless things are worth living for nothing is worth dying for. This is the heresy I proclaim.

By what shall we test our ideals? By this alone, do they conserve life? If they do not, if they ask that the many shall give up life for them, then away with them! Molochs that they are. Too long has mankind put barriers in evolution's path. Today he is learning feebly to assist the process. Dimly the light begins to break. In the radiance of its beams he is scorning all those ideals and concepts that throughout the ages that history records have been at work weeding out the best of the race. For it is ever those who have reached the fullest measure of life that have been most ready to give up life for what it exalts them to call a "cause." The soldier and the martyr have been our highest evolved products. Thus it has been that while vice and sin were killing off our poorest, our ideals have been slaying our best. But having caught one glimpse of the evolutionary purpose, we say

this thing must stop. The spirit of the twentieth century is going about among our cherished standards and tenets and is slaying on every hand. The sword of her wrath falls, upon our cherished cult patriotism and it must go. No cult, no creed, no allegiance has levied a heavier toll on human life than the ideal of patriotism in the various forms in which it has revealed itself throughout the ages. It is on this charge that I indict it.

Human nature has a comfortable way, though an unprogressive one, of fondly believing that those creeds treasured in its day will always be regarded as true, that its own particular age has reached the ultimate in moral standards, religious beliefs, and social concepts, Alas! and yet not alas—the only truth is that we shall never find truth. There is no ultimate. The truths of one age are the falsehoods of the next. There is, moreover, nothing so painful as giving up a cherished belief. When an old belief slips away we have the sensation of the universe tumbling about our ears. Mid the din of destruction we are not aware of the constructive process, we cannot note the new concept forming ready to take the place of the old, and thereby move the world on one notch. While I shall indict the old patriotism, I shall proclaim a new patriotism that shall meet the test of conservation of human life. For I shall tell you of a patriotism that says to the man of one land, "you shall not kill the brother of another land in the name of some 'cause' you do not understand.

The Century Dictionary defines patriotism as "love of country." This is our own age's definition for the feeling that in some form or other has marked every age. Patriotism in ancient Greece was love of a city. Themistocles faced the bitterest possible taunt when before Salamis his opponent called him "a man without a city."

Every city had its special gods, its own heroic traditions to fire its youth to go and do likewise. Here was loyalty, here was sacrifice in ancient Greece. Loyalty to Sparta takes Leonidas' life at Thermopylae in exchange for immortal fame. Spartan mothers gave birth to stalwart sons, only to send them forth to battle, without protest, it seems, telling them

to come home with their shields or upon them. Here was passionate love of fatherland. Yes, but what came of it? The somberest pages of history tell us what came of it. Athenians loved Athens and hated Sparta; and patriotic Sparta destroyed Athens and were in turn crushed by equally patriotic Thebans. Thebes spent her energies in the same struggle and was prostrated by it. And so perished the fairest promise civilization had yet offered, or was likely to offer for many a long century, sacrificed to the love of a city.

Another phase of ancient patriotism was loyalty to empire. "Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?" asks Brutus, and voices loyalty to empire. Who indeed? Rome's race, Rome's pace carried the eagles of the Caesars from Calcedonia to the Indus, till in their exaltation of empire, the Romans had enslaved the world. In turn they were corrupted by the very slavery they had imposed, and idle and vicious, living on tribute to the sword, they gave way to a better, stronger race from the forests of Germany. Rome's glory faded and thus was loyalty to empire rewarded.

There next came a time in the course of our civilization when loyalty to country was replaced by loyalty to religion, and in consequence the battlefield, the rack, the stake held a rich harvest. The soil of Europe is soaked in the blood of religious wars. By the dawn of the seventeenth century appears the first glimmer of our modern patriotism, love of fatherland. Catholic Englishmen and Protestant Englishmen fight side by side to kill the hated Spaniard. It is the old story of Athenian against Spartan, Roman against Carthaginian, all over again. Since the English sailors sent to ocean graves the men of the Spanish Armada, countrymen of all countries have been killing each other in the name of country and for the love of country.

Through all these centuries in which humanity has been thus slaughtered, the same red blood has flowed through the veins of men. They have been warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, bled when they were pricked, cried when they were hurt. Nature has known no distinction of fatherlands; man has

erected his own barriers to the universal brotherhood and has died to maintain them. Today we begin to call a halt; we say this thing shall not continue. Life is the most precious thing in the world. We must end a patriotism that does not conserve it.

In our public schools for generations our children have listened to that famous toast, "My country, may she always be right; but right or wrong, my country always." Here we have tersely summed up the American patriotism that has obtained since it was uttered. Let us look at it a moment and see to what it leads. Ages ago when kings held unchecked sway, the people repeated in much the same way these words which meant much the same thing, differing only in the application, to-wit, "The king can do no wrong." This being true, criticism of him was treason. It followed that that which which was always right should always command implicit obedience and support—and the king got it. Ages pass. Today in retrospect we scorn a browbeaten people who were thus hoodwinked into elevating a mere mortal into such a worshipful altitude. The royal sovereignty has passed to representative bodies. The divine-right king has been cut up into "King Demos"; democracy is rampant we are all kings, every citizen of us, and today we are shouting more vociferously than ever that same old theme, "The king can do no wrong" in the words "Right or wrong, my country always." The citizen who sees superiorities in other lands is the unpatriot. Our country is the ne plus ultra, we can learn nothing from Europe. We care for our citizens better than any other country in the world. We have the freest government. We form, as it were, the vanguard of the universe.

But I need not enumerate all our powerful excellencies. You hear them every Fourth of July. Our exaltation is enough to make us dizzy were we susceptible. And in the meantime Europe goes quietly on outstripping us. This attitude of bravado would not be so vitiating if it stopped here, but it never does. Not content with giving our land first rank, we go a step further and assert as conclusively that the other fellow's country is no good, and we are ready to back the assertion with force. This state of mind when coupled with the rattle of a drum and the blare of a bugle,

added to a strong stalwart body, makes a soldier. Ask the schoolboy what he thinks patriotism is, and he will tell you that it is fighting for his country. Last year at the teachers' institute of this county we had the national flag lecturer with us. She had gone about this land telling our defenseless children what patriotism is not. She was an enthusiast in her work and gave ample testimonials of her results, and lo! what were they? A recital of bloody noses and blackened eyes among boys that should have been friendly playmates. The harvest she reaped on the playground is what demagogic statesmen reap on the battlefield.

The boys aren't to blame. Their attitude is a product. Our histories in the past have been written not so much with regard to truth as to make clear that our country has always been in the right. Let us take for example the struggle for independence. The children in the past have not been told that those starwart colonists whose cry was no taxation without representation were given a whole year to tax themselves through their own colonial legislatures. He does not learn that the colonial agents in London could give Grenville no better suggestion than a stamp tax when he consulted them, and that Benjamin Franklin even sought the position of stamp distributor for one of his friends. It has not been stated that not one cent of the tax was to cross the ocean, but was all to be spent in the colonies to support troops against the Indians. Nay he has rather been taught that every Englishman was a devil and every colonist a saint.

Why did the troops of Washington starve at Valley Forge? Because the Pennsylvania farmers were willing to sell their farm products to the British at better prices. Had the revolution been the whole-souled preformance that it has been pictured, the three millions of colonists would have made short process of the handful of English soldiers. On the other hand, the Boston merchants who disguised themselves as Indians and under the cover of darkness went down to the harbor of Boston and destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property belonging not to the Parliament, but to the English merchants, have been pictured as heroes. And finally not knowing that England was waging war in every quarter of the globe at the same time, the child was

brought to feel that Providence miraculously intervened in behalf of those soldiers of whom Washington said they were'n't fit to become shoe-blacks. A correct instruction would not disparage human rights, but as our teaching has been, it has lost the noble opportunity to show that every issue has two viewpoints; that nothing human is wholly right. Until young America learns this the grand plan of arbitration is for us forever impossible.

Where in the instruction has proper emphasis been laid upon the utter uselessness of the war of 1812? In this war every contention was settled by the shift in the European situation, so that after the battles were fought and the lives lost, there was nothing to stipulate in treaty.

Similarly have the older texts slipped over the Mexican war, wherein by force of a stronger nation, a neighbor was pillaged and the slave power strengthened.

But the civil war! Surely here was cause for militant patriotism. How far from true! When the balance sheet was drawn at the close of that titanic struggle it was seen too late that it would have been cheaper in actual dollars and cents if the national government had bought the slaves outright at \$4,000 each. Who will ever be able to reckon the economy in human misery.

The story is told that after one of the hard fought battles of the war, the two armies were camped so near each other that when the Northern Band began to play "The Red White and Blue," so that the wounded lying out on the field would not feel their suffering so keenly, the strains were carried across to the Southern army, whose band started up "Dixie." And after that the Northern band began to play "Home, Sweet Home," whereupon the band in gray joined them and they played in unison.

And they were right. The thing which joined them was greater than that which bade them kill and slay each other. When, oh, when will our people learn that it is wrong, always wrong, to follow the flag—any flag—into battle? They did not learn it in the sixties. Just as eagerly did our sons enlist to shoot down the sons of Spain. Why? Because they thought our flag had been sunk in Havana Harbor. In this conflict we sent 400 poor Spanish sailors to the bottom of the sea, and great was our rejoic-

ing thereat. We all raised the flag on our masts when the news came. Our patriotism was touched.

Yet how different we felt when we heard of the Titanic disaster! And yet how similar the event! Both a needless sacrifice to greed. When the smoke of battle cleared and we had time to do a bit of sober thinking, we saw that Spain couldn't possibly have sunk the *Main*, that she was straining every force of diplomacy at Washington to keep peace with the United States, for she knew that war would be suicidal. But the flag was waving over the Philippines and Porto Rico and Guam. Mr. Armour was the richer by numerous army contracts. Mr. Armour, by the way, was a patriot. Chicago people tell how he had his employes march the streets to celebrate every victory. Today many a mother is mourning a son lying in a Cuban grave a victim to Armour's poisoned meat and a false patriotism.

But these are hopeful signs that the old patriotism that sets man against man is dying. What are the symptoms? First of all, formalism. When a cult decays it descends to formalism. This is most noticable in religion. In those periods when religious sentiment was at its lowest ebb, we see the greatest stress laid on the form of worship. It is natural that this is so. Enthusiasm chafes at set expression.

What do we observe today? Everywhere in our public schools there is coming more and more to be insisted upon what is known as the flag salute. Before entering the school room the flag is raised and at that moment the little future citizens, many of them too young to know the meaning of the word, pledge their allegiance to their country. Every morning as regularly as the school bell rings. It is as much of the routine as getting in line to march in. And like all routine it is destined to achieve that emptitude of endlessly repeated acts. The same nerve refuses to respond endlessly to the same stimulus. Our formal enthusiasts, did they but know it, are defeating their own purpose. We find every army officer vigorously insisting upon this exercise in the school. I sometimes think that the soldier intuitively feels that his doys are numbered, and he is clutching at every straw to prolong his allotted time.

We cannot teach true patriotism in this way. It resembles true instruct-

ion as hysteria resembles meditation. Indeed I once heard a well known historian attribute this brand of patriotism to the overwrought state of country school teachers. When we confine human emotion to stereotyped form we get fetich worship, and it makes not a great deal of difference so far as the soul development of the child is concerned—please note the limitation—it makes not a great deal of difference whether the fetich is a totem pole or a crucifix. I would like to have the advocates of this type of patriotism tell me why no flag salute was necessary in Boston in 1776. The fine equality of patriotism like the equality of mercy, is not strained.

Secondly, the growing intelligence of the great rank and file of people is making the old patriotism impossible. The men who toil, those men from whom the soldiers are drafted, are pondering as never before that old definition of patriotism—"Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel." Judge Lindsey says, "The beast knows no party." Just so the beast knows no flag. The great group of stockholders in the trans-Atlantic lines are Americans whose patriotism is not one whit aroused by the Union Jack waving over their investments. The Technical World says that J. P. Morgan had one of the largest steel mills in China where men toil for a pittance. Can you connect this fact with the talk for tariff reduction? It did not affront Mr. Morgan's patriotism to force American labor to compete with the Chinese. Japan makes the silk flags which we wave to express our patriotism. Mr. Muzzey, in his American history, says that the king of England draws an income from his investments in America today larger than the tax King George III tried to levy on the Colonies. Why doesn't our American blood boil with the fervor of 1776? Why doesn't our patriotism revolt at this? Because what King George III could not do openly, King George V can do through that sculless thing begotten of the law, the corporation, a thing so diabolical in its cunning that it can safely tax the creators of wealth while they know it not; because, too, if they did revolt, the rebels would find themselves contesting a thing as universal as our machine-made civilization. Those who draw dividends know no flag. Soon will the common people see that justice knows no

flag, neither should the love of fellow men, even as the Carpenter of Nazareth knew none.

We object to teaching the child this old wornout sectional patriotism because the twentieth century has something better to offer, something nobler, more Christlike, a patriotism for Gentile as well as for chosen race. I said the twentieth century, but as far back as the time of the greatest man the German race has produced we hear the call of it. Goethe denounced the narrow prejudice that sets nation against nation. He regarded notional patriotism as a sentiment narrow and unworthy of a great mind. Art and science know no country, he said, why should love of fellow man be confined to boundaries? His voice was drowned in the wars of the empire, but it will be heard again.

The child must be taught the new ethics, which is the social ethics. We are convicting ourselves today of our social sins. We have been teaching our children, "Thou shalt not steal," and urging them to applaud an act of brigandage on the part of their country. We say to the boy it is wrong to play the bully. Yet how did we get California, and Arizona, and New Mexico and the Phillippines and Porto Rico? What is wrong for him to do is wrong for his country to do. Thou shalt not kill. Socially that means he shall not lift a gun in war. Teach him his country is no abstract thing. It is himself and his neighbor and his neighbor's neighbor and so on till the boundaries of his country is reached. He himself is his country, one small unit of it, perhaps, but responsible that the standards of his age be observed by it in all its actions.

Not long ago I was teaching a class the origin of the Union Jack. I explained that it was a grand flag and stood for every principle of freedom for which the Stars and Stripes stand; that in real truth every liberty which we enjoy was born beneath its folds. I told them that they should love that flag also; that tri-color of France meant to every French child what our flag means to us; that all flags stand for the highest aspirations of the people over whom they wave; hence to fire upon the flag of another land is treason to absolute right. Until we learn this, the plea for universal peace is a voice crying in the wilderness. What does the

word patriotism come from? From the Latin word for father. We have a new ideal for parenthood today. The modern parent must love his own child, yes, but he must love every child. Love your own country, yes, but love the other man's country too.

Further than this, teach the child that there is something far more sacred in this land than the flag. This thing is also a symbol, but it is more than that. It not only stands for liberty, but it is a means of liberty. This thing is the ballot. Tell him how it has come to us across seas of blood. Teach him it is too sacred to barter, too valuable to neglect, that it is the palladium of his citizenship. Teach him this and the flag will guard its own dignity.

The new patriotism is among us. It has arrived. It is blushing for the inconsistencies of that blatant jingoism it is soon to supplant. It is crying out in horror at the stains upon the flag. It smiles in bitter derision at such self-styled patriots as Andrew Carnegie, who builds temples of peace with the millions he has made selling steel plates for battle-ships! "There is a patriotism that waves a flag. There is another patriotism that blushes when it sees a neglected child."

Mr. Carnegie has many such children to account for. Thousands of slaves are piling up profits for this man, slaves driven by the invisible whip of hunger. And with these profits he builds monuments of his iniquity which it pleases him to call his libraries. The new patriotism is asking upon what meat does this our patriot feed that he has grown so bountiful? I will you where he feeds. Back in Pennsylvania there loom cities where no glad some thing is, whole cities of huge black buildings which day and night, year after year, blacken the heavens with smoke from their thousand chimneys.

Within these buildings are gathered beings of whom it was said in the beginning they were birthmarked "a little lower than the angels," semi-

blances of men, the steel workers, busy making the joints and sinews of our vast civilization. There are 17,000 in Mr. Carnegie's mills in Allegheny county alone. How many more there are only God and the United States census knows. All but 120 of these 17,000 work twelve hours a day for the princely sum of \$1.90.

Down here on the plaza stands your Carnegie library. Now you KNOW whence it came. Every brick of it is made of the bones of American workmen! The bricks are cemented with their blood! Its rooms are haunted by the souls of men whose lives knew no books because a diabolical system of industry blew out the light within their brains.

On public days the stars and Stripes will wave over it, over a land where men were promised life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is a grewsome thing to see grown men thus filched of their birth right. How the new patriotism cries out at the sight of little children being ground into profits in our cotton mills and canneries. The new patriotism chokes the throat of him who would sing "My country 'tis of thee: sweet land of liberty!" while down in the dark pits of our coal mines little boys are stifling their lives in the murky air of the slag heaps. What is your verdict of a patriotism that for years has boasted of our greatness and closed its eyes to this sort of crime?

The old patriotism boasts of battlefields, of marching men and heroes slain at sea. It speaks with the "tongue of the drum and guns that know no doubt." It tells of hatred plunging swords into the hearts of fellow men. The new patriotism blusters not. It hears the cry of the children. It hearkens to the sighs of those who are too heavily laden in all lands. Its manifesto is: Men of all lands, love one another. Its color is that of red blood in the veins of all men. Its boast is peace. Its shibboleth is good will. Its call is universal—and it will be heard.



The Bear Flag Monument

By Lewis F. Byington

On the 14th day of June, of this year, a monument was unveiled in the public square at Sonoma and on the spot where, sixty-eight years before, the "Bear Flag" was raised on the soil of California. The monument is the work of sculptor John MacQuarrie, a native of California and is a tribute to his artistic skill and taste.

The "Bear Flag" was first raised at Sonoma in June, 1846, by a band of thirty-three loyal Americans. This land had, prior to that, been under the rule of Mexico and was controlled by governors appointed from that country. News reached Sacramento that foreigners had been ordered, under pain of death, to leave this state, and great alarm was caused by the report that General Jose Castro commander of the military forces of Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Clara, was on the march to attack the settlers.

A company of volunteers started for the Mexican fort at Sonoma, at which place was located the only town and military post of Mexico north of the Golden Gate. They were under the command of Ezekiel Merritt, as captain. They captured the post and nine cannons, and on June 14, 1846, then and there raised the "Bear Flag." It was designed by William Todd. It bore upon a piece of white cotton cloth the rude form of a grizzly

bear and a star was set in one corner. It was the first flag unfurled in California after the country was declared independent of Mexico.

The grizzly bear is typical of the courage of the West; the star represents California before she came into the Union.

That band of patriotic Americans would not abandon California, so they raised this flag and proclaimed her to be free. The flag stood for justice and liberty. These men could not raise the "Stars and Stripes," because they had no authority from Washington to do so.

If they had had the authority, the American flag would have waved that day above the old barracks at Sonoma. However, in the following month, when they learned that Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey and in the name of the United States took possession of this land, and that it floated over Portsmouth Square in San Francisco, the "Bear Flag" came down and the people of Sonoma, with hand and heart, on July 9, 1846, raised "Old Glory" to float there forever.

It is fitting that California, with its unique and interesting history, should have some symbol which should distinguish it from the other states of the Union, and as the story of the "Bear Flag" is one of the most romantic incidents connected with our state, the Legislature has adopted that flag as our State's flag and as symbolic of early pioneer days and patriotism.

At The Threshold of June

By Anna M. Reed

In a riot of fragrance and blossoms,
At the wonderful threshold of June,
I am here, with the bloom all about me,
And the Wind just a wave of perfume.

A robin calls down in the hollow,
Where the shade is so grateful and deep,
And the swale-grass bends over the water,
That seems in it's silence asleep.

Far up in a stately Madrone,
Where branch and bough summerlong swings,
So glad; with exultant existence,
By it's nest, an oriole sings.

The bee hovers over the mallow,
And hums as he gathers his tithe,
In the heart of the flowers, sure of treasure,
That he garners away in his hive.

The things that fail not are around me,
The long years have brought them no loss,
And the days, like a chain, linked between us,
Time and distance is reaching across.

And I count them to measure their fullness,
With sudden tears dimming my sight,
For they bring me to these that are empty,
In spite of things fragrant and bright.

And the song of the bird, is a burden,
And the flowers sweet with perfume and
dew,

Break my heart, with their sense of perfec-
tion,

Because I want you, only you.

All else seems to have it's fulfillment,
And to be, but to bless and adorn,
But without you the world is a desert,
And my life incomplete and forlorn.

May 30th, 1914.

The Bear Flag Monument.

By Alfred J. Puckett

In all our country's broad extent,
All skeptics' eyes will fail,
To find a fitter monument
Than we, today, unveil.

A triumph of enduring arts,
A gem of sculptured grace,
This pile is sacred to the hearts
Of our unrivaled race.

Here loved and guarded by the free,
For ages it will stand
In memory of the thirty-three,
That formed the Bear Flag band.

In all our strength and glorious bloom
We never have forgot,
How sunlight banished slavery's gloom
On this immortal spot.

Though empires grant more liberal might,
And smooth their rugged seams,
We still are ages past the light
Of their most cherished dreams,

In all our country's broad extent,
All skeptics' eyes will fail,
To find a fitter monument,
Than we today, unveil.

June 14, 1914.



Henry W. Beeson

The Last of the Survivors of the Bear Flag Party

Born in Kentucky 84 years ago. Died in Ornbau Valley, Mendocino county, on May 14, 1914.

The following truthful tribute to his memory was written for the NORTHERN CROWN by Wm. Ryan of Boonville, Anderson valley, Mendocino County, Calif.

Last of the "Bear Flag Party"

By Wm. Ryan

Henry W. Beeson, last of the Bear Flag Party, passed to his final rest on Thursday, May 14, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. N. Ornbaun of Ornbaun valley, Mendocino County, at the ripe age of 84 years, 6 months and 11 days. He had been growing feeble for the last three or four years, and the end came from old age and general debility.

He is survived by five daughters and one son, Mrs. J. R. Burger; Mrs. J. E. Lawrie; Mrs. H. N. Ornbaun; Mrs. G. T. Brown; Mrs. David Miller, and Wm. Beeson, besides several grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who all share the sympathy of the community in their loss.

The funeral which was largely attended took place on Saturday, May 16, Revs. B. L. Sprinkle of Cloverdale and Henry Neate of Boonville conducting the services in the M. E. Church, South, of Boonville, and at the grave.

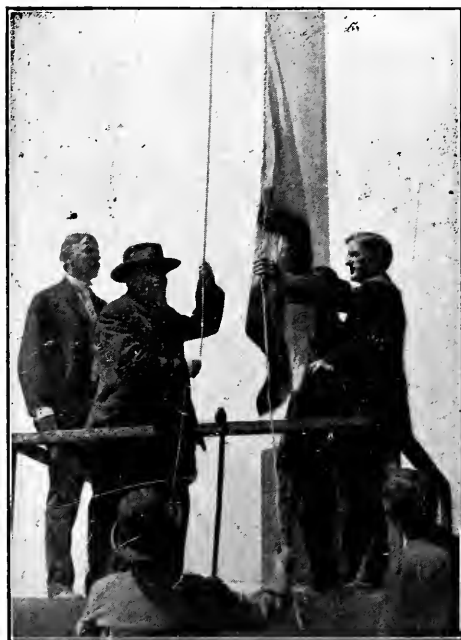
A fac-simile of the original Bear Flag was borne aloft in the funeral procession. The place of interment was in the family burial lot of the old Anderson cemetery where lie the remains of Mr. Beeson's wife, mother, son, daughter, and brother, Isaac Beeson. The grave was bountifully decorated with choice flowers.

Walter Anderson, step-father of Henry W. Beeson, died in Ukiah but by reason of impassable roads and trails, and inclement weather, the body could not be transferred to the home cemetery but was interred in Ukiah.

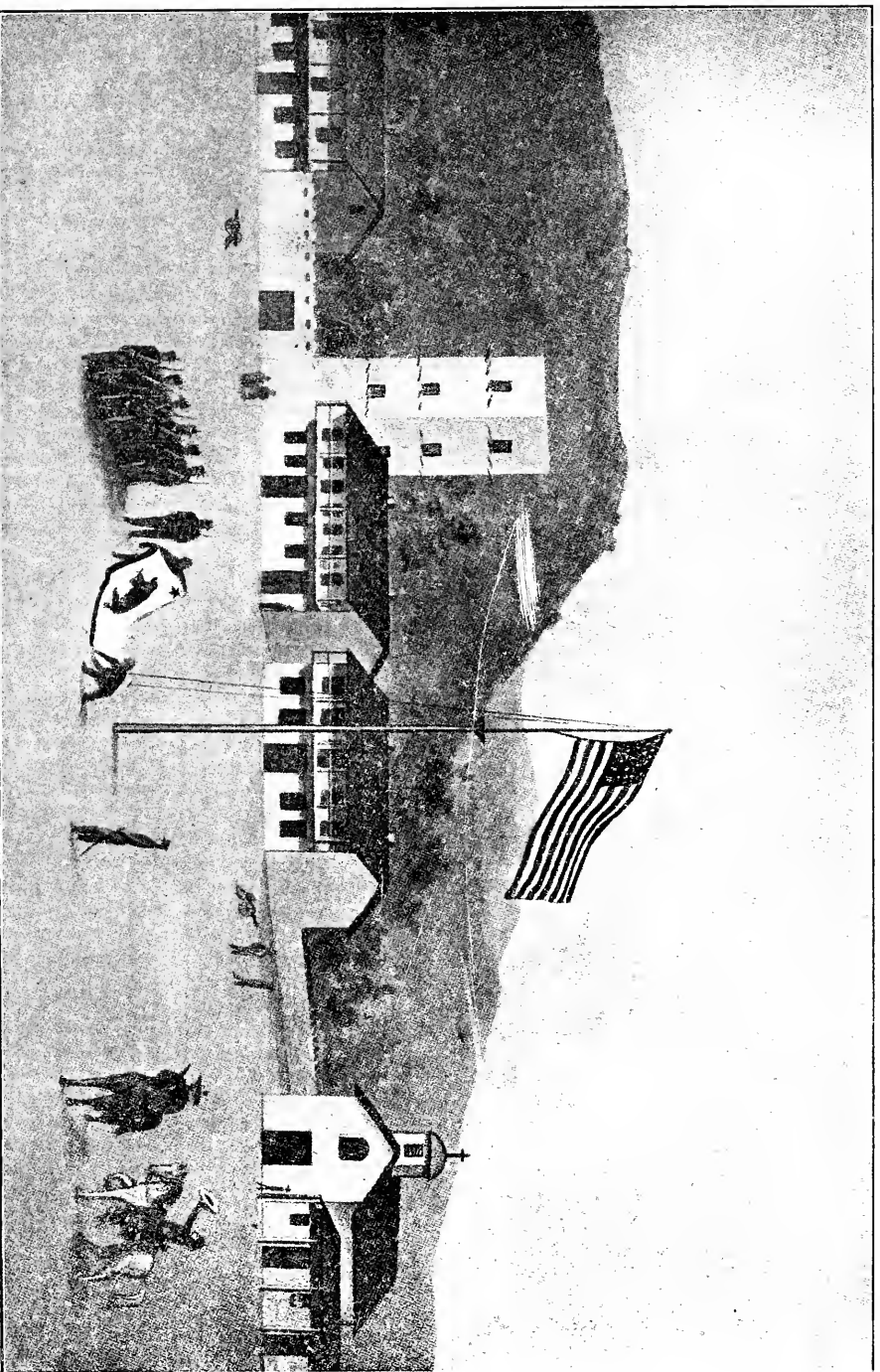
Deceased was a native of Kentucky and with his folks, including the Walter Anderson family, entered the valley, so called Anderson, in Mendocino county, May 2, 1852, and during those 62 years of residence was respected much and highly esteemed by his community.

A hostile uprising of the local Indians in the neighborhood of what is now Kelseyville, in Lake county, and in which Andrew Kelsey and another settler named Stone were killed, in 1852 caused the Anderson and Beeson family to flee from there and locate, as the first pioneers on the site of the present Boonville.

Of the thirty-three volunteers, seventeen from Sacramento valley, of whom deceased was one, and sixteen from Napa valley, whose names are recorded in the history of California as being of, and constituting the famous Bear Flag Party none now remain, the deceased, Henry W. Beeson, being the last survivor.



Last Public Appearance in Sonoma County of Henry W. Beeson, Last Bear Flag Party survivor, raising the Fac-similie of the Bear Flag, at Native Son's Celebration, Sonoma, Sep, 9th, 1908.



Lowering of the Bear Flag at Sonoma 12 M., July 9, 1846. Made from Pen and Ink Sketch at the Time



Hon. Emmet Seawell

*Presiding Judge of Department
One of the Superior Court
of Sonoma County,
and Candidate
for Re-election*



Judge Seawell has served Sonoma county as Superior Judge for twelve years. He was born in Napa, is a graduate of the Pacific Methodist College, was admitted to the Bar in 1890 and elected District Attorney in 1892. He has proved himself an able jurist, and has had the honor of having decided cases in which the higher court adopted the opinion of the trial judge, which is very rarely done. Notably in the cases of Healy vs Superior Court of Sonoma 166 Cal., and that of Earl E. Rodgers et al vs P. L. Slaughterback 166 Cal. and Maclay vs Superior Court, 16 Cal., app. 469.

Judge Seawell is not only profoundly learned, but has the gracious bearing of the old school of gentle courtesy, now fast yielding its charms to the abrupt mannerisms of a commercial age. He is a graceful and eloquent speaker, and whatever his topic, it is a pleasure and delight to hear him.

The people of Sonoma will return him to the high office that he has filled so well.



FRANK B. SINGLEY

CANDIDATE FOR

Treasurer

Of Sonoma County

Primary Election August 25, 1914

ROSS CAMPBELL

Candidate For

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Of Sonoma County

Primary Election August 25, 1914



FOR SHERIFF

W. D. ("DUDE") WILEY

of Green Valley—Republican

For Economical and Business Administration

Primaries 25, 1914

J. Q. White hereby announces himself as a candidate for the JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT of Mendocino County, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday, August 25, 1914.

Hale McCown, Junior announces himself as a candidate for for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY of Mendocino county, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday August 25, 1914.

Hon. T. C. Denny

Presiding Judge of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Sonoma County is a Candidate for Re-election

Primaries August 25, 1914

Pat Connolly hereby announces himself a candidate for COUNTY CLERK of Mendocino county subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries Tuesday August 25, 1914.

Lee Cunningham announces himself as a candidate for the office of TAX COLLECTOR of Mendocino county, subject to the primaries, Tuesday August 25, 1914.

L. W. Babcock hereby announces himself a candidate for the office of SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS of Mendocino county subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, August 25, 1914.

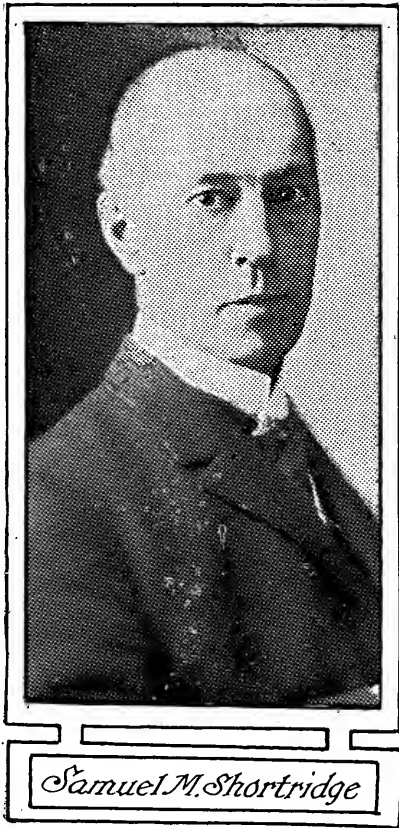
R. L. Hutchison hereby announces himself a candidate for the office of CORONER and PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR of Mendocino county. Primaries August 25, 1914.



Hale Prather

announces himself as a candidate for the office of COUNTY CLERK of Mendocino County, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday, August 24, 1914.





Hon. Samuel
M.
Shortridge



Republican
Candidate For
U. S. Senator



Nomination
August 25, 1914

The Champion of Equal Suffrage since a boy of sixteen. Every woman in California, SHOULD VOTE for Mr. Shortridge irrespective of all party affiliations.



FOR SHERIFF...

Phil Varner

PRIMARY ELECTION
August 25, 1914

FOR TAX COLLECTOR

Frank M. Collins

(Incumbent)

Primary Election, August 25, 1914

FOR ASSESSOR

J. C. "Hoke" Smith

Formerly Chief Deputy Assessor, Under the Late Frank E. Dowd

Primary Election August 25, 1914

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR

Tom B. McNamara

(Incumbent)

"The man who never forgot his friends. He was a friend to your friend."

Primary Election August 25, 1914



Frances McG. Martin

Announces Herself a Candidate For the Office of SUPERIOR JUDGE of Sonoma County.



Mrs. Frances McG. Martin

A woman of superior ability and characteristics, Mrs. Martin has made a record in two professions, either one of which might have crowned with success the efforts of one less ambitious than she. The history of her life and accomplishments is interesting and instructive, showing to what heights one may attain who is inspired by right motives and endowed with a mentality broad and deep.

Mrs. Martin was elected Superintendent of Public Schools of Sonoma County in 1886. She was re-elected to the same office in 1890, by a large majority.

In 1895 Mrs. Martin gave up her educational work to fit herself for the legal profession, a field for which she has proven herself equally well fitted.

She was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of the State Dec., 24, 1895, and in February of the following year commenced practice.

In her probate practice she has looked closely after the interests of the widow and the orphan. In civil cases her aim has ever been to effect a settlement between the contestants.

Not a little of Mrs. Martin's success in both her professions has been due to her pleasing personalty, as well as her humanitarian spirit that enables her to enter into the problems of those with whom she is brought in contact.

Mrs. Martin is a candidate for the nomination for the office of Superior Judge and she is capable of dignifying and ornamenting that position, and discharging its high duties with ability.





JOSEPH P. BERRY

— For —

ASSESSOR

OF SONOMA COUNTY

(Incumbent)

Subject to the will of the Voters at the
August Primaries



JACK SMITH

(Incumbent)

Announces Himself a Candidate
for the Office of

SHERIFF

of Sonoma County

Subject to the Will of the Voters
at the August Primaries





Continued From Last Issue

Returned home today, it is cloudy and threatening rain, I am tired, and will rest a few days before returning to Grass Valley.

May 19th. It has rained all day. Will Vineyard called. Judge Redfield sent me some Tuberose bulbs—he must love flowers. He had planted so many rare things here at the place. I am glad we found so nice a home with so many flowers and choice fruit. Received one letter and a paper today.

May 20th. Still raining. Nettie and Fannie Daugherty came over today for a visit in spite of the weather. Received one letter.

Grass Valley—May 21st. Still raining, but I returned to Grass Valley today, and I am to lecture here on next Sunday, and I hope to do well. God help me, I am trying to do my duty.

May, 22nd. Cold and stormy, have been in the house all day, with Mary and the children, preparing my lecture.

May 23rd. Lectured tonight at Hamilton Hall to a splendid audience, my collection was \$17.25.

May 24. Eddie came up today, and we went to Nevada City, arranged for my lecture there tomorrow. We then came back to Mary's to stay over night.

May 25. Lectured at the Court House this evening. Was introduced by Senator A. A. Sargent. My collection was \$12.12½. Mrs. Sargent is an ardent woman suffragist.

May 26. Eddie and I came to Colfax today.

Was surprised to find Col. E. Z. C. Judson here. He is lecturing and giving entertainments.

He again urged me to study for the stage. He introduced me to Geo. M. Ciprico, a young actor who is assisting him. Mr. Ciprico is quite handsome, and has a future, I think.

I lectured here tonight and my collection was \$13.37½.

Col. Judson is very much disappointed that I will not study for the stage, but I have not time, I must earn money now, and I do not like the idea of being an actress anyway.

May. 27. We came to Iowa Hill today. I had sent my announcement ahead, so I lectured here to-night. My collection was \$8.95. I return to Colfax, to lecture, tomorrow.

May 28. Lectured again at Colfax, my collection was \$7.75. We return to Grass Valley in the morning.

May 29. Eddie and I came from Colfax to Grass Valley. Will stay over with Mary Anderson, until Monday. She is very kind to us, just like our own people. She has never forgotten that in better, happier days in Iowa, my mother took her when she was a motherless girl and gave her a home and protection and kindness. So "the bread cast upon the water," has returned after many days.

May 30, Sunday. I am in a reminiscent mood this morning. It is the anniversary of a happy day that George Rutherford and Emma Gass, my schoolmates, spent with me at Valleyrest. I was happy then, in my own quiet way.

George was once my dearest boy friend and confidant. He has been almost daily in my thoughts lately.

We are drifting apart. On the

day that my family moved from Wyandotte to Oroville, I saw the tears in his sad blue eyes. He felt that the waves of life's troubled ocean were dividing us—we are drifting apart.

May 31. Came home to Timbuctoo today. Jesse has been very sick, Aunt Mary is here, with Clara and Hettie. Received two letters.

June 1. Aunt Mary and the girls went home today. Jesse better. Received two letters.

June 2. Still at Dreamland Home. Jesse improving. Am going back to Grass Valley tomorrow.

June 3. Came to Grass Valley. Mary and her family well. Will be here for a day or two.

June 4. Still at Grass Valley. Had 75 posters printed. Am going to Iowa Hill tomorrow. Eddie is with me.

June 5. Reached Iowa Hill today and lectured in the evening. My collection was \$14.62½. Was introduced by Adam Barret, a prominent Good Templar.

June 6. Lectured again at Iowa Hill. Willie Liddle, a handsome young Scotchman introduced me to my audience. My collection was \$16.28. Sent \$20.00 home today.



Regarding Holy Ground

By W. T. Fitch

Land Sakes Alive, N. Howell Arnold, you nearly scared me to death! When your tiny squeak in the recent number of "The Northern Crown" came to hand, the first thing I did was to look, in a panic of alarm, at the soles of my "bran" new Regals to see if the filth of which you speak, was there, for if it had been, my wife would surely take me to task about the rugs.

Also, "Stand Back:" That is "pow'ful" startling to one. It is the language of Potentates, and I am only a modest human. Nevertheless, might I not inquire in the language of Bill Nye; why hast thou spake thusly? And after I had devoted considerable thought and occupied much valuable space in going thoroughly into the matter, is this the reply I get? In ef-

fect, that only those who DO NOT UNDERSTAND how God can be THREE, while the BIBLE states he is one, CAN UNDERSTAND, even tho, they do not enjoy the ability to read; that he is a HYDRA-HEADED monstrosity such as only the Heathen worship.

Come, Come, N. Howell Arnold, it will not do to quote a lot of misfit Scripture and think you are proving something. My challenge was to PRODUCE THE EVIDENCE FROM THE SCRIPTURES, not a purely personal opinion, for, "If they speak not according to this word, (the Bible) it is because there is no light in them." Let us have the direct Scriptural testimony; your personal dictum amounts to absolutely nothing.

A Real Toast

(Woman's National Weekly)

Here's to the woman with many a	And wrestles around with laundry
care,	tubs;
Who sits all day in an office chair,	yet the usual hour finds her smil-
And at night, when her day's work	ing there,
is through,	Beside her desk in the office chair,
Goes home and finds more work to	If she's strong enough these burdens
do;	to tote,
Gets up in the morning and cooks	Here's to the state where they let
and scrubs,	her vote.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“**W**HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

An Unfair Amendment Don't Vote For It

Here is the text of the drastic constitutional amendment, which would wipe out our wine industry and cripple the raisin and table grape growers:

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

Article I of the Constitution of the State of California is hereby amended by adding thereto two new sections, to be numbered respectively Section 26 and Section 27, in the following words:

Section 26. The manufacture, the sale, the giving away, or the transportation from one point within the State to another point within the State, of intoxicating liquor, is prohibited. Any citizen of the State may, in his or her own name, maintain an action of injunction in the county wherein the violation occurs, to restrain such violation, provided, however, that to any criminal or civil prosecution for violation of this prohibition it shall be a defense if it be shown that the liquor in question was being manufactured, used, sold, given away, or transported, for medicinal, scientific, mechanical or sacramental purposes. The manufacture, sale, giving,

or transportation of such liquors for medicinal, scientific, mechanical, or sacramental purposes shall be regulated by law. Any person violating any provision of this section shall be fined for a first offense not less than \$100, nor more than \$1000, and for a second offense shall be fined not less than \$200 nor more than \$2500, and imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than one year, provided, however, that additional penalties may be imposed by law.

Section 27. The transportation into the State of intoxicating liquor, unless it be shown to be for medicinal, scientific, mechanical, or sacramental purposes, is prohibited, subject, however, to the laws of the United States relating thereto. Any person violating any provision of this section shall be fined for a first offense not less than \$100 nor more than \$1000, and for a second offense not less than \$200 nor more than \$2500, and imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than one year, provided, however, that additional penalties may be imposed by law.

Ten Good Reasons Why You Should Vote "No"

First — Because this confiscatory amendment is contrary to the public policy of the State, which since 1861 has fostered and encouraged the grape and wine industry by appointing commissions, teaching viticulture and viniculture at the University of California, and appropriating large sums of money for

experimental work in the laboratory and vineyard;

Second—Because, if enforced, this amendment would completely destroy the value of all our wine-grape vineyards, covering 170,000 acres, much of which is hillside land unsuited for any other agricultural purposes;

Third—Because it would cripple the

raisin grape industry, which sends about 50,000 tons of second-crop Muscats to the wineries;

Fourth—Because it would prevent the table-grape growers from selling to the wineries 50,000 tons of culls, that is, grapes which do not measure up to the standard and are unsuited for shipment;

Fifth—Because it would annihilate a viticultural investment of \$150,000,000 and deprive the commonwealth of an annual income of nearly \$30,000,000, nine-tenths of which comes from territory outside the borders of our State;

Sixth—Because it would mean financial ruin to 15,000 heads of families who own or lease vineyards throughout the State;

Seventh—Because it would throw out

of employment at least 75,000 people who cultivate the vineyards, pick grapes, work in the wineries and help in the distribution of our viticultural products;

Eighth—Because it would deprive hundreds of thousands of law-abiding citizens from the use of California wine with their meals in their homes;

Ninth—Because wine is not a saloon drink, and can only be enjoyed with meals;

Tenth—Because the adoption of this unfair amendment would result in a drastic and unnecessary destruction of a legitimate industry, which has won fame for California the world over, and proved that our soil and climate can produce as fine wines and raisins as are made anywhere on the face of the globe.

We make no apology for the stand we have taken on the proposed Prohibition Amendment, to come before the people at the next election. Our position on the temperance question has been well known for more than a quarter of a century. Being the author of the original Local Option Bill introduced into the State Legislature by Judge Robert McGarvey of Mendocino county, and also author of a Bill to regulate and control the retail liquor traffic, designated as bill No 248, and introduced in the State Senate by the Hon. Geo. A. Johnson of Sonoma in the winter of 1883, we cannot be misunderstood, except wilfully, by those who would profit by the misrepresentation. We oppose the Prohibition Amendment because it is UNFAIR to the people of California, and because it would suddenly OUTLAW a business that is licensed as legal, and confiscate lawful property, which in the absence of provision for compensation for the same, would be contrary to NATURAL JUSTICE.

The Hotel Woodward at Penngrove, lately opened by its enterprising proprietor, A. W. Ellingwood, is a credit to the place and a convenience and comfort to the travelling public. Finished with taste, roomy, with every modern convenience, fresh carpets, and new furniture, it will become one of the most popular resorts north of the bay. The scenery is beautiful and the view from the hotel unsurpassed.

There are 54 rooms with hot and cold water and electric lights in every room and bath with all front rooms. A twelve foot porch surrounds the building. The rates are reasonable, with special rates by the week. Those who are seeking rest from the confusion and cares of city life, will do well to visit, for a time, the Hotel Woodward, Penngrove, Sonoma County, California.

Judge G. T. Harlow, of Petaluma, appointed to the office of Justice of the Peace at the death of Judge King, more than a year ago, has filled the position with ability and dignity, and his friends will return him to the place by a popular majority at the coming election. We take pleasure in commending Judge Harlow for the duties for which he is so well equipped and ask the suffrage of the people for a faithful and efficient guardian of their rights and interests.

If you wish to elect a man who has made good roads, the best in the County, and saved the county \$6,000 a year for many years, by securing free lighting for the Court House at Santa Rosa, a man who is practical and understands the material needs of his district, Vote for Gallant Rains for Supervisor.

For Congress--First Congressional District William Kent

I do not believe there is a Democrat in the First Congressional District of California who can beat William Kent for Congress. To my mind, and I have known and watched him for years, he is one of the best Democrats in Congress. He stands for right things at all times. So why force him to come back early this fall to make a fight, when he might be doing something really useful in Washington?

He has done more to popularize this, the only Administration in our time absolutely striving in the interests of the plain people, by publicly endorsing and supporting the Administration, than can be realized by most men."

So writes a prominent Democrat to The Star. Not only do we endorse what our correspondent says, but we say this: The Star is for the re-election of William Kent to Congress, first, last and all the time, regardless of any opponent or opponents that

he may have.

More than that, The Star believes that for the good of the Democratic party and of the present Administration, and in the interests of the party, the Administration, and of The People—not only of California but of the country—the Democrats of the First Congressional District should endorse William Kent for re-election, and, if they can do so should give him the Democratic nomination.

But, whatever the Democrats of the First District do in that matter, The Star is for Kent. He has given hearty and valuable support to the Administration and its democratic measures; he has proved himself worthy of the highest trust; he has given faithful service to The People. He has not spoken or voted as a party man, but as a man and a patriot, whose first thought, and whose every thought and vote, is for the best interests of The People.—THE STAR.

Letters

By Lawrence Zenda

Beloved:

Self analysis may strengthen our effort for improvement, bring to a focus that which we wish to recognize or correct, but self-sympathy develops nothing—its effect is like an over-exposed negative, and it blinds the vision with tears, or binds the heart with a sob. Extended sympathy, by its warmth of encouragement, strengthens and fills our heart with kindness, corrects the view-point, enlarges the arena of thought, and is a benediction to the soul.

LAWRENCE.



Beloved:

The making or marrinig of a life seems more or less accidental, but the building of character lies within the strength or effort of the individual. Nothing can resist the determination created by joy or sorrow, if within one's soul there is this vitality of thought. Weakness is cultivated, just as strength is encouraged, and the one that carries the cross manfully grows stronger, bear as it may upon the heart—weakness and its result offers no reward. It means destruction while strength gained brings an understanding of submission, clears the vision, helps us penetrate life, and carries with it the hope of immortality.

LAWRENCE.



Beloved:

When I attempt to understand the unconfirmed joy I feel in giving expres-

sion to these thoughts for you, life's mysteries surround me in questioning defiance—the sunlight on the wave—the starlight in the darkness—God's masterpieces. Everything in life is more or less indefinable, a paradox of joy and pain. The perfection of all things seems developed through expression, and so my longings send me in search of you. Strength asserts itself—out of the strength of hope, courage is born. Always in the power of the restless wave, I can recognize the full expression of the infinite—unconfined expression,—In the excitement or the storm, the spirit of defiance in everything. God's instruments play plaintively. Every human heart is attune to the voice of the tempest. All awakened life mysterious. Every soul calmed into the silence of eternity—force that overwhelming, compelling demand of eternity—that relentless demand.—Every law of life or creation is relentless.

In thought I press my cheek against your own, and I feel life's rhapsody throbbing within me—the minor harmonies of my heart vibrate through my being until I tremble inwardly, yet I must dream awhile with you and weep, in a world and underneath the same sky wherein perfection flutters the butterfly and rose leaves blow, but Christ Himself was crucified.

LAWRENCE.



The Land of Content

I know a place where flowers drip
Like rain-drops from the trees,
And fairy grasses whisp'ring wave
In every dancing breeze;
Where just to live is one long dream
There in the summer weather,
And you and I, dear-heart, were there
One sunny day together.
We built our camp-fire 'neath the bloom
Of wild Azalias growing;
We listened to the lazy brook
In silver music flowing
The drink you brewed there, o'er the fire
With witches herbs seemed graced,
Each mem'ry of that perfect day,
In lettered gold is traced.
And if the years to come shall stain,
It's beauty with regret,
I still shall hold one day of gold,
In perfect mem'ry yet.

May S. Greenwood.



In Memoriam

By George A. Curtis, Santa Rosa

We gather here together,
That we may help restore,
Missions builded by the fathers.
In the Golden days of yore.
We now recall the battles fought,
And won without the sword,
Those warriors brave have passed away,
Have gone to their reward
Today, those Mission Bells are chiming,
Soft and low,
The bells that rang the glad good tidings,
Long ago,
We hear their silvery tongues
Where 'er we roam,
Sounding still the same sweet carol,
Home, sweet Home.
Where Fairy crystals leap the granite wall,
Where far away the dim Sierras call,
Where Glorious Shasta, from her lordly
throne,
Looks down the somber canons, dark
and lone,
From city, valley fair, and golden strand,
We sound thy praises still, Oh West
ern Land.

Note—Written for the Dramatic Club
of Santa Rosa Parlor No. 28, N. S. G. W.,
at the time of the presentation of "Char-
ley's Aunt", the proceeds of which were
contributed to the restoration fund of the
old mission at Sonoma.

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SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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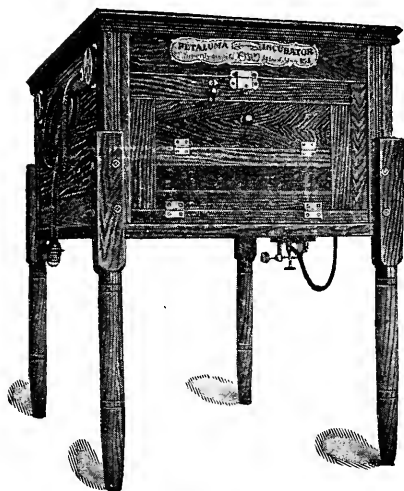
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F. M. Collins

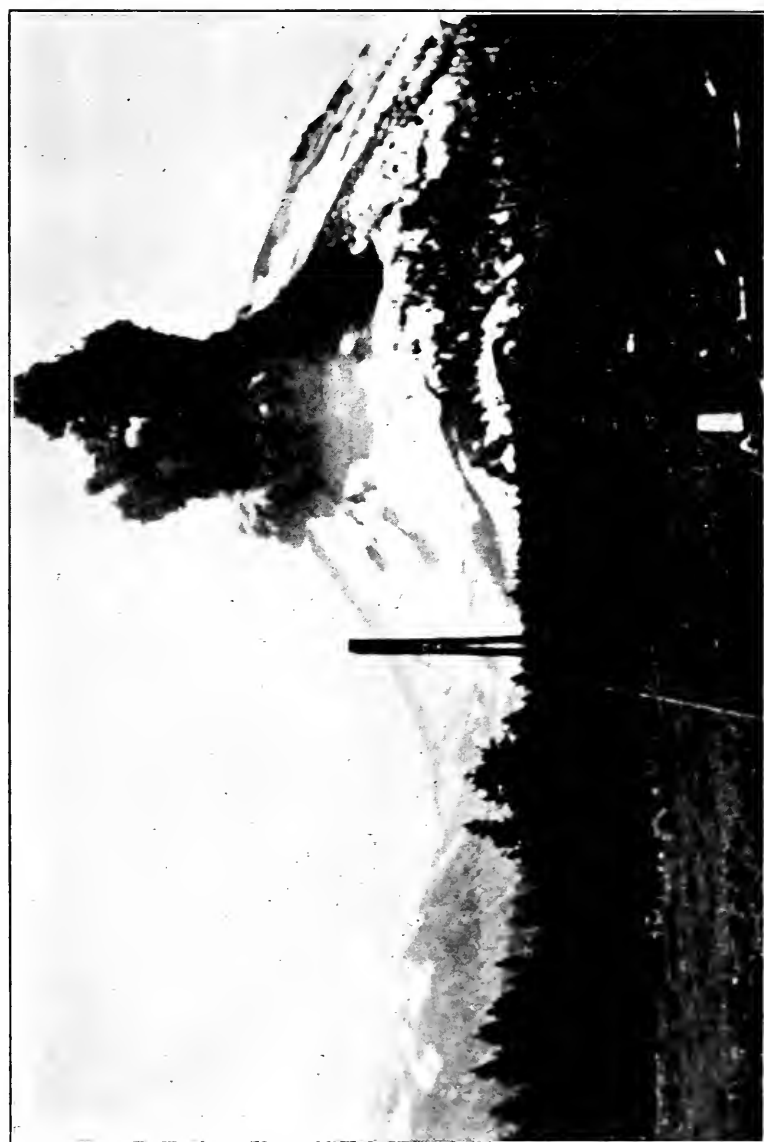
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"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL V.

PETAJUMA, CAL., JULY 1914.

NO. 12

L A S S E N-

*Only Active Volcano in The
United States*

BEN MACOMBER
In Chronicle, June 28, 1914

LASSEN PEAK in eruption is the most unique natural feature in the United States today. Its present outburst constitutes the only volcanic activity ever seen by the eyes of white folks within the borders of the United States outside of Alaska. It gives the country the last physical phenomenon needed to make it possible to say that everything that can be seen anywhere in the world can be seen here.

Lassen was the only place in the United States where such an outburst might reasonably have been expected. Geologically, it is the youngest and latest of all the great series of volcanoes which in days gone by poured out their lavas over the plains and valleys of the West. Shasta was long dead and cold when Lassen was born, and the enormous lava fields of Eastern Oregon and Washington had long since been cut down by the streams.

More than that, the Lassen region has poured out glowing lavas within the century. There was no one to see it at the time, but from the Cinder

Cone ten miles northeast of Lassen Peak there flowed a field of lava two miles long and four miles wide so recently that the burned trees still stick out of the edges of the flow. The lava lies there as new as though it was poured out of the bowels of the earth yesterday. Neither tree nor shrub has yet had time to find a footing on it.

FIRES STILL SMOLDER

Then all over the south side of Lassen are numerous evidences of the lingering fires. Pungent sulphur smoke strikes the nostrils everywhere. Steam vents and boiling springs keep the ground bare in the midst of fifteen-foot snow banks. Solid sulphur boils out of the springs. One ancient crater is full of solfataras and fumaroles of the type common on Vesuvius and Aetna.

So with all these evidences that the old fire mountain was not entirely dead, it is not at all remarkable that Lassen Peak or some of the many craters around it should burst into eruption. I find in my notes of a trip

to the Lassen region fourteen years ago, written at the time, the following sentence: "Few of those who shudder at the convulsions in the West Indian world have ever dreamed that California holds a mountain which has within the lifetime of man, and may again parallel the titanic forces of the Caribbean volcanoes."

LASSEN A YOUNG VOLCANO

Up to a very late day in geological history the sea occupied what is now the Lassen region and extended far into Oregon. About the close of what is known as the Ione epoch that territory was uplifted, and there began a long period of volcanic activity extending down to the present day. From a multitude of vents lava was poured out upon the earth. The more liquid lavas flowed far and wide to form plains. Some of this molten rock could hardly have been thicker than oil. I have seen in the Devil's Half Acre on Hat creek exposed lava surfaces where the wind ripples still show as they were frozen in the cooling mass.

The thicker lavas accumulated around the vents and built up the great volcanic mountains, Lassen Peak, Burney Butte, Prospect Peak, Mount Harkness, Magee Peak, Crater Peak, and hundreds of others. Lassen stands 10,437 feet above the sea, its snow capped peak conspicuous from the railroad sixty miles away. Three peaks in a rough circle on the summit mark the broken down walls of the ancient crater. Between them is a hollow 500 feet deep, the filled-up mouth of the subterranean passage to the fires below. Until this summer this hollow has always been filled with snow, but the re-opening of the crater near the lowest point of the depression and the violent eruptions of steam have melted away this healing covering over the ancient scar.

GEYSERS FILL OLD CRATER

Lassen Peak may be approached from any one of three sides, from Manzanita Lake on the northwest, from head of King's Creek, East and from Battle Creek meadows on the south. The best of all the routes is

from the south because that way leads through the remarkable collection of active volcanic phenomena spread over the entire south slope of the mountain.

Beside the geysers of Iceland and the Yellowstone it would be idle to place the steam vents and boiling lakes of Bumpass' Hell, but as an example of present-day volcanic activity in California, and a spectacle, not only of wonder, but of beauty, the place is one of the most interesting on the Pacific Coast.

High on the southwest flank of the old fire mountain it lies, a steaming bowl of geysers, smoking sulphur vents, and bizarre lakes of many colored boiling waters, the whole sunk 500 feet deep in the mountain side and a third of a mile across. From the evidences which surround the place, the masses of distorted lava and the courses of the former volcanic streams, the Hell was once a crater of the old volcano and its smoke of today is from the smoldering embers of its by-gone fires.

When I first visited the place I had just dragged my pack horses around the old trappers' trail on the face of the cliff at the head of Mill Creek canyon, where the melting snow water tumbles over from Lake Helen above, and had camped in a clump of snow-banked hemlocks a few hundred feet below the top of the eastern ridge. I was unaware of the close proximity of Bumpass' Hell until, bent on exploring the way, I climbed the remaining snowbanks to the pass, and suddenly, so suddenly that I stepped back instinctively to avoid plunging into the boiling pit below, the Hell appeared below me.

A dull roar rose from the crater, a sulphurous steam stung my nostrils. I looked out from the snowbank on which I stood and saw a deep bowl in the mountain, a third of a mile across, ringed with twisted and broken lava rock. Hemlocks clung to the crags and in their shade lay mocking snowbanks. The bottom and walls of the great bowl were stained a dirty yellow with sulphur. Steam rose everywhere. The growling of the crater

rose, it grumbled hoarsely, hissed and screamed.

STEAM ISSUES THROUGH SNOW

It was not until the next day, when I had crossed to the other side and saw the sun shining through the cauldron's steam, that all the glory of the vapor clouds came out and I saw the full wonder of Bumpass' Hell. It is not strange that the old trapper Bumpass, when he looked down on this steaming pit and sniffed its brimstone fumes, started back and named it Hell. It takes no great stretch to picture the place as the royal kitchen of his satanic majesty himself, with the steam of many-odored stews rising on the air, accompanied by the pot-walloping of a gigantic infernal boiler.

The entire bottom and sides of the pit are studded with steam vents of varying magnitude, fumaroles, selfataras, with geysers of gray mud and many colored waters. The lakes supplied by some of these geysers are purple, green, carmine, or indigo. The principal geyser spouts at intervals throwing a column of water ten yards above its mound-shaped vent. Strange contrasts are there. Snow banks, which at his altitude of 9000 feet are perennial, lie scattered around the sides, their whiteness setting off the red and yellow cliffs. Streams of boiling water flowing under them have formed natural bridges, not safe to cross, by the way, and fumaroles blow off their sulphurous vapors through openings melted through the snow-banks themselves.

HELL'S CRUST IS THIN

A noble bank of snow supplies an icecold stream which fills a little lake a few rods long and pours out on the other side a rivulet of boiling water. The waters of the creek which has broken through the lower wall of the crater are too hot for the naked hand, and to the taste they are as though all the chemicals in a college laboratory had been poured into their source. With care in walking, the whole bottom of the cauldron may be explored, though extreme caution is necessary in the neighborhood of the fumaroles, where a heedless step might plunge through the crust and into the hot pools beneath. The floor of of the

crater is covered with varied deposits from the mineral-charged waters and the geysers have built huge mounds around their openings. The lakes are of unknown depth, some of them with geysers in their midst. A curious mud geyser, one sizzling with heat, is called the "Devil's Bath tub."

The entire south side of Lassen Butte is studded with mineral springs of innumerable variety. Mill Creek canyon is full of them. Two miles west of Bumpass' Hell and a thousand feet lower in Soda Creek canyon are the Supan springs and Hell's Back Yard, which in a manner imitates the principal residence of his majesty. At Morgan Springs, ten miles to the south, are mud baths sought for their healing virtues, and in Hot Spring Valley, eight miles to the southeast, on one of the heads of the Feather river, is a boiling lake and numerous hot springs.

LAKE NESTLES IN PEAK

From Bumpass' Hell it is but two miles to the main peak of Lassen, where the present eruptions are taking place. The way leads over a lava ridge and by the beautiful Lake Helen, a snow-ridged sapphire under the shadow of the main peak. It is seldom that Lake Helen loses its circles of snow. I saw it first on a windless morning in the late July when the temperature was at such a critical point that from minute to minute a skin of ice formed and vanished over the still surface. When I climbed Lassen on June 4th of this year the lake still slept under its winter ice and a heavy blanket of snow.

Lassen is not a difficult peak to climb under the proper conditions. By the end of July, when the heavy snow banks are out of the way on the lower slopes, it is easy to ride a horse to the foot of the main peak. From there the climb is steep, but not in any way dangerous, and has been made in forty-five minutes. A trail leads up the southeast ridge. It is said that horses have been taken to the top. This does not look impossible, but it is certain that no horse would be in very good condition to enjoy the scenery when he reached the summit.

LASSEN SUPERB LOOKOUT

From the summit the view is won-

derful on a good day. As Lassen overtops everything near, the outlook is uninterrupted in any direction. In the north Shasta stands up as an enormous pile of snow and ice. To the east are Honey lake and the far mountains of Nevada. To the southeast are the Big Meadows of Plumas county, once the angler's paradise, now deserted and turned into a lake by a power company's dam. To the southwest and the west the eye travels over mountain, foothill and plain to the snowy crests of the Coast Range beyond the tawny wheatfields of the Sacramento valley. Just north of the mountain, with Manzanita lake at its western side, is a wild area of tortured lavas, with the great brown bowl of a crater in its midst. Near at hand on the east is cone after cone with a crater in its top, some of them filled with snow, others holding in the cup a round mirror-like lake. More than 360 craters may be counted from Lassen's top.

At the foot of Prospect Peak to the northeast is the somber Cinder Cone, with its lava field dividing the waters of Snag lake from those of Lake Bidwell. Once the eye has found the Cinder Cone it rests upon the most striking feature in the landscape. The cone is smooth and perfect, a dull purplish brown in hue, and the lava field lies at its base as though a huge blob of vicious fluid had been squeezed out and had hardened on the gentle slope.

EXPLOSIONS ENLARGE CRATER

When I saw the new crater on Lassen on June 4th and 5th the vent, by an engineer's tape, measured 275 feet long. Since then it has grown insize until it is 450 feet long and 150 feet wide. It was then in one of the pauses between the heavy explosions. Thick volumes of steam, laden with sulphur smoke, were rising, and cracks were appearing in the ground. From three different places on the edge I looked down into the crater. Sixty or seventy feet down a pile of rocks was visible in the center of the vent, but at either end was a huge dark hole from which the steam clouds poured. The walls were absolutely perpendicular, and around the

top were hung with huge icicles formed by the condensation of steam in the chill air of the peak.

On the west side of the crater everything was buried beneath a heavy fall of light gray ash, into which we sank over our boot tops. So light was this rock powder that it flew into the air at every step. On the east side the same material seemed to have been thrown out in the form of mud and lay frozen hard as rock. What little snow remained near the crater was buried under a layer of stones and boulders. The larger boulders had sunk down into the snow, creating many treacherous pits.

SPENDS NIGHT BY CRATER

A heavy snow storm came on before we reached the summit on June 4th and we were compelled to spend the night on the peak. We were comfortable enough in the 12x12 shelter house of the Forest Service on the highest point of the mountain, though the crater hissed beside us and a blizzard raged around. Just a week after we left, the house was crushed beneath a shower of boulders hurled high in the air by the volcano in one of its convulsive outbursts.

In the morning the storm clouds blanketed the peak so closely that it was only at intervals that we could see more than fifty feet. Towards noon they lifted and the whole gorgeous view opened before us, all the nearer country whitened by the nowfall. Only the Cinder Cone appeared as somber and forbidding as ever.

The Cinder Cone stands almost on the line between Shasta and Lassen counties overlooking the two forest gems of Lake Bidwell and Snag lake, a forbidding peak whose unusual shape and scorched appearance cannot fail to excite a desire to climb in the most weary of wayfarers. It has no other name and it seems impossible that it should bear another than that of the Cinder Cone. A cone of cinders it is, lacking only the apex to make it perfect. Its apparently flat top is but a double ring of fire-scorched pumice and volcanic glass inclosing a deep and precipitous crater.

CINDER CONE IS NEW

This crater, a generation ago, was

boiling with molten rock, with jets of hissing steam and sulphurous gas, while through its side the liquid rock flowed in a broad stream; whose moving front turned to instant steam the waters of the long lake that lay below. The lava crossed the lake bed, dividing the boiling waters with a dam of rock a hundred feet high and two miles across.

This was the latest of the eruptions of the Cinder Cone. Two hundred years ago the cone was born in the throes of a mighty convulsion. A tremendous explosion, of steam and prisoned gases tore a great vent through the earth. The force of the exploding gases tore to fragments and rent again into dust those fragments of the body of lava which was struggling to free itself at the same time. The dust and fragments, in the form of sand, cinders and pumice, were scattered on the surrounding country for ten miles and to a depth of many feet.

Successive explosions hurled forth more gas-charged masses of molten lava, which, bursting into fragments and falling back around the vent, built up the Cinder Cone. Finally, in one grand outburst, bombs of lava ten feet in diameter were hurled at the sky and a mass of heavy viscid lava flowed from a fissure in the side. Then, after a final shower of sand, the cone, its forces exhausted, lay quiet until seventy or eighty years ago, when the gathering pressure of lava beneath burst through again and formed the lava field across the lake valley.

VOLCANIC STORY PLAIN

Such is the story geologists read in the layers of lava and sand and the trees killed by the two eruptions. The first flow of lava lies in the sand beds which in turn cover the ancient bed of the lake. The final shower of sand covered this lava flow. The bombs

lie around the base of the cone. The last lava flow lies above all the others.

The stubs of the trees killed by the first shower of sand still show above it, and have been proved to have grown on the ground beneath. The trees now growing on the sand are about 200 years old, which fixes approximately the date of the eruption when the cone was formed. Around the edges of the last lava flow, especially on the eastern side, the scorched trees, partly pushed over by the advancing wall of cooler rock shoved ahead of it by the lava stream, still stick out of the debris. Nither tree nor shrub has yet found a foothold on the lava field. J. S. Diller of the United States Geological Survey, the authority on American volcanic regions, wrote a monograph on the Cinder Cone in 1894, in which he said that the last eruption was exceedingly recent, but at least fifty years ago.

It was a warm July afternoon when, tramping with a companion from the shores of Snag lake, and scaling the difficult sides of the cone, I first peered down into the black depths of the crater. Stillness unbroken by even a solitary cricket and an icy chill charged the atmosphere of the cavernous opening. The crater is 240 feet deep, its most perpendicular sides making the descent no easy matter and the subsequent climb out a fatiguing effort. At the bottom we found the loose cinders underlain with ice, strange contrast to its former content. The sun never strikes the lowest depths of this pit and the snow which fills it in winter maintains perennial ice at the bottom.

The actual crater is surrounded by a moat-shaped depression between its mouth and the outer rim of the cone, indicating that the mountain was once a cone within a cone. The mountain itself, rising 6906 feet above the sea, stands 640 feet above the lowest point of its base, and is over an eighth of a mile across on top. Dull purplish

brown on the western side, the cone | yellow on the east, and these bizarre
shows varied hues from carmine to | colors spread out over the lava field.—



“ Spirit of Lassen ”

By Geo. A. Curtis

In the dim and misty past, the Legend runs,
Of chieftains Great, who in those days of old,
Upon majestic Lassen, took their stand,
Defying spirits great, so we are told.

Then at their challenge, forth the spirit came,
And swept them to annihilations waste,
In voice of thunder, bade all mortals heed,
Lest they too, of his fiery anger, taste.

Dost think, that thou canst stand before my might?
Or dare defy my all consuming Power?
Thus spoke the spirit to the awe-struck tribe,
That fled for safety, in that awful hour.

Volcano, I am called, the spirit cried,
Give ear, Oh Forest Children! while I say,
That when I once more waken from my sleep,
That time shall be for you, the Judgement Day.

The Spirit sank to sleep in Lassen's depths.
Then back the tribe in fear and trembling came,
To tell their Children's children, of his might,
And bow their heads at mention of his name.

Once more the spirit wakens from his sleep,
And bids his subjects, sacrifice their all,
We come, Oh spirit great! we come, they cry,
In answer, to thy Great and Final Call.

A Clever Young Writer



Frances Gertrude Bond

WE PRESENT in this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN a very clever sketch: "Astray In Bookland," by Frances Gertrude Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bond of Novato, and a young student of the San Rafael High School.

Miss Bond has contributed several short stories to the "High School Annual," which THE NORTHERN CROWN will present later. She is yet but a school girl, with limited years and experience, but her future is bright with promise.

Miss Bond combines in her personality, the rare gifts of both beauty and talent, and we doubt if California has among her young daughters, one more richly blessed with these priceless endowments. It is with pleasure and satisfaction that we present her, and her initial work to our readers.

Astray In Bookland

By Frances Gertrude Bond

The long, endless shelves of endless books in the library annoyed me. I closed my eyes with myriads of books dancing before me; and presently I was not in the library at all, but in a large fair ground, where miles and miles of booths stretched before me, and above each one there was a name.

I was in that great, mystic "Bookland," for such had been the name on the great swinging gates. A solemn silence reigned over the land, and awed by the mysterious silence of the realm I had entered, I turned to depart, but the great swinging gates were fast.

Realizing that no strength of mine could force the massive portals, I turned again into the fair ground and the spirit of adventure rose within me, as I found myself a solitary yet daring figure. Across the first booth the single word "Dickens" lured me in.

Here the narrow streets of a great city, thronged with revolting thousands, and above the clamorous tumult a raven's hoarse voice croaked, "Polly, put the kettle on, we'll all have tea," while a half-witted boy mingled with the throng. I knew that here was a scene from "Barnaby Rudge,"

To the left in a quiet street a shop quaint in structure and wares, confronted me. On the step two girls were standing, one be-ruffled, gay and care free, the other sad and thoughtful, with her hand stretched forth to guide an old man's faltering way. Little Nell and Dolly Varden of "The Old Curiosity Shop" rose before me.

Straight before me the grim, gray walls of a prison rose, and within those gates that shut out light and hope, a beautiful girl cast sunshine on the foreboding scenes about her. In an instant I thought of Marshelsea and "Little Dorrit."

By the city rolled a turbulent, dirty river, freighted with the waste of thousands. As I gazed I saw a light boat making its way on the river. In it sat a rough looking man searching for "floaters," and I thought of Rogue Riderhood from "Our Mutual Friend."

From the restless Thames my gaze came back to the sordid streets of the city's slums, where in an old attic a bent, evil-looking man instructed a handsome boy in the awful tricks of a pickpocket. I knew I had seen Fagan and Oliver Twist. Over the land of Dickens came a filmy mist, and realizing I had seen all the booth contained, I wandered forth again.

The next booth was somewhat of a contrast to the one I had just quitted, but there was enough attraction in the name "Churchill" to make me enter at once.

Before me the sunny southland stretched with its many plantations and slaves. On one of these plantations on the porch of a southern mansion, a luckless young southerner argued politics with his aristocratic Tory grandfather. I knew that here I beheld a scene from "Richard Carvel."

Farther on in the sunny drawing room of another white-pillared mansion, a handsome girl with the spirit of the south flashing from her black eyes, sat on an old man's knee and brightened his old life. Long I stood admiring Virginia of "The Crisis."

As alluring as the booth of Churchill was the one I next entered, for it bore the name "Hugho."

I stood before an old inn and a tiny wisp of a girl came toward me, carrying a heavy bucket. Her eyes were large and questioning, with the look of a hunted animal in their depths. For a moment I wondered, then little Cosette of "Les Miserables" came to my mind.

Quite a distance from the inn the streets of Paris threaded along the Seine. Through them wandered the misshapen, dwarfish figure of a boy, and in him I recognized the "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

I wandered forth again to enter the mystic realm of Marie Corelli. Here the wonderfully barbarous luxury of the east cast its perfume-laden spell upon me, and I stood before Lysia, the treacherously beautiful siren of "Ardath."

For me the tragic "Wormwood" had no charms, and leaving the booth I came to the land of Hall Caine.

"The Christian" bade me enter the cold land of fiords and snow and ice. Among old, toppling crags, a man was wandering, finding no solace, no sympathy, his face full of mental anguish, his hands stretched forth in dumb appeal to the gliding phantom of a girl. I knew that I had looked upon "The Prodigal Son."

Farther on in a hollow in the mountains another man with the quiet determination of a martyr crouched in the rocks to save a brother, and all my sympathy went out to the "Bondman."

Next in the land of Bulwer Lytton I met the solitary student, "Eugene Aram," and he showed me on to Pompeii, where Nydia led Glaucus through the panic-stricken streets.

Through the ideal land of Gene Stratton Porter I wandered through lumber camps, where worked the carefree

"Treckles." Through rich fields where "Laddie" and the "Harvester" worked side by side and on and on into the Limberlost.

Once again I came unto the south-land. Over the Ozarks the mountains from which "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" had first seen the world, on over the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" to the cabin of the "Shepherd of the Hills," and on and on through the sleepy land and sleepy tales of Opie Reid.

Then into the west I wandered, the great big, stirring west. The land of gold and mining towns.

Here were the scenes of Bret Harte, Owen Wister and Ralph Connor. "The Virginian" and "The Sky Pilot" stood watching a rough bunch of miners christening "The Luck of Roaring Camp."


Through the lands of Rex Beach and Jack London I went on, ever on. In the far north at a trading post a soldier and a girl stood and between them rose a vague, shadowy something—"The Barrier."

The land was white and cold, but suddenly a light brighter than that reflected by the snow dazzled the scene before me. I sat erect in the Morris chair to find the electric lights beaming upon me, also the face of Susan.

Long into the night I sat wondering how it was that all my favorite books had been woven into my fanciful dream.








An Appreciation of Lawrence Zenda

[*Mrs. W. E. Travis*]

By D. W. Ravenscroft



OF LATE I saw a new light, and listened to the strains of a new song, in the written work of a recent and present California composer, "Lawrence Zenda." It was a novel inspiration in harmony; a new joy in melody. Like the winds through the pines it sighed, and laughed as the wild waters that tumble over stones; stirring as the deeps, and soothing as the murmuring sea; in flashes of spirit that struggle to be free; sad as the soul that is not satisfied. It came as the afterglow through the passing storm of passion; sonorous as rolling thunder under the deep greys of low-hung clouds, but lighted with the magnetic sparks of living genius. It was the monody of meadows, of long sweet grasses where the nemophila—the "babyeyes" of our childhood—look up in their first innocence, with the brilliant flecks of poppies in the waving corn. It was bold as the bald mountain, yet gentle as the soft south winds of spring; soothing as the spoondrift that dances in the dappled sunbeams above the swells of the swinging sea, yet passing in power like the marching stars. It is broad with human sympathies, yet forceful in that sweet pain powerful unto death. Deep in its mystic murmurings like the dreams of youth come true, we wander hand in hand again with those we love through the golden glory of pied poppyfields, listening to the liquid notes of the blackbirds' song; then silently stand uncovered beside the open grave of some dead joy, thankful to the last. Rich in the latent power of lasting love, with the moanings of a hungering and aspiring soul, this unique music is a wondrous, weird and mournful mystery.



Continued From Last Issue

Damascus, Placer Co., June 7th., 1869. Eddie and I came up on a freight team to this place (Damascus) today, and I lectured this evening. My collection was \$16.28.

June 8th, Lectured here again, and there was a dance after the Lecture. Met the second Mrs. Frank Cannon. Frank Cannon used to live at Oregon City Butte County. His first wife was a neighbor of my mothers. When I was a little girl I remember that my mother brought home a bouquet of the rarest flowers that I had ever seen, from the home of Mrs. Cannon. Among them was a "Belle of Baltimore" rose, a branch of Lemon Verbena, two varieties of Lady Washington Geraniums (Perlargoniums) Some slips of "Rose Geranium" and other flowers, very rare at that day in Northern California. I think the memory of those flowers and their sweet fragrance will remain with me always, and the remembrance of how my mother told me their names and made them a source of instruction, as she did of

all things interesting, and beautiful, to aid in my education. This evening I met and waltzed with William Willis, a cousin of the gifted poet, N. P. Willis. My collection was \$21.90.

June 9th, The Mountain Gate Mining Company finished an important tunnel in their claim today, and as a result of their rejoicing, the miners are all on a spree, but say that they will sober up for a dance this evening to celebrate the success of their long months of tunneling. Mr. Nath Dixon after many ablutions and soaking his head in a bucket of cold mountain spring water got up the courage to ask me to be his partner at the dance. I accepted, as he is really a decent and worthy fellow, and his drinking too much was just an accident. The gathering at the dance was a pleasant one and we danced until one o'clock in the morning.

Last Chance, Placer Co. June 10th. Today I came to "Last Chance" a Mr. Sparks brought me over. Only two horses were available so I had

to leave Eddie at Damascus. God bless and guard him until my return. We came over a wild, beautiful part of the country, no roads, only trails, narrow and steep. The names here are the only inharmonious things. In this part of Placer county, mountain towers above mountain, until one is thrilled by the sublimity of the scene. At such a point on a narrow cliff, with just a footing for our animals, we could look far below to a "little harbor among the hills," with a few houses scattered here and there. To the right an immense natural monument of gray rock, rose like a column erected to the memory of some departed hero. I turned to Mr. Sparks and said: "What a strangely beautiful scene!" "Yes" said he, "that little valley is called 'The Devil's Basin,' that rock is 'The Devil's Monument'" and the village down there is "Hell's Delight." Late in the afternoon we arrived here. I am to Lecture tomorrow evening. God grant that I be successful.

June 11th. Lectured to a good audience. My collection was \$16.00 Dear Little Eddie. I hope he is safe and well tonight.

June 12th Lectured again tonight to a crowded house. My collection was \$22.25. Some of the young people here took me out today to look for the "Big Trees" but as no one was sure of the location, we did not find anything but three chinamen. Had delicious strawberries for supper. There was a dance after the lecture this evening and I met some delightful people. I hope dear little Eddie is well. I am going back to Damascus tomorrow.

June 13th Came from Last Chance to Damascus. Had a pleasant trip over, finding Eddie all right after my absence. This evening gave a short talk to the people here, took up no collection and the evening was pleasantly past in games and conversation. The game of "Cross Questions" caused much merriment.

June 14th. Have remained at Damascus all day, as there was no opportunity for getting to "Iowa Hill." Expect to leave tomorrow for the down trip. I think a great deal of the boys of the "Mountain Gate Mine" they are fine men—miners but gentlemen. God bless them for their kindness to me and Eddie. I am hoping to make some money on this trip to enable me to rest a little while. I must prepare some new lecture soon. Oh! I hope I may succeed in the life that I have chosen.

June 15th. Eddie and I came from "Damascus" to "Iowa Hill" on Gus Melvins freight wagon. A rough ride through the pine forests but I enjoyed it, arrived at Mrs. Parker's about twilight, took a bath, went down to the express office and sent \$40.00 home. I met Willie Liddle at the express office, he walked back to Mrs. Parkers with me, and asked permission to call this evening. He is very handsome. and a nice young fellow everyway. He was with the California volunteers who were sent to Arizona, and his short experience and training as a soldier, has given him a different bearing, and an appearance superior to most of the boys reared in California mining towns.

June 16th. Had a delightful day with delicious raspberries for sup-

per. Mrs. Parker is a fine cook, and her home is a restful place in which to stay for a few days. I think I have earned a little rest, and the June weather here is sweet and alluring. So I will rest and write until I go to Forest Hill.

June 23rd. Lectured here by request. My collection was \$10.00.

June 24th. Lectured again, collection \$10.62½.

Forest Hill, Placer Co. June 26th. Eddie and I came to this place today. I lectured tonight to a fine audience. John Allen, a young mine owner introduced me. My collection was \$13.25.

June 27th. Lectured again, collection only \$6.25 I attended Sunday school. Heard tonight that Judge E. J. Lewis died at Oroville, yesterday evening. How I prized his confidence and appreciation, and now he has gone "over the threshold" where I cannot even see the look of his sad eyes, in this world again. I wonder if he realized how much I valued his opinion of me, and my work. I know that he used to speak of me to Mrs. Freer.

June 28th. Eddie and I came to Bath, Placer Co. today. I lectured tonight, my collection was \$5.75. This is a small place, a little mining town. Frank Cannon was burned out at Damascus. The miners are circulating a contribution list, to help him and his family. I contributed \$2.50, to his relief. He lost his house and everything that it contained.

June 29th. Lectured again at Bath, my collection was again \$5.75. There was an alarm of fire this evening, but no serious damage done.

June 30th. Came today to Michigan Bluff, another mining town. Atten-

ded a rehearsal for an entertainment by the Sabbath School. There was some good music and recitations.

July 1st. Lectured at Michigan Bluff this evening, with pretty good success. My collection was \$10.65. Received an invitation to deliver the 4th of July oration at Forest Hill, on next Monday, the 5th of July, as the Fourth comes on Sunday this year. Shall accept the invitation although the time is short, shall do my best. The committee say that they will pay me \$40.00 for the oration. I must not fail.

July 2nd. Lectured again in the church. My collection was \$10.50. Will go to Forest Hill tomorrow.

July 3rd. Eddie and I came from the Bluff to Forest Hill today.

Willie Liddle came over from Iowa Hill this evening. He asked me to be his partner at the 4th of July Ball, but I had promised to go with John Allen. I have no dress with me suitable to wear for the oration, so I have bought a white Swiss muslin skirt from a lady here and shall wear it with a white waist, as I wish to wear white for the occasion. I am also having a dress made for the Ball, but it will not be finished in time for the exercises of the day. I am doing my best to prepare a suitable oration, but having to lecture three times between July 1st, and the day of the celebration, has interrupted me, and broken my line of thought.

Sunday, July 4th. Willie, Eddie and I took a buggy ride to Michigan Bluff, and had dinner. I shall never forget this day, and our drive through the beautiful pine forests, and over the mountain grades. There is no wilder or more

beautiful scenery anywhere.

Came back to Forest Hill, and I lectured in the evening, my collection was only \$5.75. Not many were out for the lecture, everyone is pre-

paring for the celebration of the 4th tomorrow.

My oration is all written, and I shall try to commit it to memory to-night.

For The Guest Room

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou! who'er thou art.
And let no mournful yesterdays,
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let tomorrow sear thy rest,
With dreams of coming ill—
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all thy woes,
Put out each feverish light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep Sweet, Goodnight! Goodnight!

The Seeker *Marguerite Ogden Bigelow in the Boston Congregationalist*

Poverty asked, "will it cost too much?"

Mammon asked, "Will it pay?"
And Scholarship, "Is the measure wise,

And are you sure of the way?"
Statesmanship, "Can we find the time
To finish before the night?"

But when the seeker had heard
them all

He only asked, "Is it right?"
Poverty said, "I cannot help,
For my pockets are not filled,"
Mammon said, "That land must wait
Till my own broad fields are
tilled,"

Scholarship, "If I lend a hand,
Too much, I fear, I shall miss,"
And Statesmanship, "There are
other things

Of as large import as this."
But the Seeker, poor and of little
power.

All untried and untaught,
Bearing only the knowledge proud
That his heart could not be
bought,

Turned his face to a rugged path
Far from the world's delight,
And only said, "Come death, come
day,
Profit or loss, I fight!"

California

By Alfred J. Puckett

Hail to our grand and noble state,
Within the newborn West,
When morn reveals the Golden Gate,
From o'er Sierra's crest.
When noonday lends her wholesome light,
When evening welcomes in the night.

A marvel in her dawning prime,
The world admires her wealth,
The world's astonished at her clime,
The land of joy and health
There are few nations that can bear
The pomp and rank she's proud to wear.

A marvel with endearing charms,
In love and beauty grown,
Our Eden hath her free-tilled farms,
And fruits of every zone.
Our Eden hath her oaks and pines,
That guard her yet unfathomed mines.

The Orient hath classic piles
That show the skill of old,
The tropics have their verdant isles,
Their pearls and buried gold,
The Roman plains are strewn with shrines,
Beneath the storied Appenines.

But here more wonderful and fair,
Her youth our fair state shows,
No Autumn strips her landscapes bare,
No winter spreads her snows,
Save on some summits lofty height
She wears a robe of gleaming white.

In granduer by the Western waves,
High rise her mountain walls,
With charming lakes and treasure caves,
With vales and waterfalls,
What other land of earth supplies
Such scenes of rapture and surprise?

She pours her gold to share the might
Of all that statelike train,
That reaches from the morning's light
Unto the sunset main.
For nature's wide cast bounty fills
Her valleys and her farthest hills.
Long may her youthful beauty's grace,
Enhance her wealth's proud store,
Where dwells the free and noble race,
That rules her golden shore.
Think of what future hearts will throng
Her haunts of romance and of song.
God bless her strength, her worthy pride,
God bless her pioneers,
Pacific's pure and lovely bride,
She greets the coming years,
She glories in her jeweled crown,
Our land of splendor and renown.



James D. Phelan Announces himself for United States Senator

"Public service has been my ambition. I will be proud to have greater opportunity. Convinced that a man in harmony with the administration can most benefit California at this time, I respectfully ask the men and women of my State to support my candidacy for United States Senator at the first popular election under the new law."

James D. Phelan.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED



"HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

An Unfair Amendment Don't Vote For It

Here is the text of the drastic constitutional amendment, which would wipe out our wine industry and cripple the raisin and table grape growers:

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

Article I of the Constitution of the State of California is hereby amended by adding thereto two new sections, to be numbered respectively Section 26 and Section 27, in the following words:

Section 26. The manufacture, the sale, the giving away, or the transportation from one point within the State to another point within the State, of intoxicating liquor, is prohibited. Any citizen of the State may, in his or her own name, maintain an action of injunction in the county wherein the violation occurs, to restrain such violation, provided, however, that to any criminal or civil prosecution for violation of this prohibition it shall be a defense if it be shown that the liquor in question was being manufactured, used, sold, given away, or transported, for medicinal, scientific, mechanical or sacramental purposes. The manufacture, sale, giving,

or transportation of such liquors for medicinal, scientific, mechanical, or sacramental purposes shall be regulated by law. Any person violating any provision of this section shall be fined for a first offense not less than \$100, nor more than \$1000, and for a second offense shall be fined not less than \$200 nor more than \$2500, and imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than one year, provided, however, that additional penalties may be imposed by law.

Section 27. The transportation into the State of intoxicating liquor, unless it be shown to be for medicinal, scientific, mechanical, or sacramental purposes, is prohibited, subject, however, to the laws of the United States relating thereto. Any person violating any provision of this section shall be fined for a first offense not less than \$100 nor more than \$1000, and for a second offense not less than \$200 nor more than \$2500, and imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than one year, provided, however, that additional penalties may be imposed by law.

Ten Good Reasons Why You Should Vote "No"

First — Because this confiscatory amendment is contrary to the public policy of the State, which since 1861 has fostered and encouraged the grape and wine industry by appointing commissions, teaching viticulture and viniculture at the University of California, and appropriating large sums of money for

experimental work in the laboratory and vineyard;

Second—Because, if enforced, this amendment would completely destroy the value of all our wine-grape vineyards, covering 170,000 acres, much of which is hillside land unsuited for any other agricultural purposes;

Third—Because it would cripple the

raisin grape industry, which sends about 50,000 tons of second-crop Muscats to the wineries;

Fourth—Because it would prevent the table-grape growers from selling to the wineries 50,000 tons of culls, that is, grapes which do not measure up to the standard and are unsuited for shipment;

Fifth—Because it would annihilate a viticultural investment of \$150,000,000 and deprive the commonwealth of an annual income of nearly \$30,000,000, nine-tenths of which comes from territory outside the borders of our State;

Sixth—Because it would mean financial ruin to 15,000 heads of families who own or lease vineyards throughout the State;

Seventh—Because it would throw out

of employment at least 75,000 people who cultivate the vineyards, pick grapes, work in the wineries and help in the distribution of our viticultural products;

Eighth—Because it would deprive hundreds of thousands of law-abiding citizens from the use of California wine with their meals in their homes;

Ninth—Because wine is not a saloon drink, and can only be enjoyed with meals;

Tenth—Because the adoption of this unfair amendment would result in a drastic and unnecessary destruction of a legitimate industry, which has won fame for California the world over, and proved that our soil and climate can produce as fine wines and raisins as are made anywhere on the face of the globe.

As an American we believe in personal liberty, and equal justice.

As a patriot who has the interest of the State at heart, we stand for the legitimate expansion of business, and the protection of California INDUSTRIES.

Every fanatic and hypocrite in California, and some GOOD but prejudiced and ignorant persons, will vote for the Prohibition Amendment, to be submitted to the people at our next election.

In a mistaken zeal for moral reform, to reach the retail liquor dealer, they are striking through the heart of a valuable and legitimate interest.

To "save" somebody's degenerate son, who has not manhood enough to resist any temptation to gratify a depraved appetite, and who would never be, under any circumstances, of much value to the world he lives in, they would be willing to vote away the means of livelihood from nearly one hundred thousand people employed in the grape, wine and raisin industries. This Amendment, in its present shape, would also cripple other industries.

320,000 acres are devoted to grape growing in California. And the amount invested in the wine industry represents a total of \$150,000,000, yielding an annual return of about \$30,000,000.

This industry supports nearly 100,000 people.

The Brewers of California represents an investment of more than \$50,000,000, and give employment to 4,000 people, whose annual earnings total \$6,000,000.

The Breweries consume yearly \$1,000,000 worth of CALIFORNIA BARLEY. \$175,000 worth of CALIFORNIA HOPS, and \$2,500,000 worth of other things essential in the manufacturing of beer.

They pay the general government an annual revenue of \$1,350,000, and an equal sum, to towns and counties.

Two hundred and eighty-two thousand persons are employed, or

depend upon those employed, in the manufacture and distribution of liquors, in California. In the business of distribution alone \$10,000,000 are invested, and the annual license tax paid is \$3,000,000.

The first vines were planted, and the first wine made in California by the Priests of the strongest Christian organization upon earth. Those splendid "sons of the church," who blazed the trail for civilization along the "King's Highway," setting up their Missions from San Diego to Sonoma.

Our highest Institution of learning The University of California, has an established SCHOOL OF VITICULTURE, in connection with its other departments.

Sanctioned by the highest authority of church and state, and by the common sense of the mass of the people, grape growing has become a vital industry, most valuable to California, and for that reason, a united and patriotic vote, should defeat the Prohibition Amendment, at our next election. DON'T VOTE FOR IT.

For United States Senator

Samuel M. Shortridge

The Champion of Equal Suffrage since a boy of sixteen. Every woman in California should vote for Mr. Shortridge irrespective of all party affiliations.

For Congress --- First Congressional District.

WILLIAM KENT

Representative William Kent has

shown that he is worthy of the hearty support' for renominatson and re-election, of the democratic democrats of the First Congressional District and of all others who believe in government by the people rather than government by privilege. He is entitled to the hearty support of all Democrats who endorse the work of the Wilson ad-

ministration.

William Kent deserves the support of The People of the First District because, amoung other things, he voted for the construction of a Government railroad in Alaska, and gave good reasons for his vote. He stood with the Wilson Democratic administration for the Alaska railroad bill, saying that "the development of Alaska by the government

constuction and operation of a railroad is a piece of ordinary common business sense."

Not only did he speak for the bill, but in speaking for it he spoke for public ownership. He said that "we have given away a vast amount of our public domain to private interests for developing transportation systems which we could have better developed as a people;" that "as to the question of Government ownership of railroads, and as to whether that is a bad precedent, that question is simple, absolute absurdity;" that he believes "in extending the sphere of government where it may be extended to subserve the general welfare;" and that "whenever there comes a time when the individual cannot or will not render a necessary service without exacting an extortionate price, then and there is a

place where we ought to extend the sphere of government."

"There is," he said, in his speech for the Alaska Railroad bill, "just as much restraint, and therefore as much government, in the exercise of private privilege as there is in the repression of the individual under the law." That is in entire harmony with President Wilson's declaration, quoted from the Democratic platform in his latest message to Congress, that "private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable."

If the Democrats of the First Congressional District of California endorse the Wilson administration, and wish to be represented in the House by a man who stands for the right, regardless of party label, they will refuse to nominate a candidate against William Kent.—S. F. STAR.

George W. Salisbury

Announces Himself as Candidate for the Democratic Nomination for Assemblyman from the 13th District.

Mr. Salisbury is one of the best known business men of Santa Rosa and has a legion of friends in this city and vicinity. He will make a strong race for the office to which he aspires and can be counted on to leave no stone unturned to win the position for which he has announced himself.

Phil J. Redmond

Phil J. Redmond asks your suffrage for the office of Auditor of Sonoma County. He is deserving and efficient, having served in several clerical positions that have helped to fit him for the office—notably for four years in the office of the Master Mechanic of the Northwestern Pacific Railway at Tiburon. He is a native son of your county, having been born in Santa Rosa. He has no political record, therefore his slate is clean, and if elected he will serve the people well, and do justice to the confidence of those who place him in office.

Dan H. Lafferty

Dan H. Lafferty who is candidate for the office of Coroner and Public Administrator, has been in business in Santa Rosa for over fourteen years, and his firm is well known throughout the County. Personally Dan Lafferty has as many, perhaps more, firm friends than any other man in the county. He is a genial fine appearing man, keen and alert and as honest as the day is long, which means the day that begins at one sunrise and ends at another.

Mr. Lafferty is the popular President of the Sonoma County Automobile Association, and a member of several fraternal orders, being Past Exalted Ruler of the Santa Rosa Elks, a member of the Native Sons, Eagles, Redmen and the K. of C.

His business ability and well known integrity and keen judgement of men and measures amply fits him for the office that he seeks.

STATEMENT of the Ownership, management, circulation, etc., of The Northern Crown published monthly at Petaluma, California, required by the act of August 24, 1912.

Note.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the post master, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

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(If additional space is needed, a sheet of paper may be attached to this form.)

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceeding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

Signed, Anna Morrison Reed.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1914.

[Seal.] W. H. Early.

(My commission expires November 18, 1914.

Vote **For Robt. F. Dickson**

Primaries August 25, 1914

For **CONSTABLE**
Petaluma Township

Election November 3, 1914



For Assessor of Sonoma County

John L. Mercier

He will treat you all alike.

Primaries August 25, 1914



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Kenny & Nicolaides, Props.

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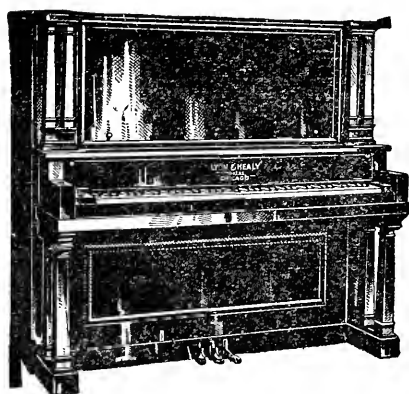
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FOR TAX COLLECTOR

H. L. TRIPP

Of Sonoma County

Primaries August 25 1914

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Judge G. T. Harlow

(Incumbent)

of Petaluma Township

Primary Election August 25, 1914



FOR AUDITOR

CHARLES A. POOL

INCUMBENT

Of Sonoma County

Primary Election August 25, 1914



JOSEPH P. BERRY

— *For* —

ASSESSOR

OF SONOMA COUNTY

(Incumbent)

Subject to the will of the Voters at the
August Primaries



JACK SMITH

(Incumbent)

Announces Himself a Candidate
for the Office of

SHERIFF

of Sonoma County

Subject to the Will of the Voters
at the August Primaries



FOR SHERIFF...



Phil Varner



PRIMARY ELECTION
August 25, 1914

FOR TAX COLLECTOR

Frank M. Collins

(Incumbent)

Primary Election, August 25, 1914

FOR ASSESSOR

J. C. "Hoke" Smith

Formerly Chief Deputy Assessor, Under the Late Frank E. Dowd

Primary Election August 25, 1914

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR

Tom B. McNamara

(Incumbent)

"The man who never forgot his friends. He was a friend to your friend."

Primary Election August 25, 1914

Hon. T. C. Denny

Presiding Judge of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Sonoma County is a Candidate for Re-election

Primaries August 25, 1914

Pat Connolly hereby announces himself a candidate for COUNTY CLERK of Mendocino county subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries Tuesday August 25, 1914.

Lee Cunningham announces himself as a candidate for the office of TAX COLLECTOR of Mendocino county, subject to the primaries, Tuesday August 25, 1914.

L. W. Babcock hereby announces himself a candidate for the office of SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS of Mendocino county subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, August 25, 1914.

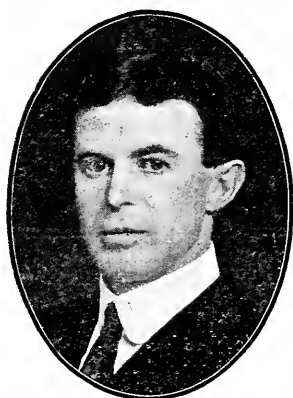
R. L. Hutchison hereby announces himself a candidate for the office of CORONER and PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR of Mendocino county. Primaries August 25, 1914.



Hale Prather

announces himself as a candidate for the office of COUNTY CLERK of Mendocino County, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday, August 24, 1914.





For Auditor of Sonoma County

Phil J. Redmond

Primaries August 25, 1914

(See Editorial)

For Treasurer of Sonoma County

Louis V. H. Howell

Of Sebastopol

Primary Election August 25, 1914. Election Nov. 3, 1914

For Superior Judge of Sonoma County

Mrs. Frances McG. Martin

18 Years Practice in the Superior Court of Sonoma County

Primaries Aug. 25, 1914. Election, Nov. 3, 1914

For Assessor of Sonoma County

O. L. Houts

Years of Practical Experience in Sonoma County Land Values.

Primary Election Aug. 25, 1914



For Treasurer of Sonoma County

James W. Ramage

Of Santa Rosa

Primary Election August 25, 1914



For Coroner

And Public

Administrator

Of Sonoma County

DAN H.

LAFFERTY

Primary Election August 25, 1914

(See Editorial)

Phone Our Job Department, 141-J. Printers Who Know How

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ROSS CAMPBELL

Candidate For

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Of Sonoma County

Primary Election August 25, 1914

FRANK B. SINGLEY

CANDIDATE FOR

Treasurer

Of Sonoma County

Primary Election August 25, 1914



FOR SHERIFF

W. D. ("DUDE") WILEY

of Green Valley—Republican

For Economical and Business Administration

Primaries 25, 1914

J. Q. White hereby announces himself as a candidate for the JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT of Mendocino County. subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday, August 25, 1914.

Hale McCown, Junior announces himself as a candidate for for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY of Mendocino county, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries, Tuesday August 25, 1914.

For Superior Judge of Sonoma County

Emmet Seawell

(Incumbent)

Primaries Aug. 25, 1914

For Sheriff of Sonoma County

W. M. "Mace" Tucker

Primaries August 25, 1914

For Sheriff of Sonoma County

Joe Ryan

Of Sonoma

Primaries August 25, 1914

For Sheriff of Mendocino County

R. R. Byrnes

Primaries Aug. 25, 1914

For Sheriff of Mendocino County

Robert Blume

Primaries Aug. 25, 1914



For State Senator

Eighth Senatorial District

Chas. F. Fury

Primaries Aug. 25, 1914



O. L. Houts

Whose Political Announcement for
Assessor Appears Elsewhere



Louis V. H. Howell

Whose Political Announcement for
Treasurer Appears Elsewhere

Wm. Evart

Telephone, Petaluma 3712

F. R. Evart

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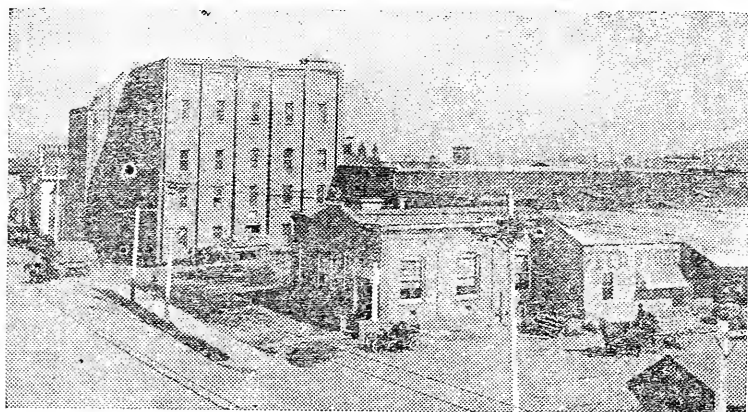
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